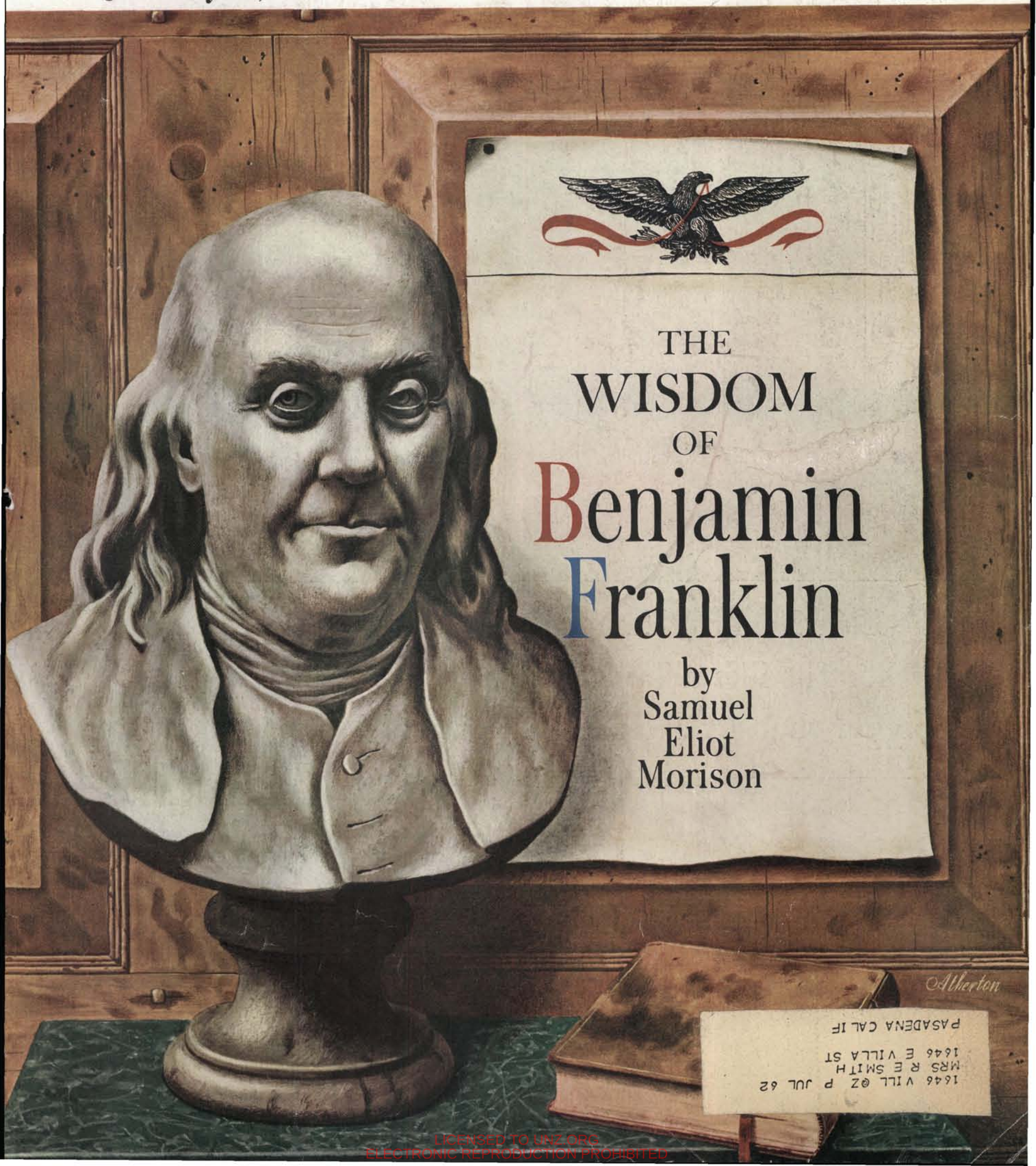
The Saturday Evening
POST
January 21, 1961 – 15¢

ART CARNEY

The Ordeal of Flight One:
How 57 Lives Were Saved in a Night Ditching



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODEL WA-1050V

The 1961 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer fits like a 'built-in'...and washes a bigger-than-ever load...12 pounds!

NOTICE how neatly the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer and matching High-Speed Dryer fit—like 'built-ins.' Washer hoses are built inside, plumbing connections fit in recess at rear. Put this pair (Mix-or-Match colors or white) in kitchen or other living area.

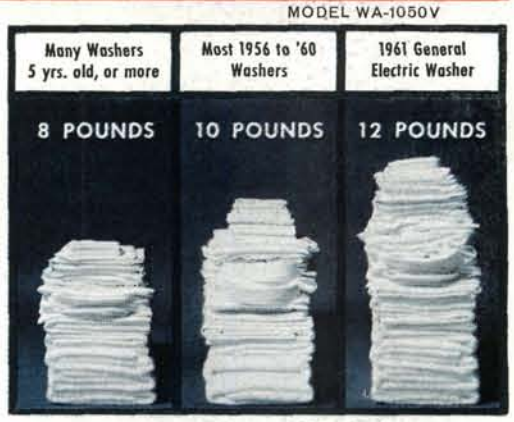
Put this General Electric Filter-Flo Washer just where *you* want it—and save floor space (about ½ foot in depth). Its counter height and depth: 36" high, 25" deep, fits neatly between cabinets, flat against the wall.

And it gets every piece in a whopping 12-lb. load truly clean. (That's 20% increase in capacity over previous models.) The new-design Activator®, driven by a more powerful motor, gives *piece-by-piece* washing action.

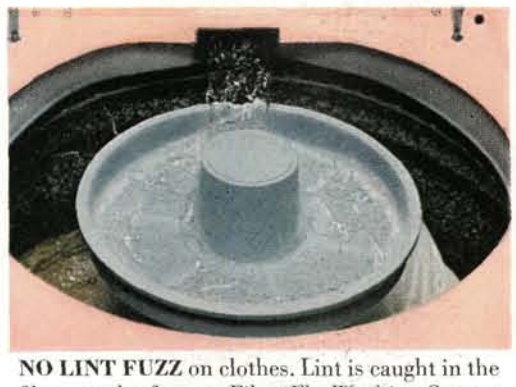
See your General Electric dealer for his prices and liberal terms for this new washer and matching High-Speed Dryer. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



COMPARE the new General Electric big capacity with that of older washers. The big 12-pound load saves you time, work, hot water, detergent!



NO LINT FUZZ on clothes. Lint is caught in the filter, as the famous Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the wash water. Filter also dispenses detergent evenly throughout wash load.

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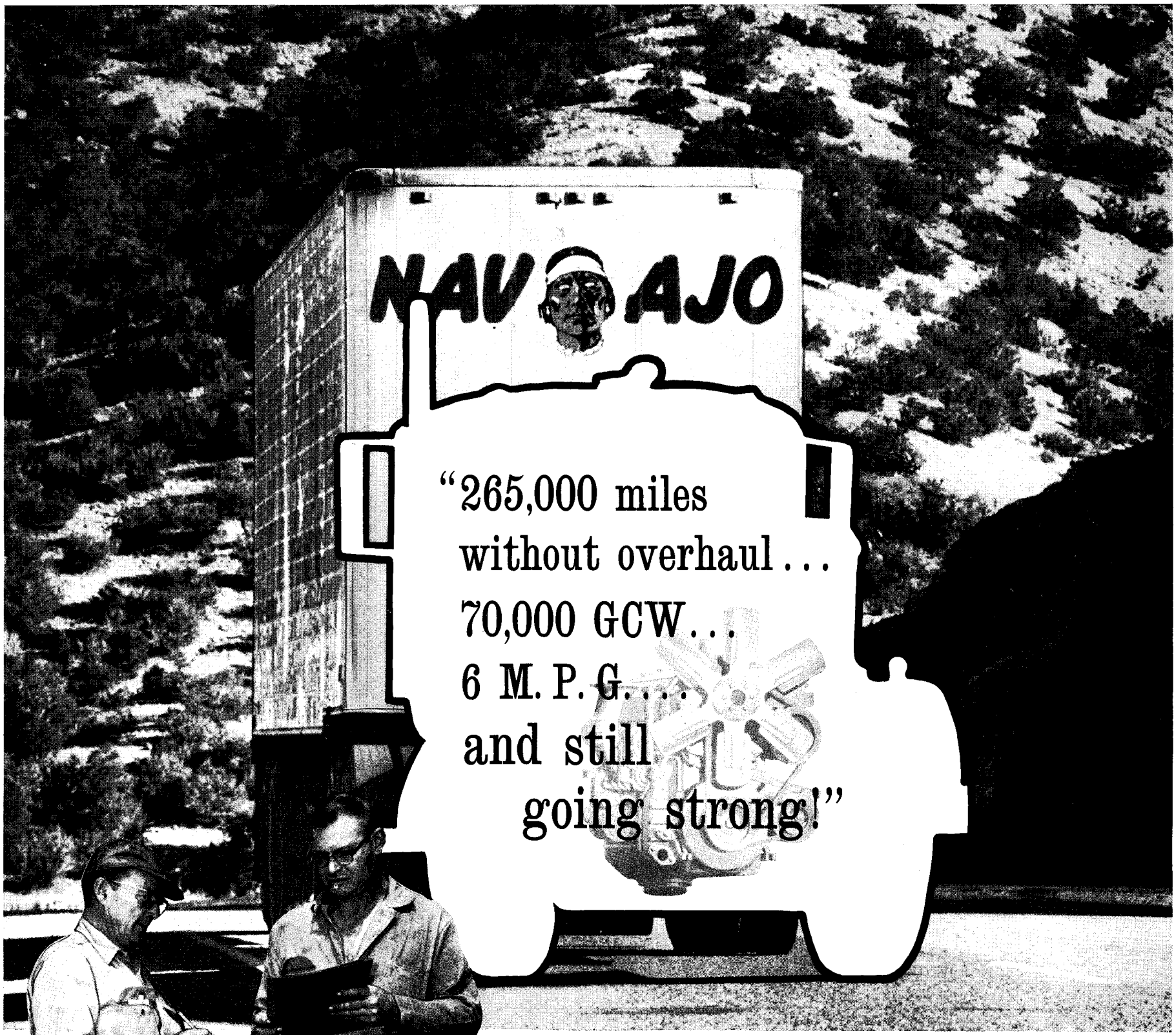


W. W. Gregory, (left) Superintendent of Maintenance, Navajo Freight Lines, Inc., and his assistant, Jim Brown.

reports W. W. Gregory, Superintendent of Maintenance, Navajo Freight Lines, Inc.

When you haul up to 70,000 lbs. GCW on tough cross-country runs—get up to 6 miles per gallon—and are still going strong after 265,000 miles without overhaul—that's profitable performance!

And that's the kind of performance W. W. Gregory, Superintendent of Maintenance of Navajo Freight Lines, Inc., reports on his oldest "6-71" powered rig. And he has the facts to prove it.

For Mr. Gregory checks his truck performance trip by trip, day by day, month by month—knows exactly what kind of records his Diesels are turning in.

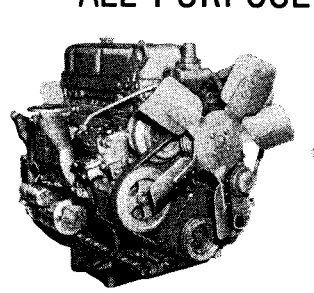
Navajo got their first "6-71" Diesel-powered rig in 1958. Now the company uses these economical engines to power three different makes of trucks and currently have several more on order.

If you're not satisfied with the mileage you're getting—per gallon, between overhauls, or both—why not take a look at a Series 53 or 71 truck model of the All-Purpose Power Line? You'll find there's a "V" or "in-line" model to power virtually any truck in your fleet.

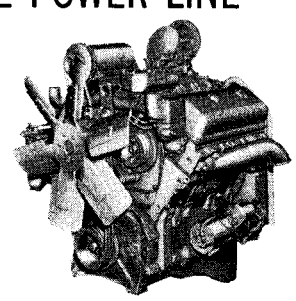
When you're in the market for new trucks, be sure and ask for Series 71 Diesel Power. And if you are re-powering your present equipment, see your GM Diesel distributor—he's part of a coast-to-coast network of "engine people" you'll find in the Yellow Pages under "Engines, Diesel"—or write for your copy of the 8-page book describing Series 53 and 71 truck models of the All-Purpose Power Line.

DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 28, MICHIGAN
In Canada: GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED, London, Ontario
Parts and Service Worldwide

TRUCK MODELS OF THE
ALL-PURPOSE POWER LINE



SERIES 53
"V" and "in-line" engines
97 to 185 H.P.



SERIES 71
"V" and "in-line" engines
145 to 434 H.P.

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When a Philco moves in... your TV troubles move out!

Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat—major cause of all TV breakdowns!

The 1961 Philco Stereo Theatre is a home entertainment center designed for people who appreciate and demand the finest in television, stereophonic high fidelity and hand-crafted furniture. And only with Philco do you receive all these important performance features:

Cool-Chassis TV lasts longer because it runs cooler. With patented Cool-Chassis you get up to 76% longer TV life.

An amazing Picture Pilot checks the picture* 15,750 times a second; maintains perfect contrast whether the show is live, taped or even an old movie. You see the difference immediately.

Stereophonic high fidelity plus Reverbaphonic Sound System. With the turn of a knob you recreate all the resonances and shadings of a concert hall or broadcast studio right in your living room. You enjoy Philco six-speaker Reverbaphonic Sound with every record you own—and on AM-FM radio† and television as well!

Model 4904, shown above, is available in genuine mahogany and walnut solids and veneers. See the new Philco Stereo Theatre and other Philco Cool-Chassis TV consoles now at your Philco Dealer.

Directa WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL AVAILABLE

*23-inch overall diagonal measurement, 282-sq.-inch viewable area. †Optional.

Philco patented Cool-Chassis. No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. Air flow mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.

PHILCO®

Famous for Quality the World Over

TV, Phonographs, Radios, Refrigerators, Freezers, Ranges, Air Conditioners, Home and Commercial Laundry Equipment, Radar, Missiles, Transistors, Computers, Microwave and Communications Equipment.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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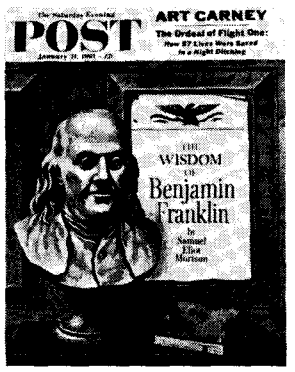

THE COVER

Once again we salute "B. Franklin, Printer," this being the week of his 255th birthday anniversary, and *The Post* being descended from Franklin's *The Pennsylvania Gazette*. Our cover painting has been used in previous years, with a pertinent Franklin quotation inserted. This week Franklin's genius is discussed on page 21 by Samuel Eliot Morison, who recently completed his fourteen-volume *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*. Admiral Morison, a retired Harvard professor, has won Pulitzer Prizes for biographies of John Paul Jones and Columbus, and has written *Post* articles on both gentlemen. We're delighted to have him discuss our Ben, even though he was brought up to believe it was foolish of Franklin to forsake Boston for Philadelphia.

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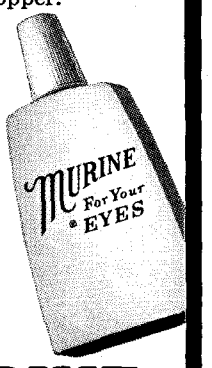
"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

ROBERTA PETERS
Opera, TV and Concert Stage

"Anyone who has a busy public appearance schedule learns all the tricks for looking their best even when tired. Murine is one of the *pleasantest* 'tricks' I know." You'll agree and wonder why you haven't tried it long ago. Any time your eyes feel tired, soothe them with Murine and so relax tension. *Available in new squeeze bottle* and also familiar glass bottle with separate dropper.

NEW!
SQUEEZE BOTTLE HANDY TO CARRY WITH YOU



Murine is also available in familiar glass bottle with separate eye dropper.

MURINE
for your eyes*

THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
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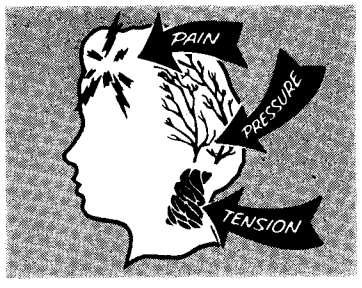
What do DOCTORS do for TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES?

A SURVEY SHOWS 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THE INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®

To obtain fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis or neuralgia—why not take what 3 out of 4 doctors recommend—the ingredients in Anacin!

Anacin gives a better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here is *why*. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and no special medication to relax nervous tension. But Anacin is a *combination* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication, which relieves pain incredibly fast, also relaxes nervous tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today.

Better than aspirin or aspirin with buffering **for TENSION HEADACHES**



Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special medication* that relieves pain fast, relaxes tension and releases pressure. This special medication is *not* obtainable in aspirin or any buffered aspirin. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain relief.

★ *Largest Selling* PAIN RELIEVER

Letters

Remembering Mamma

Dear Sirs:

Regarding MY MOTHER LAURETTE [by Dwight Taylor, Dec. 17], these reminiscences of erring mothers by fond sons grow ever more wearying. According to the formula, each fault is matched against some virtue.

Now we have passed "Mother was a Gay Divorcee" and "Mother was an Alcoholic." Next we expect "Mother was a Dope Fiend (but she always shared it with her friends)" and "Mother was an Ax-Murderess (but she sent such *beautiful* flowers to the funeral)."

Let's call a halt.

DAVID WISE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

What a refreshing thing it was to read Dwight Taylor's article about his illustrious mother. As an "elder citizen" one of my happy memories is of her playing the lead in *Out There*, a play about a little Cockney girl who wanted to serve Britain in the First World War. When the recruiting officer asked why, she replied, "Oh, sir, if England should lose this war and I wasn't out there, I'd think it was all my fault."

FRANK MARTINE HEAL
Wilmington, Del.

How to Make Money On an Election

Dear Sirs:

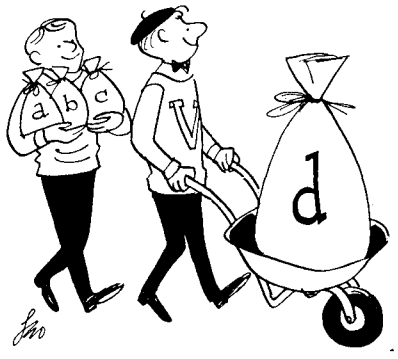
We would like for you to print this letter or this information if possible in your January *Saturday Evening Post.*

(a) We would like for everybody who voted for Nixon to send us one penny;

(b) We would like for everybody who voted for Kennedy to send us two pennies;

(c) We would like for everybody who didn't vote to send us three pennies;

(d) And people who think this is a stupid idea to send us five cents.



The reason for this cannot be revealed as of this date.

RON PALMER AND LEN PITZ
Verdun American High School
Verdun, France

● *Let us know how you come out, especially on category (d). —ED.*

How One Negro Became a Doctor

Dear Sirs:

Your title and caption on the otherwise excellent article describing Dr. Matthew Page's medical education [THE LONG JOURNEY HOME OF MATTHEW PAGE, by Hodding Carter, Dec. 17] is an example of arbitrary and dogmatic prejudice against Southerners generally. Dr. Page's "staggering obstacles" in working his way through medical college seem no more difficult to me than the average self-supporting white student's experiences. The article makes this apparent, but the great majority who read only the caption get the same old propaganda.

STEVE MOXLEY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

How nice of *The SEP* to give Hodding Carter another big chance to beat his chest and brag about himself as the solitary noble-souled tolerant in that sea of bigotry that is Mississippi.

ALISON MOORE
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Sirs:

Today I opened my *Post* and saw not only a fine article but a familiar name and face. We were stationed at Harmon Air Force Base, Newfoundland, from 1958 to 1960, and Captain Page was well known among the mothers of young children at the pediatric clinic there.

We found him kind and competent. Many of my friends who attended the clinic preferred him to other doctors because he took a little time to answer questions and to reassure the apprehensive. It is easy to see how he came to be such a fine person, overcoming as he did so many obstacles.

HILDA M. BLEDSOE
Valparaiso, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I only hope that all Americans, no matter what their race or creed or environmental background, will see the beauty in the life of Dr. Matthew Page.

MRS. FRANK L. MALLETT
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

It is encouraging when the national leader in popular magazines publicizes the other side of the coin, i.e., the constructive actions of the ever-growing middle and upper class of Negroes.

EDWARD W. DIXON
Dorchester, Mass.

Office Babies

Dear Sirs:

There ought to be a law against the situation depicted in your Dec. 17 FACE OF AMERICA entitled SCENE STEALER.

That thoughtless mother, displaying her new infant to her former associates, has completely disrupted work in that office. Your picture shows sixteen people neglecting their work (at a cost of at least $32 an hour, plus overhead). Even after the infant is gone, there is endless chatter and dreaming. Truly, there ought to be a law. . . .

The hazard to office efficiency may be gauged by your statement that this one office graduated forty-three expectant mothers in one year. Pregnancy is truly the most prevalent office malady. Or is it an epidemic?

ROBERT J. HANDY
Seattle, Wash.

● *After reflecting on the number of secretaries* The Post *has lost recently, we'd say a pandemic. —ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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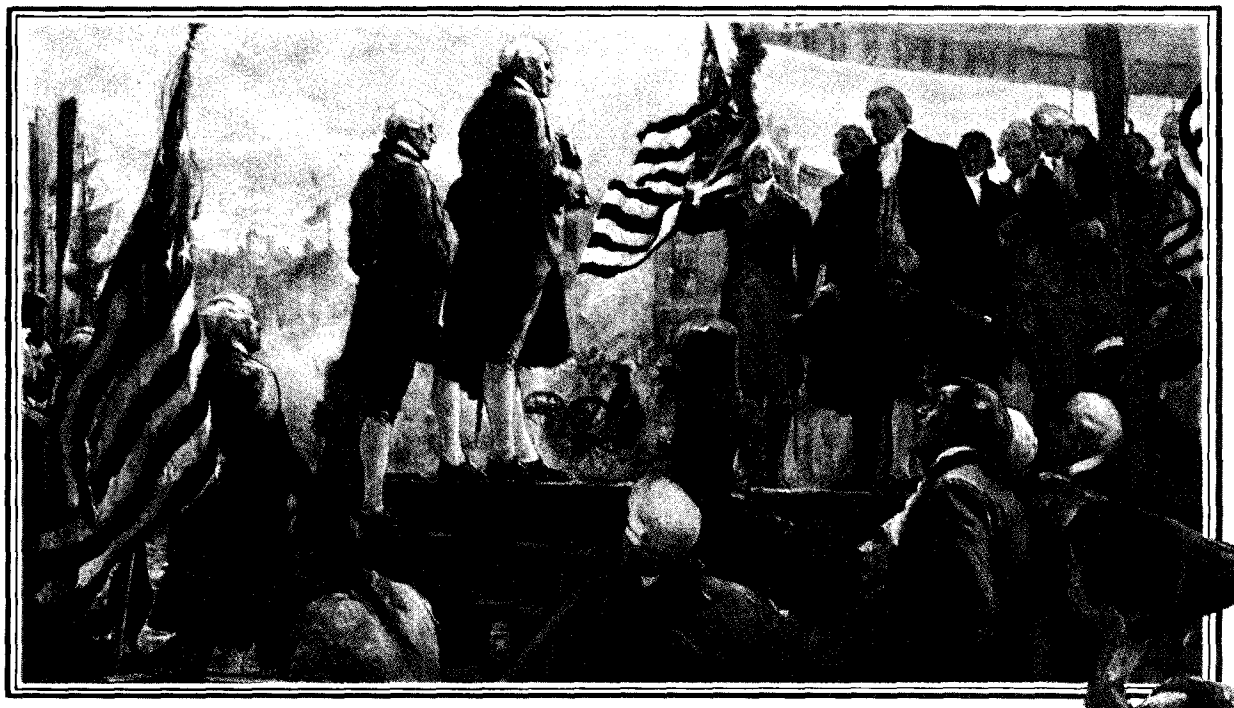
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS



George Washington landing in New York City for his first inauguration, 1789. Painting by F. C. Yohn

"All your strength is in your union. All your danger is in discord."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The choice is made — we close our ranks. Now as then, the road ahead may be stony as well as smooth. Where it will lead depends upon our unity and national purpose.

But if our way of life is to be preserved, the cornerstone of that purpose will be the unshakable conviction in each of us that the exercise of free and reflective CHOICE — of a President, a career or an idea — is the thing that divides us from bondage.

The Continental Insurance Company • Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey • Fidelity-Phenix Insurance Company
Niagara Fire Insurance Company • The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York • National-Ben Franklin Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Milwaukee Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis. • Commercial Insurance Company of Newark, N. J. • The Yorkshire Insurance Company of New York
Seaboard Fire & Marine Insurance Company • Niagara Insurance Company (Bermuda) Limited • Royal General Insurance Company of Canada

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PARTIAL DEAFNESS

is keeping thousands only half alert to sensations essential for happiness!

Yet one simple admission can now enable you to

HEAR BETTER THAN MANY WHO THINK THEY HAVE NO HEARING-LOSS!

It often is not easy to admit—even to ourselves—that we gradually are becoming partially deaf!—that we no longer know, for certain, all that's going on around us all the while!

Yet once we find the courage to admit our hearing-loss, there now is no good reason to delay getting hearing-help!

For example, it is known today that even moderate deafness should be expected to get worse!—while prompt hearing-correction usually helps poor hearing perception to improve!

Complete Examination FREE!

A complete Audiometric examination by Certified RADIOEAR Hearing aid Counsellors, located nation-wide, is *free!* It costs you *nothing* to get a private, personal record of your hearing capacity *as it is today!* And, if your hearing *should* need help, you now can buy the World's finest Hearing aid on an easy payment plan!

Thousands Thrill to Tonal Depth Impossible in the Past!

New, *micro*-electronics and 24-carat gold plate (instead of wires) give RADIOEAR hearing instruments a "roundness" of tone other hearing aids do not duplicate! Yet with all the quiet, noise-free clarity of costly HI-FI sets! *Literally thousands* have turned to *only* a RADIOEAR Hearing aid!—and *often* after owning *several* other makes!

New Models So Small They're "Lost in a Curl"!

This RADIOEAR Hearing aid weighs actually less than half an ounce! It's approximately the size of one's little finger! It needs no cords. It has no button in the ear! You wear it in your hair, within eyeglasses, or hidden where it's virtually never noticed. Its tiny tube that carries sound directly into the ear is transparent. You *seldom* know how *many* of your friends today *already* may be wearing a RADIOEAR Hearing aid!

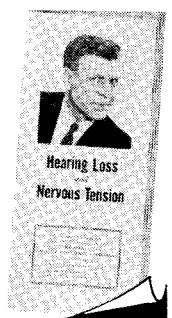
Coupon Below Now Brings You The Finest Hearing aid Help Available Today!

If *you* even *suspect* your hearing may need help, then simply check, fill-in and mail the coupon shown below. We'll then send you the name of your near-by Qualified Hearing aid Counsellor. He will call you, if you wish. Or, we'll send full information, in a plain wrapper, directly to you. You, too, will *thrill* at the kind of hearing aid help available *today! Check* the coupon *now!*

Accept this fine, acclaimed new booklet

"HEARING LOSS AND NERVOUS TENSION" FREE!

Gives comment on pamphlet by U.S. Government, Public Health Service, on "Hearing Care." Tells how to avoid nervous tension due to hearing-loss! Helps toward greater personal enjoyment —happier social life—success in business!



Check Coupon and get it into the MAIL TODAY

RADIOEAR CORPORATION

300 Valley Brook Road Canonsburg, Pa.

Gentlemen, I am interested in the latest hearing aid literature ☐
In tiny models ☐ In Hearing-glasses ☐
In booklet "Hearing Loss and Nervous Tension" ☐

PRINT NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY STATE PHONE NO.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Let Him Go Naked

Dear Sirs:

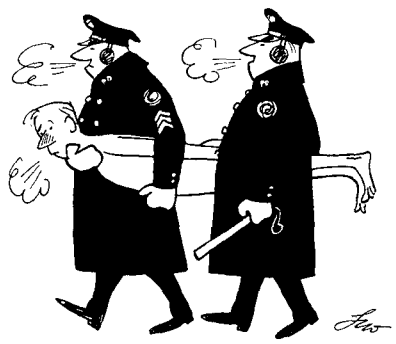
In your Dec. 10 LETTERS, A. W. Nicholas writes: "I believe if our nation doesn't get back to elementary decency and away from smut, scum, nakedness and immorality, we shall fall of our own weight without being conquered."

With all due respect for your correspondent, whose interpretation of "decency" has ever been worth going back to?

KEN J. MARSH
North Surrey, British Columbia

Dear Sirs:

I certainly disagree with the narrow viewpoint of A. W. Nicholas. . . . If some-



one wants to go naked, let him—or her. They are the ones that will catch the cold.

AL WILLIS
Roseau, Minn.

Money, Money, Money

Dear Sirs:

I was pleased to note that Peter Wyden's article about Scottsdale, Arizona [THE TOWN MILLIONAIRES BUILT, Dec. 3] retained a strictly tongue-in-cheek attitude.

Scottsdale, of course, harbors some fine people without doubt, but the town itself is as phony as a three-dollar bill; the pseudo-Old West gingerbread trappings make Hollywood's Western stage sets almost authentic by comparison.

H. LEONARD JR.
Monte Vista, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

In all the years I have been reading *The Post* I have never read such an erroneous, distorted . . . article.

ROBERT EMMET WALSH, M.D.
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Oh come now! Are you and I talking about the same Scottsdale? All those millionaires are welcome to their share of our town. . . . To them it might mean money, money, money, but to us it's home with charm, friendliness and middle-income solidity.

MRS. B. E. PETERSON
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Granted that everything in the Far West is bigger if not better than anything in the East, I still find it rather hard to believe that Paradise Valley, Ariz., comprises "some 150,000 square miles." My gazetteer says all Arizona is only 113,909 square miles. Did Peter Wyden fall for the large talk of Scottsdale boasters or was he simply overwhelmed by the vastness of the West?

FRANK HOUGH
Shaw, Miss.

● *The valley is 300 square miles. Our copy editors were snoozing. —ED.*

Are We Getting Flabby?

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your editorial on West Germany's prosperity [WEST GERMANY PROSPERS WITHOUT INFLATIONARY PEP PILLS FOR "GROWTH," Dec. 3], of course they are doing well. They have the two necessary ingredients—willingness to work long, hard hours and no pressure groups forcing their wages up. So they can compete well in the world's markets. Of course we have unemployment in the United States when steel, cameras, etc., can be *brought* here and sold for less than they can be produced at home! . . .

Everybody knows what is wrong, but everyone is so afraid of labor that no one has the guts to say what must be done. . . . So I suppose we will rush gaily to and over the brink, with our swimming pools, our motored kiddy cars and our flabby muscles, while Moscow holds its sides laughing.

MARION BICKEL
Cheltenham, Pa.

Reviewing the Bids

Dear Sirs:

Re OHIO STATE'S ICY ALL-AMERICAN [Dec. 10], why does everyone always pick on the Ivy League? Author Myron Cope quotes Jerry Lucas's family as saying that [among] the most "obnoxious" recruiters [from colleges interested in Lucas's basketball talents] were Ivy Leaguers.

Why didn't he identify the league or conference of the recruiter who offered Jerry's family a new house? What was the affiliation of those who offered a car, a $15,000 job for Jerry's father and spending money for Jerry?

I'll bet my shirt no Ivy Leaguers were mixed up in such shenanigans, the obvious reason being that they couldn't. Perhaps the Lucases considered them obnoxious because they had no payola to offer—just a first-class education.

JUDGE F. ANTHONY HANLON
Dartmouth '22
Pittsfield, Mass.

● *By "obnoxious" the Lucases meant that the Ivy Leaguers were overly persistent, not that they offered payola. Jerry's father recalls one recruiter—from Dartmouth, he says—who knocked on their door at eleven at night. They convinced him that Jerry was in bed asleep, but the fellow was back at seven in the morning. —ED.*

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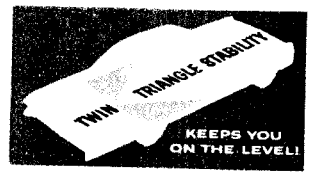

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We bounced telephone calls off the moon and Echo I as a prelude to a world-wide satellite communication system.

We developed Data-Phone service so that electronic business machines can "talk" to each other over regular telephone lines. (Some day, machines will do more talking than people!)

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We're testing pushbutton phones that are faster than dialing—and an Electronic Central

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COMMUNICATIONS

Office that provides telephone services never known before.

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These are only a few of the notable new products and services from Bell Telephone Laboratories being made available for nation-wide use.

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FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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Editorials

A Great American Patriot Retires to Private Life

The center of the national stage this week is occupied by President-elect Kennedy and the new faces, some not so new, which will make up his Administration. Amid the excitement and mingled hopes and apprehensions which invariably accompany a change in political leadership, the spotlight will be only briefly on the gentleman who rides up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol with his successor. Dwight D. Eisenhower leaves the White House for private life, as retiring Presidents have always done. It seems to us, however, that this retiring President deserves a little something extra by way of appreciation for services rendered to the American people during one of the most trying periods in their history.

It is hardly necessary to review all the events of the past eight years to be convinced that, without firm and patient leadership in Washington, all sorts of ills could have beset the country, but most of them did not arrive. We have had peace with no compromise of our principles and obligations, despite the alarming prediction of some that any display of firmness would topple us over the "brink" into war. We have enjoyed domestic peace and prosperity, with little more than the ups and downs that are inevitable in a free society. We have been able to aid our friends abroad economically and with military support where needed; and whatever damage has been done to our "image" in other countries is the work either of Communist subversion abroad or politically eager critics at home. Of course, Mr. Eisenhower didn't accomplish all this singlehanded. What he did accomplish was to remind the American people at every opportunity that tolerance, patience and firmness contribute more to national success—"greatness" if you like—than more spectacular qualities are likely to do.

When he was commander in chief of the Allied forces in Europe, it was sometimes said of General Eisenhower that, while there were other men equally able in the techniques of military leadership, his outstanding quality was that he could "get along with the British." He could, and who shall say that this ability, added to many others, was not important to victory? In 1952 he became the candidate of a divided Republican Party. In a matter of weeks he had become the friend and ally of Senator Taft, his rival for the nomination, and he leaves office this week with his party more nearly united on essential principles than the successful Democrats are. It was not so much that Mr. Eisenhower became more conservative as he grew older, or that the conservative Republicans became more tolerant. The new unity, in so far as it has been achieved, is due in no small part to the Eisenhower ability to suggest that maybe the issues that divided his party were more emotional than real. You can live and work with a man, even while disagreeing on some rather important matters of principle.

This type of leadership, more persuasive than pressurized, has been exerted by a man who on at least two occasions has been close to death. Americans of all parties will long remember and pay tribute to the courage with which Dwight Eisenhower decided to go on with this job, even at the risk of his life. He had enlisted for the duration, and was determined to serve out his tour of duty. As people come to look back on the two administrations of Mr. Eisenhower, we predict that they will remember them not only as an "era of good feeling" but as a time during which our people were led by a man whose whole career symbolizes fortitude, patience and a high sense of honor in the administration of this office.

Actually, Dwight Eisenhower has devoted a half century—all his adult life—to the service of his country. He will go down in history as one of the most dedicated patriots of this or any other era.

Robbery Is the Classic Leninist Method for Financing Communist Revolutions!

At least half a dozen revolutionary holdups, it is charged, were committed in New York City in recent months by a group of conspirators there, including a policeman. Their alleged purpose was to raise money for smuggling arms and ammunition to revolutionists in Jamaica, British West Indies.

If the charge is true, these men were following a classic pattern. Lenin more than fifty years ago raised huge sums by directing gangs of Bolsheviks who committed robberies and dozens of murders in different parts of Russia. And the most notorious of all these crimes was masterminded in the Caucasus by the twenty-seven-year-old Stalin.

The men now accused in New York were born on the island of Jamaica, ninety miles from Cuba. They are described as members of the First Africa Corps, which is the New York City section of the Jamaican revolutionary group. In New York they are said to have held military drills and rifle practice.

The conspiracy in Jamaica is encouraged by the Cuban Communists. Its purpose is to accomplish an immense "Back to Africa" movement, by terrorizing the present native government of Jamaica into yielding to the demand that it provide passage to Africa for tens of thousands of Jamaicans, or hundreds of thousands if that many wish to go to the African "homeland." The African part of the plan seems impossibly loony, but the Communists are standing by to grab control if the "African" fanatics either overthrow the Jamaican government or cripple it by terrorism.

The accused policeman was brought from Jamaica to New York as a child. District Attorney Frank S. Hogan calls him the "undercover man in charge of security" for the First Africa Corps. Beginning about a year ago, at least six holdups are said to have been committed by the organization. A long investigation finally led to the arrest of the policeman nearly five months later. He was indicted on charges of robbery, grand larceny and assault. Also indicted was another Jamaican, described as the inside man in one of the holdups; he was an employee of the firm that was robbed.

The district attorney says that the two other men, who did the actual robbing, later returned to Jamaica and that they are among ten men who were arrested there on charges of murder and treason after two British soldiers were killed in an ambush on June twenty-first. Of the ten defendants in this case, seven were members of the New York branch.

Lenin's and Stalin's robberies were much larger than those in New York. But the blunt term "robbery" was avoided. When Bolshevik men and women held up a bank, train, factory or store, Lenin called it an "expropriation of capital." Soon the term was shortened to "ex." But the people who were murdered were generally not capitalists. They were railroad workers, bank employees, store clerks, factory cashiers. They died so that Lenin could have the money to publish a variety of weekly papers and to pay other expenses of his conspiracy.

The most sensational of all the "exes" was one in Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, in 1907. It was planned by "Koba," who later called himself Stalin. Eleven Bolsheviks, including two women, held up a government mail coach by suddenly throwing bombs and firing pistols. They killed two policemen, a soldier and the coach horses, wounded dozens of bystanders and escaped with 341,000 rubles—equal to about $170,500, or $530,000 in our present inflated currency.

Americans ought to know such facts as these, especially in view of the New York arrests, for Lenin, whose temperament was as violent as Khrushchev's or Fidel Castro's, has Communist and nationalist imitators not only in Cuba and Jamaica but elsewhere in Latin America; and such blazing fanatics may give us many surprises.

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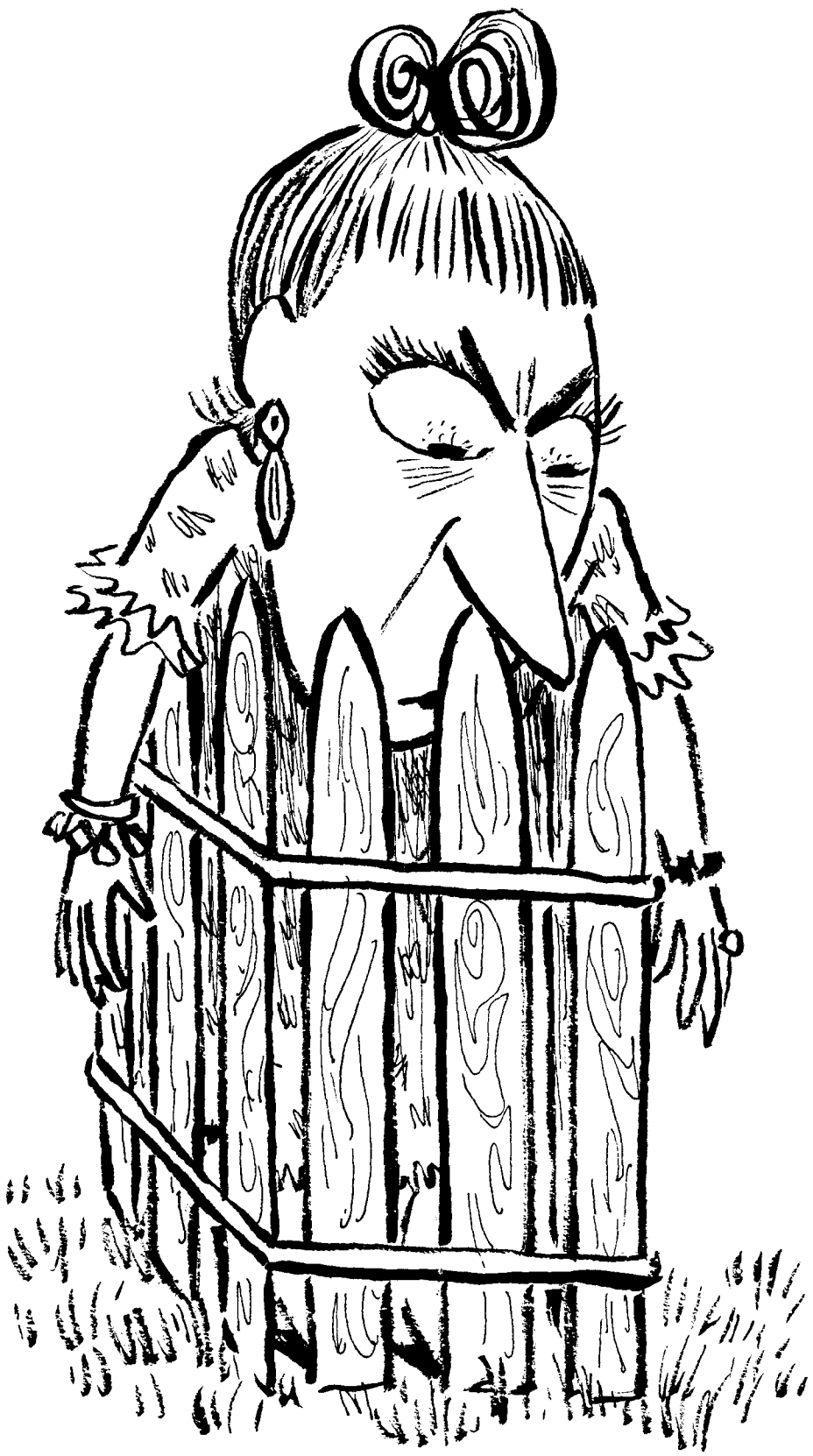

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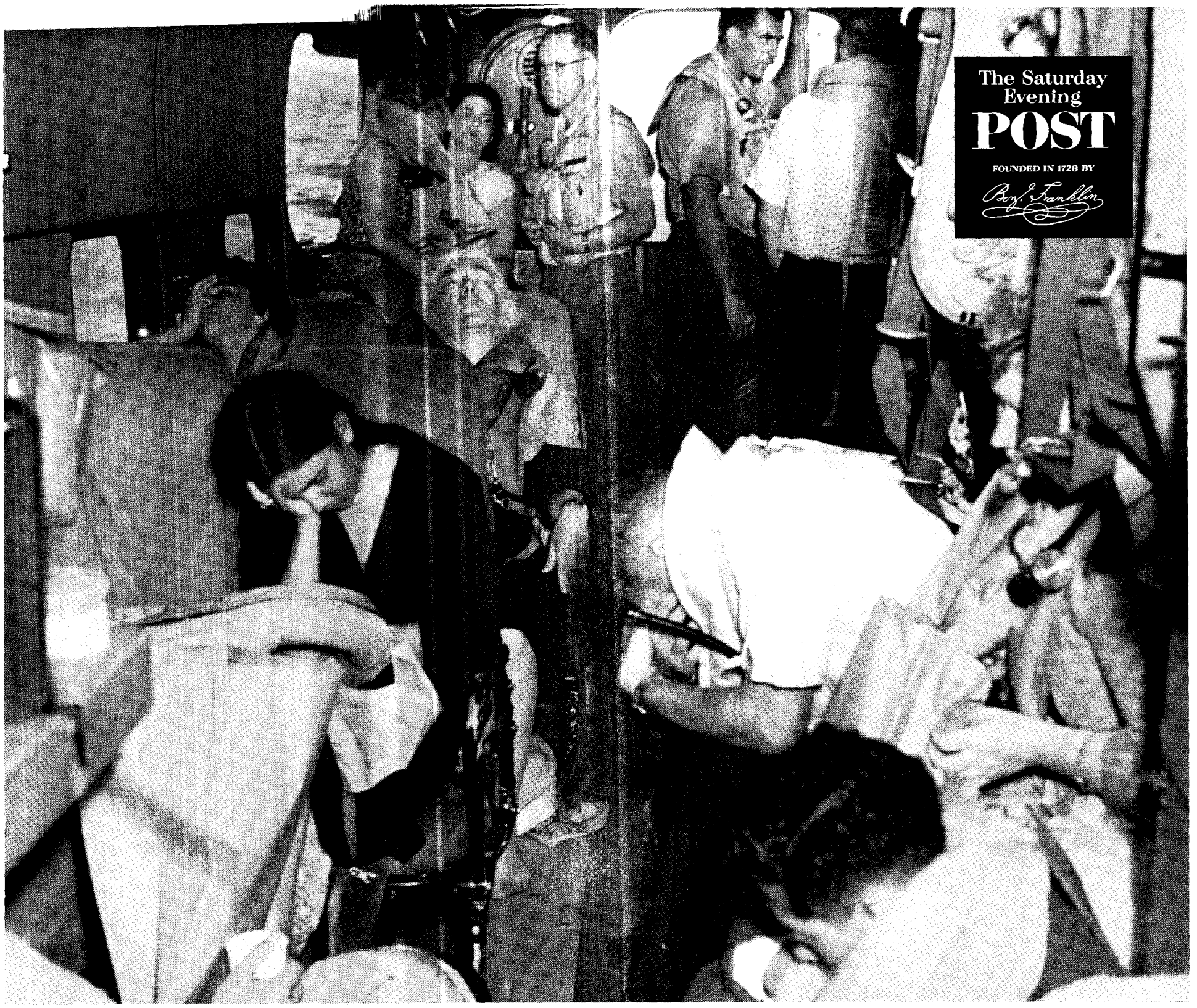

Passengers of the ill-fated DC-7C aboard a Navy plane that rescued them near the Philippines. Some were still in a state of near shock.

Terror on a Pacific Night

With a wing afire and one engine gone, the big airliner ditched in a dark and stormy sea. Lost: one life. Saved: fifty-seven— thanks to a coolheaded pilot.

By Norman Sklarewitz

Right on schedule on the night of July 13, 1960, Northwest Orient Airlines Flight No. 1 lifted smoothly off the runway at Tokyo International Airport and pointed south toward Manila.

As she had done dozens of times before, Yuriko Fuchigami, the pert Japanese stewardess, stood up in front of the passengers and recited her little speech about emergency procedures. The same routine is followed aboard every international airliner as it heads over water. Since the girls are cute, no one minds listening to the briefing, but neither does anyone take it very seriously.

Fortunately the odds are heavily against a plane's crashing at sea, and no one really expects his own flight to be an exception. Before the next dawn broke, however, the odds were to run out for Northwest's DC-7C No. 292.

The plane's commander that night was Capt. David Rall, fifty-three years old and the father of eight children. Rall never got

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Some of the survivors waved eagerly when the rescue planes arrived. Others, stunned or injured by the impact of the landing, were too tired to show their joy.

beyond the first year in college, but in eighteen years of flying he had logged millions of miles in the air around the Orient, in the Aleutians and across the Pacific. His first officer was Travis Everett, proudly carrying his new captain's certificate for the first time. Theodore Wright, navigator, and Melvin P. English, flight engineer, completed the crew up forward.

In the cabin were Edmund E. Zan, the purser; Antonio Suarez, the Filipino flight attendant, and Miss Fuchigami, stewardess.

At Naha, Okinawa, where the plane stopped for fuel, the weather briefing contained a warning to expect icing conditions about halfway down to the Philippines. This was not unusual for the time of year, however; and two hours later, as the DC-7C purred along following the invisible sky lane known as Amber 2, the flight promised to be strictly routine. Altitude: 18,000 feet. Air speed: 300 m.p.h. Weather: clear, with a few cumulus buildups which were easily by-passed with the help of radar. Passengers: fifty-one, including a tour party of twenty-five schoolteachers from the United States, two Army majors on their way to assignments with the United States Military Advisory Group in Saigon, plus some American and Filipino businessmen returning to their offices in Manila.

In the cockpit Everett and Rall could see each other dimly in the glowing lights of the instrument panel, while behind them Mel English made engine-performance recordings in his logbook. Outside, the stars swayed gently, silently, against the black sky.

Rall glanced at his wrist watch. It was 3:15 A.M. They were almost halfway to Manila. At that moment English noticed a change on the manifold pressure gauge for the No. 2 engine. The indicator had dropped slightly and, as he watched, it continued to settle, signifying a loss of power.

In view of the ice warning, there was nothing disturbing about this. It probably meant only that some ice had formed in the engine's carburetor, momentarily affecting its efficiency. Rall saw the drop at the same time. "There goes Number Two," he said casually. "Hit the alcohol will you, Mel?"

There is a switch for each engine that injects alcohol into the carburetor intake manifold to dissolve ice. This action should have solved the problem. A few seconds later Rall rechecked the gauge. It was still dropping.

"Mel, hit the alky," he said sharply, thinking that his original order hadn't been obeyed.

"Dave, I'm already on it," English said. "It doesn't take."

Quickly secondary action was taken. The fuel mixture to the carburetor was enriched, the ignition was retarded and carburetor heat applied to the ailing engine.

The trained eyes of the engineer swept across the electronic engine analyzer, checking each of No. 2 engine's eighteen cylinders in turn. All patterns on the oscilloscope read normal. Oil pressure was up. Oil quantities correct. Just the same, English repeated the check.

This time the wriggling lines on the 'scope told another story. The No. 2 engine showed an erratic pattern on the glowing cathode tube. What's more, the gauges showed that its oil temperature was rising—fast.

"We've got an irregular pattern on Number Two, Dave," he reported. "Better feather it."

"O.K.," acknowledged the captain. "Let's feather." Stopping the engine and turning the blades of the propeller parallel to the line of flight would cut down the wind resistance and keep the engine from undergoing any more

Copilot Travis Everett (left), flight engineer Melvin English and pilot David Rall are back at work after their brush with death. Last July, when their plane developed an engine fire, Rall's decision to ditch during a storm saved the lives of 57 people.

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Above: A raftload of passengers just before they were picked up by Navy and Coast Guard planes. Because of a misunderstood message, the rescue planes almost missed the stranded group.

damage. Flying the DC-7C on three engines would be no problem.

The red FEATHER button overhead was punched, and the crew waited for the r.p.m. gauge to show that the engine had stopped turning. It didn't. Instead, the needle showed that it had begun to spin faster and faster.

Rall heard its distinctive, chilling whine over the smooth roar of the other engines. The FEATHER button was hit again and then again. Still nothing. The power setting for the normal cruise power was 1950 r.p.m.'s. This was increased to 2350, but the runaway No. 2 engine went ahead of them, closer and closer to the 2750 safe-operating limit. The oil-quantity gauge suddenly nose-dived to zero, and the r.p.m.'s went up to 2900.

Without turning, Rall said, "Ted, give me a position." Then, as the navigator computed the ship's precise place along Amber 2, the captain went on the air. (Continued on Page 50)

Undaunted by their experience, these Tacoma teachers are planning their next trip. From left are Mrs. Erminie Lamb, Miss Lola Friars and Miss Helen Mantz.

Stewardess Yuriko Fuchigami received an award from Japanese Transportation Minister Yoshio Minami for her heroism during the ordeal. After the forced landing she assisted the passengers out of the burning plane and into the life rafts.

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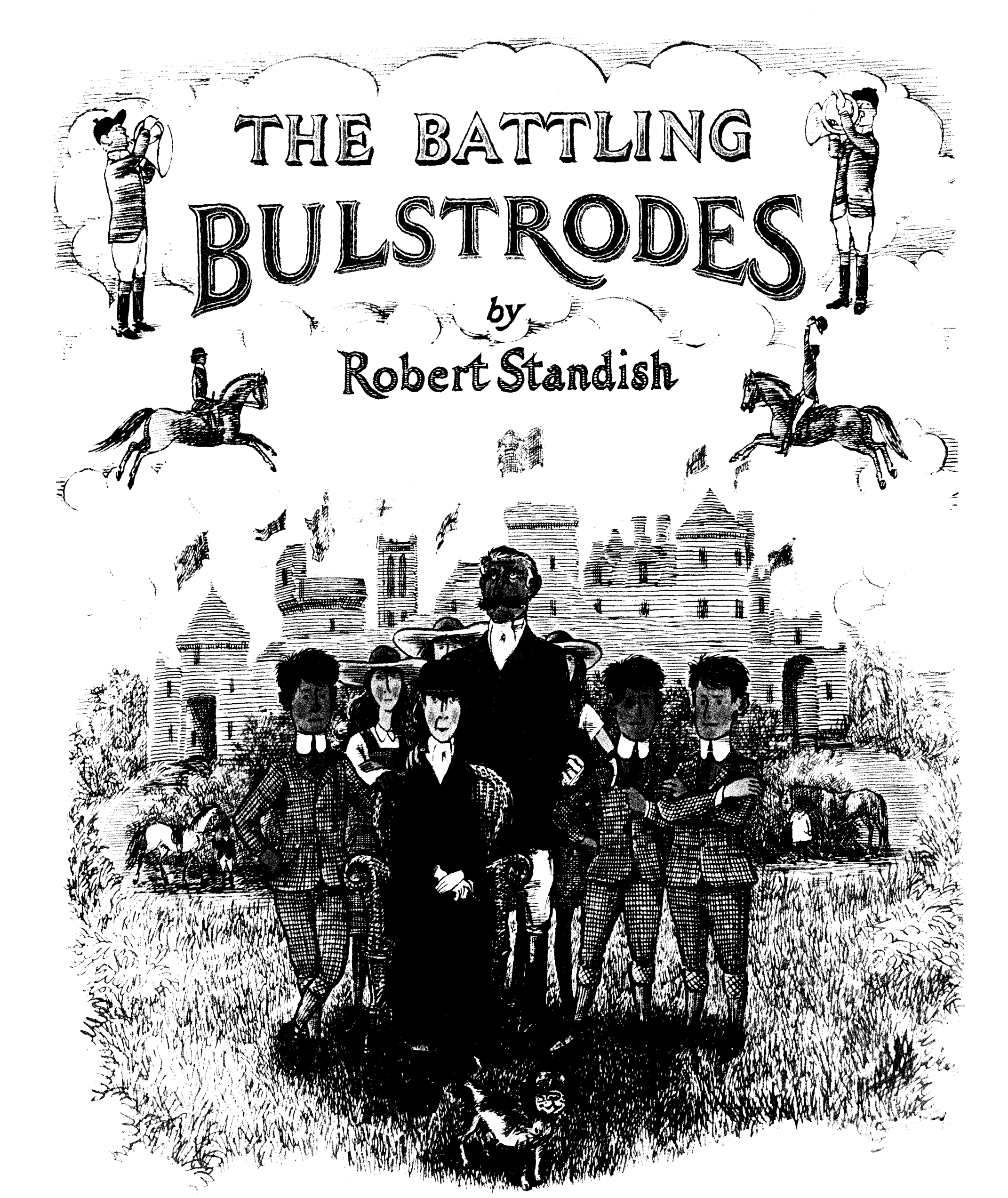
THE BATTLING BULSTRODES

by

Robert Standish



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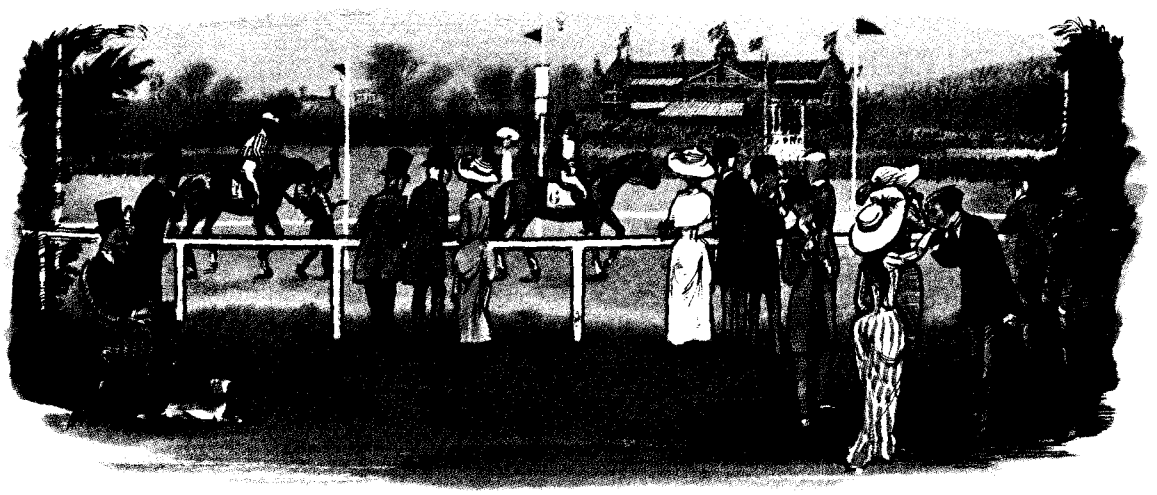

All about three hungry heirs who thought they could hoodwink their father.

The curtain rises on the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in the year 1889, which in itself is a guarantee that you are about to meet some of the Best People, for in those days the Royal Enclosure was a strictly segregated area. It is Gold Cup day. Percy, the young Earl of Bulstrode, the twenty-third of his line, looking every inch—all seventy-five of them—the aristocrat, was on his way to the paddock to inspect the runners. Ahead of him he watched, fascinated, while a young woman with a fine action and tremendous drive from the thighs, waded through the crush, thrusting people aside like long grass.

"Mamma," he was saying a few minutes later, pointing out the young woman to his mother, "I implore you to find out who she is and arrange for me to meet her."

"Nothing easier, dear boy. She is the Lady Laetitia, daughter of Lord and Lady Crumbleborne. I was at school with her mother."

"Have you noticed," continued the infatuated Percy, "what an amazing resemblance she bears to Beatrice of Bulstrode?"

"Ye-es, I see what you mean, dear boy," replied the dowager countess, giving her son a quick sideways glance, for the same thought had struck her. Beatrice of Bulstrode was the prize-winning Percheron brood mare, pride of the Bulstrode home farm. "A splendid girl—not an inch under seventeen hands."

The introduction was effected within the hour, and Percy knew that he had met his fate. The courtship proceeded apace. The engagement was announced during Doncaster race week, and the wedding fixed for the week after the Manchester November Handicap, the last important event of the flat racing season. Laetitia—please don't omit the diphthong—made a splendid bride, and everyone agreed—anyhow, everyone who knew anything about blood lines—that she was just what the Bulstrodes had been needing for a couple of centuries. It was—for that matter it still is—a blissfully happy marriage. A shadow was cast over its first three years by three daughters in quick succession. But as their parents took no notice of them, surely we can be forgiven if we do the same.

Then we come to 1893, the year when Isinglass won the Derby and when Queen Victoria spent Grand National Week in Florence. It was a hot dry summer. There was a fine hay crop. Nature was in one of her prodigal moods. Indeed, when Ascot came around again, nature was in process of being so prodigal with Laetitia that she was compelled to stay at home. Which, in the light of what happened that day, was probably just as well.

Illustrated by Erik Blegvad

As the weather grew warmer, the trickle of visitors to the castle became a steady stream.

Percy had a horse running in the Jubilee Gold Vase, so he couldn't very well miss Ascot. Its name was Slapdash, and he had backed it to win him a very large sum of money. His first bet was to take £33,000 to £1000. He also accepted the freak odds of 1000 to 1, offered by the young Duke of Peverill, who had more money than sense, against naming the first three in the race in their correct order. He booked Percy's bet at £10,000 to £10.

There isn't the space to draw out the suspense, so let it suffice to say here that Slapdash won the race by half a length from Candlemaker, with Brussels Sprouts five lengths behind him. To improve matters, Percy had named the first three in their correct order. He left Ascot the winner of more than £80,000, which at that time was nearly $400,000, with something like four or five times the buying power of that sum today. As an illustration, the eight undergardeners employed at Bulstrode Castle received a wage of fifty pounds a year each. Their employer, therefore, had won enough to pay their wages for the next two centuries.

It was late evening before Percy, weaving slightly and somewhat glassy of eye, arrived back at Bulstrode Castle just as the doctor was leaving. The doctor announced that Laetitia had just given birth to triplet sons. He accepted Percy's offer of a glass of champagne gratefully. He looked as though he needed it. "I was prepared for twins," the good man told Percy, "so I tattooed a small 'x' on the left shoulder of the oldest, realizing the importance of identifying the heir to the earldom."

When Percy tiptoed into Laetitia's bedroom, he was relieved and somewhat envious to find that she had borne the ordeal of the eventful day with far less ill effect than he himself had suffered. She was studying the form for the following day's racing. "I've been trying to think of names for them," she said, jerking a thumb in the direction of a gigantic cradle in which the triplets had been bedded down.

"Then you don't have to think any more, my dear," said Percy, recounting the events of the day. "We'll call them Slapdash, Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts."

"How clever of you, darling!" Laetitia agreed enthusiastically. "I'd thought of Isinglass, Born Tired and Petunia—all winners of good races, but hardly suitable as boys' names. Slapdash, Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts it shall be! Perfect, just perfect! But don't spill that champagne on them or you'll wake the little brutes up."

Space considerations forbid a blow-by-blow account of the triplets' infancy, childhood and adolescence, but it is relevant to state here that when they were three months old they developed such a mutual antipathy that they had to be given separate cradles. Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts detested each other, but sunk their differences and made common cause against Slapdash, as though they knew and resented his enviable position as heir. Even before they went to their first boarding school, all three boys had incipient cauliflower ears, while Slapdash, who could not, or would not, use a straight left, had a misshapen nose. At school they were known as the Battling Bulstrodes.

Physically, they were amazingly alike. If it had not been for (Continued on Page 73)

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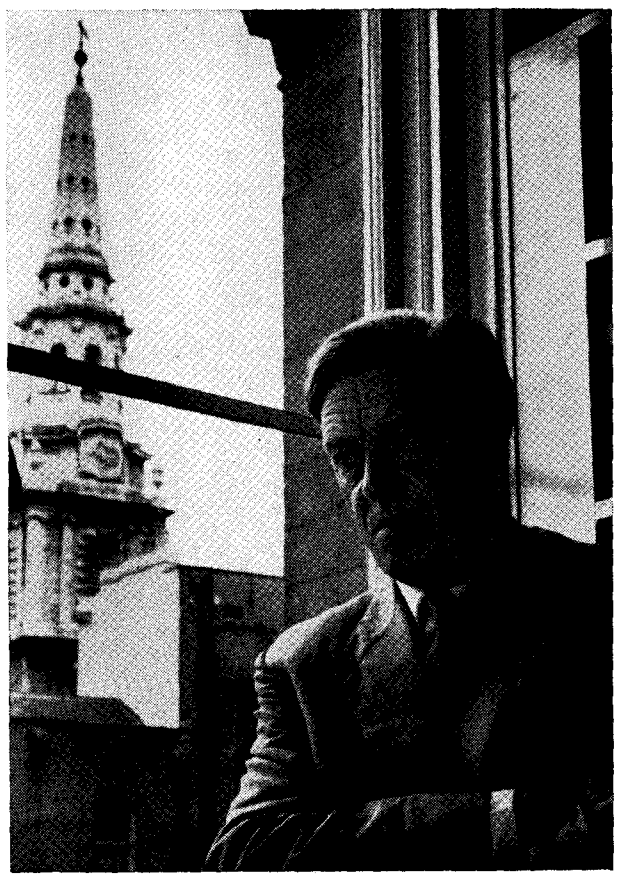
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Making



About the Author

C. Day Lewis has been practicing the poet's craft since childhood. A minister's son, educated at Oxford, he was professor of poetry there from 1951 to 1956, and he has lectured in Cambridge. Under the pseudonym Nicholas Blake, Day Lewis also writes whodunits that have won a large following in both England and the United States. Although the financial exigencies of the poetic life originally caused him to try his hand at crime stories, he feels they have the additional benefit of "releasing the springs of cruelty," which, were he a country squire, might otherwise find its outlet in hunting. His autobiography, *The Buried Day*, was published last September by Harper.

Why is it that nowadays, when poetry brings in little prestige and less money, people are still found who devote their lives to the apparently unrewarding occupation of making poems? Is the poet a quaint anachronism in the modern world—a pathetic shadow of the primitive bard who, unable for some reason to take active part in the life of his tribe, won himself an honorable place in the community by singing of the exploits of hunters and warriors?

Certainly a poem is still a cry from solitude, an attempt the poet has made to break out of individual isolation and set down his experience in such a way that it can be shared by his fellow beings. And he still uses the power of incantation, of rhyme, rhythm and repetition, which the primitive bard employed to bind the social group together in a common emotion. But, while he is writing a poem, he is not aware of a need to communicate. He has two conscious motives: to create an object in words, and to explore reality and make sense of his own experience.

He wishes this object to be both self-contained and elegant—elegant in the sense that a mathematician will call an equation "elegant." The poem must stand up after the poet has got out from underneath it; it must apply beyond the individual experience out of which it arose and carry meaning beyond the poet's own time and social environment.

This durability can only be achieved through a special way of using language. Deep thought and passionate feeling will not of themselves create poetry. Poets are not philosophers, and good poems can be composed—they usually are—from the commonplaces of human experience. The poet's instrument is language and, unlike those of the scientist, it is not an instrument of precision. He has to make something out of the words we all use—out of the vague, stale, wasteful language of common speech. He will do this, partly by the use of metaphor and image and partly by concentration of

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A distinguished British poet's personal testament on art's great mystery—the act of creation.

# of a Poem

By C. DAY LEWIS

language—the packing of the greatest possible amount of meaning into the smallest possible space. When Marlowe's Faustus sees Helen, he cries out:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

He is expressing the same emotion as the man who says, "That baby's got everything. I could go for her in a big way," but he is expressing it in an infinitely more concentrated, colourful and vital manner. Or again, when Robert Burns wrote

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

he made articulate, once and for all, through a simple picture given in the simplest words, the inarticulate tenderness of every lover wishing to protect his beloved.

The poet's medium is words, and his material is experience—his own states of mind or those of others into which he can sympathetically enter. He explores these states of mind, feeling his way with the sensitive instruments of his language. He may even, though he seldom consciously makes the poem for this purpose, change a state of mind by thus exploring and expressing it: a love lyric, an elegy, a satire will work out of his system, or at least temporarily assuage, the pangs of unrequited love, the weight of grief for a dead friend, the nagging heartburn of hatred.

As a poet grows older, his states of mind are likely to become more complex. That is why lyric poems—which are single-minded, single-mooded, transparent and uncomplicated—have mostly been written by young men; and for a similar reason, in our own elaborate civilization, pure lyric poetry has yielded place to a poetry of irony and complexity. Time, too, has changed the way poets think about their craft. On the whole, the classical poet would have claimed no more—though he often *did* much more—than that his poetry was an "imitation" of life, that he was representing reality, and in such a way as to give instruction through pleasure. Since the great romantics, poets have come to think of their work not as an imitation of reality, but as a re-creation of it. They seek to interpret reality by creating an object of a different order of reality.

The common factor between the classical and the post-classical poet is the imparting of knowledge. "Knowledge?" you may say. "But isn't that the province of the scientist nowadays?" Yes and no. Both science and poetry stem from magic, man's earliest method of trying to gain knowledge of Nature and power over it. The scientist and the poet are still concerned with the exploring of reality to that end. The poet's descriptions, unlike the scientist's, are not capable of proof, only of assent; but this does not mean that they are not contributions to knowledge. Let us take two looks at the common wild daffodil; the first through the eyes of a botanist, the second through the eyes of Wordsworth.

Narcissus, pseudo-narcissus: flower stalk hollow, two-edged, bearing near its summit a membranous sheath and a single flower; nectary notched and curled at the margin, as long as the sepals and petals.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high, o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The botanist distinguishes, classifies and generalizes: his description is objective; and it can be proved, for all daffodils of this kind will be found to conform to it. Wordsworth's description is of a different order. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 67*

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"That's enough,"
Justin said. "Now, Aaron,
you'd better get up and get out of here."

STAY AWAY FROM HER

After this he'd think twice before he came within twenty feet of the girl he loved.

By William M. Clark

Margie Phillips was graduated from the Central High School on Friday night. Aaron Sloane took her to the graduation dance, and the moon was shining and the air was warm, and he felt for the first time that this whole thing was real, that he was going to marry Margie Phillips and take her home to be a Sloane.

He did not speak that night. He looked in her eyes, and he knew that she knew what he had in mind. That was enough for Aaron. He saved his speaking for the next night, and he danced with Margie Phillips and he sang the songs of the mountains for the audience in the auditorium. Aaron Sloane was a singing man, and he shared his gift, not blatantly but humbly, loving his songs and loving the mountains from which they came.

It turned out that he had saved his speaking until too late. The next night he came up on the porch of the Phillips home and reached out to knock at the door. A heavy voice held his hand.

"Wait a minute, Aaron."

He turned and saw Justin Phillips, Margie's father, standing at one side of him. He felt a hand on his other arm and looked and saw Lester Phillips, Margie's older brother.

"Come on down in the yard, Aaron," said Justin. "We got something to say to you, and we don't want to make too much noise close to the house."

"What's the matter?" said Aaron. "What's wrong? Is somebody sick? Is Margie all right?"

"Nobody's sick," said Justin, "nothing like that. Come on down here."

Aaron followed the two older men from the porch to the yard. Once there they turned and faced him, and there was a strange look in their eyes.

"Aaron," said Justin Phillips, "this won't take long if you're sensible. Margie's finished with school now. We want you to know that anything that there was between you is finished too."

(Continued on Page 38)

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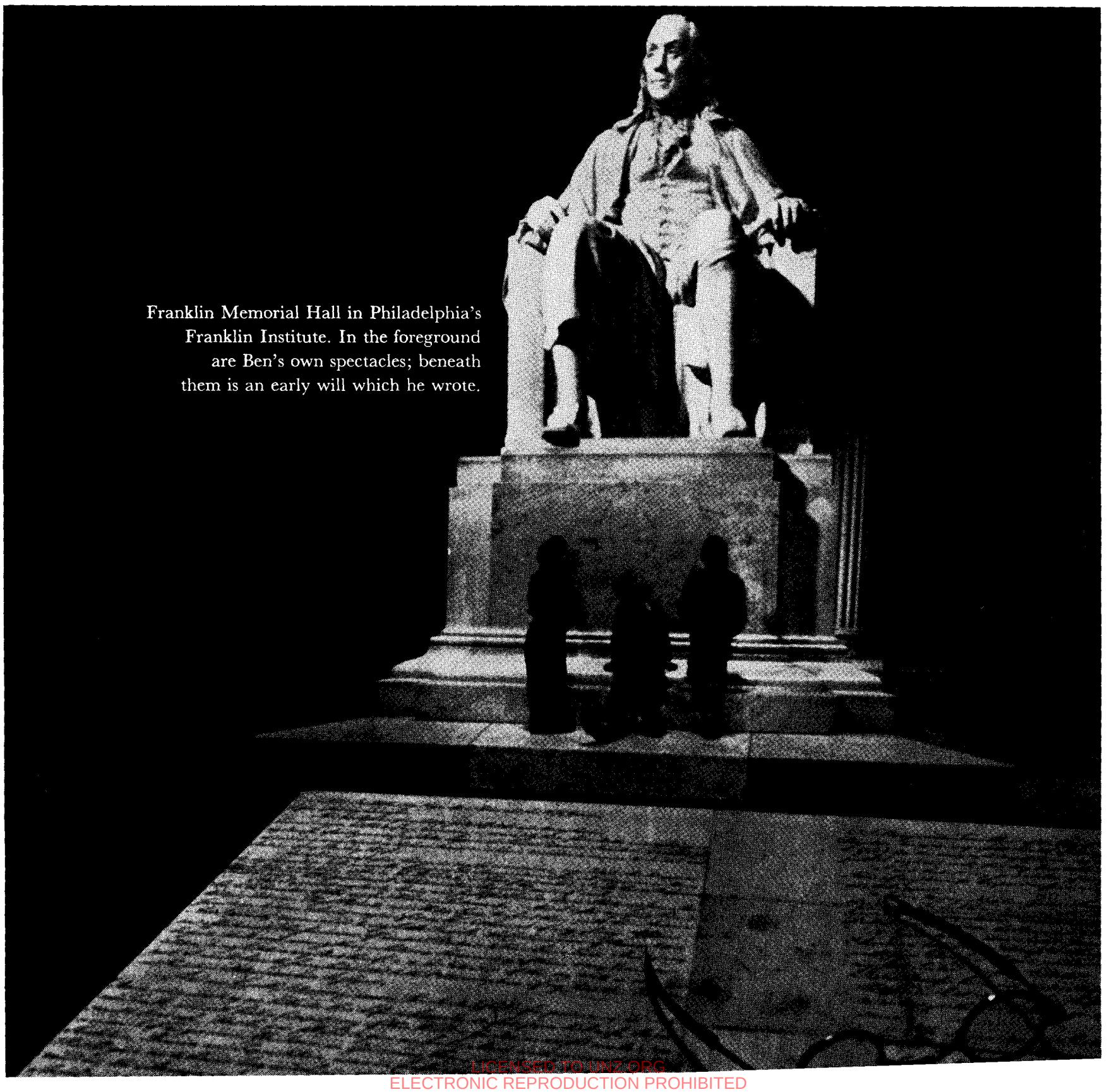
THE WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

By Samuel Eliot Morison

Statesman, scientist, writer and philosopher, this most versatile of Americans never forgot his earthy origin. A famous historian's revealing portrait.

Many great men in history have had little or no sense of humor, and George Washington was one of them; but Benjamin Franklin, the most versatile genius in American history, not only had a sense of humor but was one of the few people who could get a laugh out of George. The story he liked best was Ben's reply to the stuffy Englishman in 1775 who protested that it was foul ball for the Yankee minutemen to fire at British redcoats from behind stone walls. "Why," said Ben, "didn't those walls have two sides?" George relished this so well that when he visited Lexington, fourteen years later, he told it to his guides, astonishing them with roars of laughter. And like most of Franklin's jokes, this had a moral to it—don't be mad at your enemy if he is smarter than you, but try to be smarter yourself.

Franklin's humor, as revealed in his *Poor Richard's Almanack*, is always kindly, often earthy to the point of coarseness, but never bitter. He makes fun of pretense and stuffiness, but never sneers at poverty or ignorance. He is whimsical, as in his "Drinker's Dictionary," where he gives more than 100 terms for drunkenness—some of which, like "fuddled," "stew'd" and "half seas over," have endured; but most, like "cherry merry," "as dizzy as a goose" and "loose in the hilts," have gone down the drain. He was a master of political satire, as in that fake edict of a German king proposing to tax (Continued on Page 76)



Franklin Memorial Hall in Philadelphia's Franklin Institute. In the foreground are Ben's own spectacles; beneath them is an early will which he wrote.

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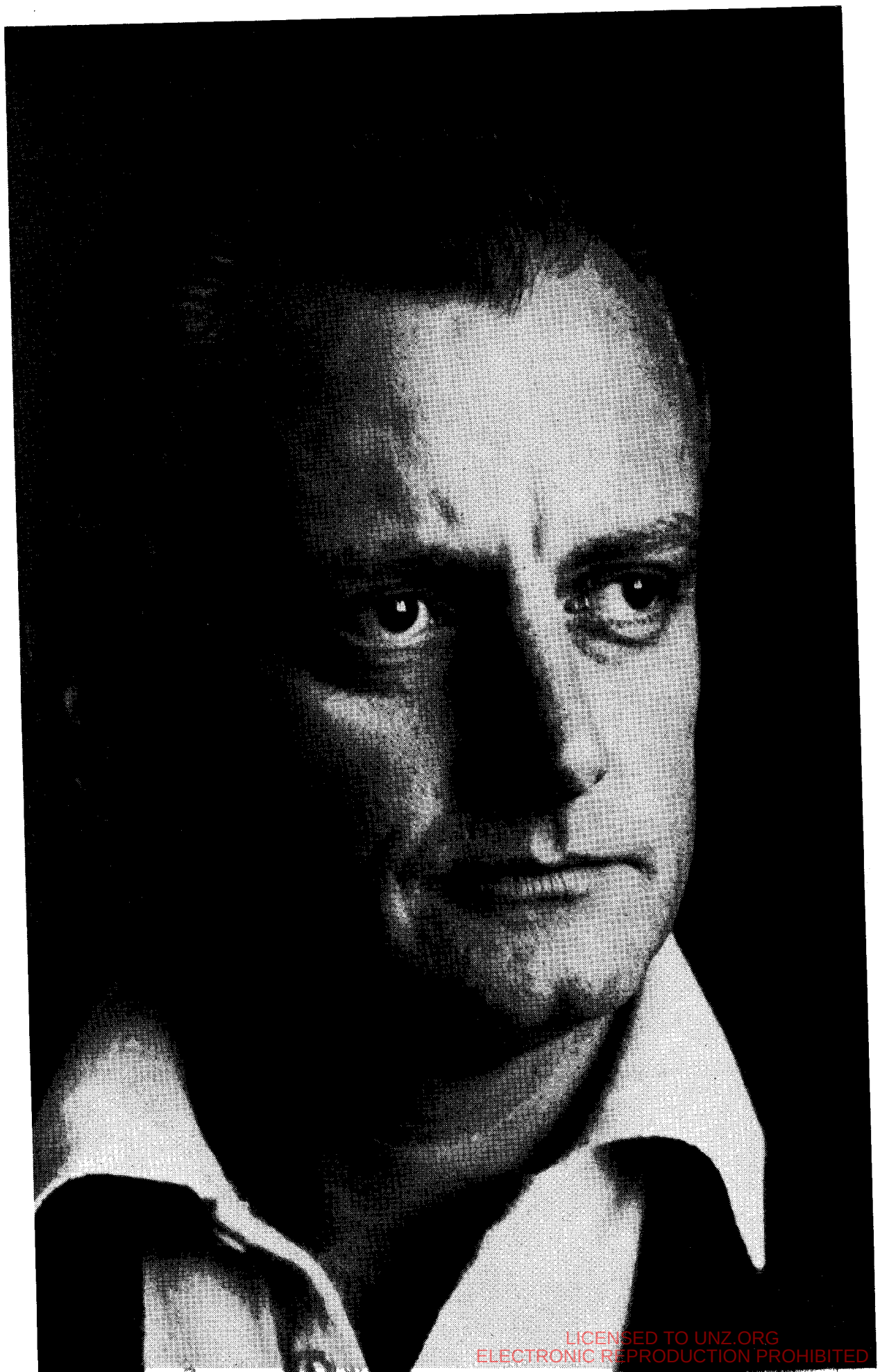
ACTOR WITHOUT an EGO

Art Carney first gained fame as a slapstick stooge. Now he has become a serious star, but still retains a humility unheard of in show business.

By ROGER KAHN



When Art Carney came striding into a Manhattan restaurant, it was a surprise to find that he didn't really look like Ed Norton, the sewer worker's sewer worker. As Norton, the slow-witted stooge on Jackie Gleason's famous television series, *The Honeymooners*, Carney always sported a battered hat, an unbuttoned vest and a worn undershirt. As himself, Carney arrived wearing a hound's-tooth sport jacket, a blue shirt and gray slacks; no hat, no vest.

Carney sat down and ordered tea with lemon. While he waited for it to come, someone nearby mentioned Norton. "I get it all the time," Carney said. "I expect it. People are always asking me how I like it down there in the sewer."

"Have you got answers?"

"Seasonal answers," Carney said. "In the summer—'I like it down there because it's cool.' In the winter—'I like it down there because it's warm.' Then I've got one that isn't seasonal."

"What's that?"

"'Go to hell,'" Carney said amiably.

By nature Art Carney is not a "go-to-hell" man. Some of his friends, perhaps exaggerating, insist he has never snapped at an admirer in his life. Although many of his fans still persist in treating him as a comic who shouts "va-va-va-voom"—Norton's special cry of delight—Carney sees himself as an actor who can play an audience for laughter or for tears, an ability he believes any good actor should have.

"In our business," says David Susskind, a busy TV producer who has worked with Carney for two years, "it's common knowledge that Milton Berle wants to play Othello. With Art, it's something different and much more reasonable. He doesn't talk Hamlet. He simply had an actor's ambition to get out of a narrow corner, which is what Norton got to be."

Carney's breakout from the Ed Norton role was spectacular literally as well as figuratively; last winter he played starring roles in nine television spectaculars, all produced by Susskind for the National Broadcasting Company. Carney shed the sewer worker's role as easily as he shed the battered undershirt. To the surprise of audiences, he was the resigned, philosophical New England spokesman in Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*. In this touching fantasy, a woman who died young returns from beyond the grave to see again the most important moments of her life. Watching herself at a childhood birthday party, she cries for time to stand still. Carney, as narrator, must remind the audience that time does not stop, that anyone alive should make the most of the bright moments, for, sadly, these moments may come only once.

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Puppets were Carney's only supporting actors in the hour-long TV presentation of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* in 1959.

He won three TV Emmy awards—in 1954, '54, and '55—as Ed Norton, the sewer worker. With him here are Jackie Gleason and Audrey Meadows.

On the Broadway stage: Art's first serious role was in *The Rope Dancers* in 1957, with Siobhan McKenna.

Carney as "Bernard Lernstein" in a television spoof of a musical maestro. His talent for mimicry is his prime asset as a comic.

From this quietly demanding role Carney ranged from comedy in *A Pound on Demand*, by Sean O'Casey, the great Irish playwright, to *Where the Cross Is Made*, a dark brooding work by the late Eugene O'Neill. Then, in the searing one-man drama, *Call Me Back*, Carney held center stage by himself for almost ninety minutes.

As Tom O'Neill in *Call Me Back*, Carney played an alcoholic, divorced from his wife, separated from his love, lonesome for his daughter and, incidentally, out of work. The entire action takes place in an apartment; the main props are a telephone and a liquor bottle. During the play Carney repeatedly phones his ex-wife, his ex-boss and his girl friend, becoming more and more drunk as the drama proceeds. He keeps hoping that someone will telephone him, but no one does. Finally, overwhelmed by his misfortune, he swallows a fistful of sleeping pills, washing them down with what remains in the liquor bottle, and dies.

Although Carney has not abandoned comedy—he performed in two lighthearted reviews last season—artistically he climbed a long way up from TV's sewers. Following the *Our Town* telecast, *Variety*, the show-business newspaper, commented, "something extra special was Carney's acting. . . . The sometimes comedian proved once more that he's an actor, a fine one." After watching *Call Me Back*, Ben Gross, TV critic for the New York *Daily News*, wrote, "(This) was such a brilliant acting stunt, that it should be shown over and over again in all the schools where the art of acting is taught."

Carney himself has never studied acting. He has a limited formal education (high school), limited further by the fact that he was not devoted to studying. He is not an avid reader of drama or anything else. How then to explain the newly demonstrated scope and depth of his talents? There are almost as many explanations as there are actors, directors and producers who have worked with him.

"If you can play comedy, you can play anything," Jackie Gleason says. "Comedy is the roughest because you always know the laughs might not come, and then what? Artie is a fine comic, so the other things were natural."

(Continued on Page 57)

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Frank Lloyd Wright: DEFIANT GENIUS

PART THREE

Scandal and Sorrow

By FINIS FARR

How the giant of American architecture shocked the country and risked personal ruin. Then he suffered a horrifying tragedy.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.
THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 16, 1914. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BATTLE COMING WHICH WILL SHOCK WORLD

Awful Crime in Wisconsin Cottage

MRS. CHENEY AND FIVE OTHERS SLAIN IN FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT BUNGALOW

NEGRO HELPER KILLS FAMILY WITH HATCHET

Architect, in Chicago, Hears of Crime and Goes to Scene.

SLAYER CAPTURED

PACKERS MAY BE INDICTED IN PRICE WAR

Federal Grand Jury to Turn Fire on Big Concerns Again.

CHARGE CONSPIRACY

LATEST WAR BULLETINS.

SUMMARY OF DAY'S WAR NEWS

FRENCH WIN FOUR TOWNS, ROUTING FOE

Commander of Fifteenth German Corps Wounded in Fight.

LIKES 200 MILES LONG

Bungalow Murder Victims.

THE DEAD.
MAMAH BORTHWICK CHENEY.

On August 15, 1914—eleven days after the Germans invaded Belgium to begin World War I—Mamah Cheney and her children were murdered by an insane servant. Mamah and Wright had lived together for five years.

Below: Edward Cheney (left), the husband Mamah deserted, and Wright. On the day of the disaster, Cheney sadly said, "It's all right, Frank."

When Mamah died, newspapers wrongly guessed that Wright would return to his wife (below). Also shown are Mamah's children and (lower left) the hatchet with which the madman killed them.

The Rivals and the Love Bungalow.

E. H. CHENEY

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

WRIGHT'S 300 FOOT HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

COMPLETED PORTION OF BUNGALOW

WRIGHT BURIES MAMAH OF HILLS IN NIGHT GRAVE

Wright's Ruined Bungalow, Two Child Victims, Wife Who May Be Reconciled.

"THIS ENDS ALL," SAYS E. H. CHENEY

Divorced Husband of Mamah Borthwick Brings Slain Children.

WILL BE NO FUNERAL

Recently a woman in California, who thought she was alone in her house, walked from her bathroom to the kitchen wearing a large towel. Looking into her living room, she was displeased to see an unknown young man frowning at her fireplace. The intruder had no criminal intent, but was merely one of the large number of persons who considered a house like this lady's to be part of the public domain, since it was designed by the world's most imaginative architect—the great and famous Frank Lloyd Wright.

Owners of Wright houses can tell many stories like this one, involving men and women who behave as though inspecting a public monument. An especially startling invasion took place at a house near Chicago when a Volkswagen bus rolled into the courtyard and a seemingly endless procession of Englishmen began to emerge. Advancing on the front door in a phalanx, they told the lady of the house they were emissaries of a national foundation and did not appear to grasp the idea that she was no caretaker, but the owner.

It happened that the lady was giving a dinner party for which the guests would arrive within an hour, and she was on her way to pick up the ice

(Continued on Page 60)

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"I introduce you to taxpayer Number 8438652-B," he said to the machine. "She is a– I mean, she *has* a problem."

ALICIA Marches on Washington

By Robert W. Wells

This is what happened when a pretty taxpayer took on the Internal Revenue Service.

The man from the outer office strode past the rows of desks, each with an Internal Revenue agent on one side, a worried taxpayer on the other, and threw open the door of the second-assistant-director's office.

"I've got a nut out here, Mr. Krutsch. I've never run into anything like it before in twenty-two years with the service. I don't know how to handle her."

Krutsch was a small, nervous man with calluses on the tips of his fingers from drumming them on his desk. He accepted the file on Mrs. Alicia Sibbison and glanced through it, frowning.

"You know the procedure if she's violent, Kimberley. Put her at a table. Have her make out triplicate copies of Complaint Form IRS-6583-Z. By the time she's finished, she'll be too exhausted for physical action."

"This one isn't violent, Mr. Krutsch. It's just that ——" He paused, shaking his head. "You aren't going to believe this, but the thing she's complaining about is she got a refund and she doesn't think she's entitled to it."

The two men stared at each other. Then Krutsch arose and folded his arms. He was, after all, an executive of an agency of the United States Government.

"I don't know what her game is, Kimberley. But send her in. I shall deal with her."

Alicia sat down. Krutsch drummed quietly on the desk for a while. Then he flashed her the moderately friendly smile prescribed in Rule IRS856-B of the manual for dealing with taxpayers and asked her to begin at the beginning.

(Continued on Page 62)

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The ETERNAL BLOSSOM

WHEN A WOMAN REALLY LOVES A MAN, DOES IT MATTER WHAT FOLLY HE HAS DONE?

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

He was not a patient man, Ruiko knew, but she hoped Kenji still would be waiting. Seated in the taxi she wondered if she was filled with trembling excitement because she was going to see Kenji, or was it her eagerness to share the vivid immediacy which surrounded him? And the recklessness. It did not matter. Leaning back in the seat she thought of her parents and the sweetness of their love, and she felt as though she were fleeing from one world to another, from serenity and contentment to an astonishing urgency which was joined neither to the past nor to the future.

Even now she blushed with shame at the way she had lied to her mother and father, assuring them she was going to visit a friend so they could practice their English. She had worn a kimono of a chartreuse hue to make the deception more convincing, and she hoped that Kenji would not be angry. He liked her to wear western clothing and act as though she had not been born in Japan.

It wasn't that she was fearful of his anger. He had always been gentle with her. Nor simply that she wanted only to please him, but she had given Kenji her love and she knew that whatever he might do, she would stay with him.

Kenji was waiting. He was not wearing his university uniform, but stood at the curb in front of the tearoom dressed in skin-tight jeans and a dark jacket, his black hair oiled and gleaming. He looked curiously solemn and defiant until she left the cab and stood before him.

"*Hai*," he said, smiling, and kissing her briefly. "Is American way. Nice, *ne?*"

Without another word Kenji strode down the street. She followed, her eyes lowered. Suddenly he stopped and held both hands out toward a gleaming new motorcycle parked at the curb. "It's a Silver Pigeon," he said proudly. "Whose is it?" Ruiko asked.

"Mine." He slapped himself on the chest. "There's nothing I can't have when I want it bad enough," he told her.

She knew he had no money to buy a motorcycle and, as he lifted her onto the rear seat, Ruiko had a premonition they were starting a journey whose destination could not be known, a voyage away from all that was familiar and secure.

With a roar Kenji swung the motorcycle into the massed traffic, snaking his way among the darting taxis and lumbering trucks and coming so close to pedestrians that, sitting sidewise, Ruiko could look into their expressionless eyes. She was terrified at first, but gradually an elation overcame her fear and she sat proudly in her elegant kimono as Kenji sped through the narrow, jammed streets, past the vegetable and fruit and cake shops, the noodle houses and damp tea shops. Kenji leaned slightly forward, intent and serious, and glancing at his shoulders, seemingly broad beneath the heavy jacket, Ruiko sensed his almost arrogant confidence. She wondered why it was that when he felt reckless and defiant, strong within himself, he was barely aware of her presence. Only in his rare moments of uncertainty and doubt did he ever show his need of her.

Leaving Kobe the road wound and curled like a gigantic rope flung against the mountain. Kenji took the turns so fast that coming out of them the motorcycle seemed to scream in triumph. Gradually the lights of the city descended. Ruiko felt she rode a soaring tumultuous bird. The wind whipped her dark hair and her bright kimono, but she was content.

Near the top of the mountain Kenji stopped at a pull-off and parked beneath a cluster of cherry trees. Taking her hand, he led her down the shadowy embankment to a small plateau. He placed his jacket on the grass for her and then threw himself onto the ground, his fingers laced behind his head. A high-keyed look of excitement lingered on his face.

"You're a wonderful driver, Kenji."

He looked at her as though she had said something almost embarrassing. "You were not afraid?"

"I was with you."

"Sometimes I feel a stranger, even to myself. Coming up the mountain, so." Turning his head away, he added softly, "Other times I only know I love you."

The words which should have made Ruiko happy filled her with apprehension. She knew there was fear in him. Some fear disturbed him deeply and, leaning over, she kissed him on the lips, telling herself that whatever it was that frightened him she would not embarrass him by asking him to speak of it. Rising, he grabbed her up in his arms, hugging her fiercely, but he did not speak for a long while.

Then he said, "Do you think I am bad, Ruiko-san?"

She never thought of anyone as being good or bad, Ruiko knew. A man was gentle or rough, as his nature and the situation demanded, but he was always the same man. "I love you, Kenji-san," she said simply.

"Your father thinks I am bad. Very bad. He thinks I am evil."

"My father has no sons. He wants me to marry a man he can adopt as a son. A man who would take his name."

Kenji bolted upright. "I'll never be an adopted husband," he said furiously. "I don't want any part of these crazy old customs. I don't care how I have to live, what I do. I'll not be obligated. I'll not owe *on* to anyone." His entire being rebelled against any sense of responsibility and obligation, of love or devotion which was not his own making. *On* was an encumbering heritage he resented. "I've got to be free. I want to live like I'm already dead. Like nothing is very important. Do you understand, Ruiko?"

I am too young to understand many things, she told herself, *but I am old enough to know that love will remain long after understanding has turned to pity*. Leaning over, she kissed him on the warm forehead. Her bright flowing kimono almost concealed him and he seemed to vanish from the night.

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Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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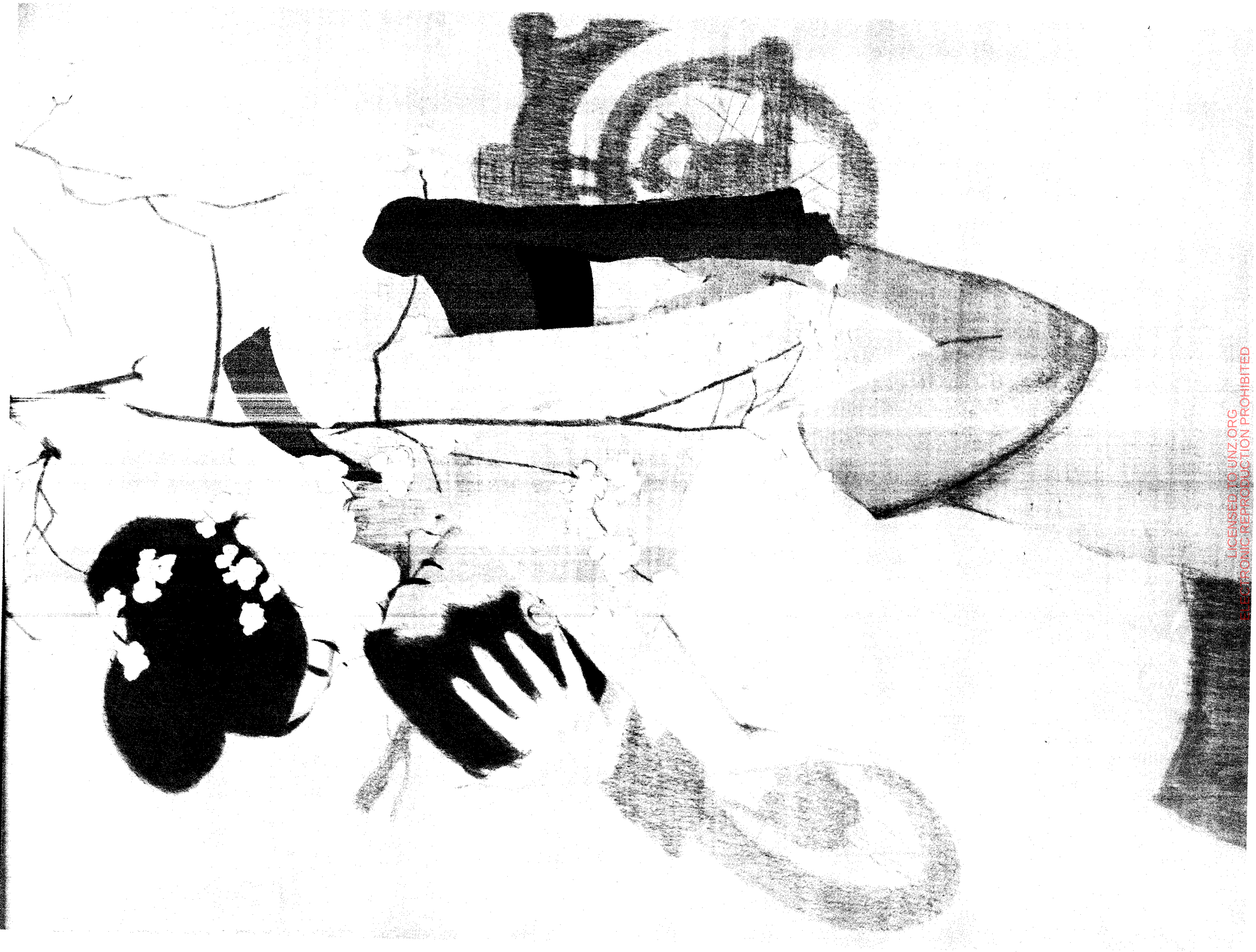

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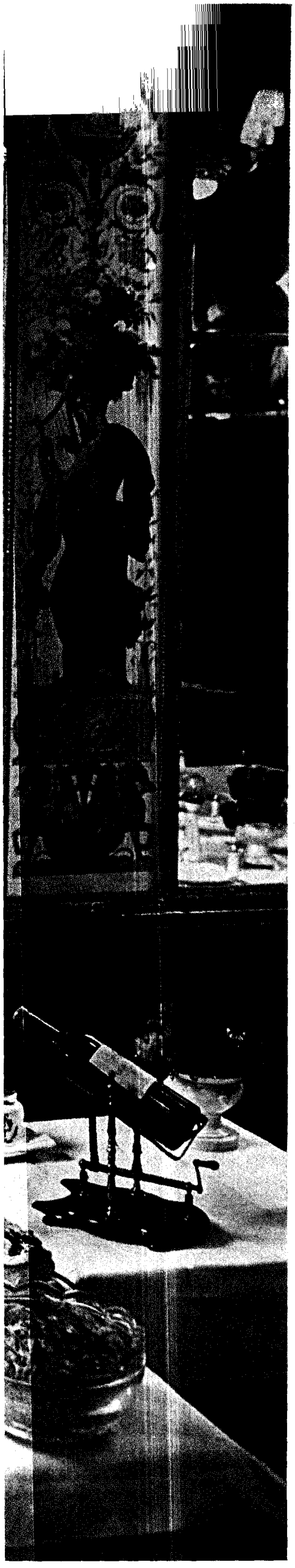

Raymond Oliver with seven of his famous dishes:
On the center table, front row, from left,
Agneau Mirabelle (baby lamb),
La Sole Duc de Chartres (poached sole),
L'Oeuf au plat Louis Oliver (an egg dish with truffles and *foie gras*) and *Salade Quimperloise* (lobster salad).
Back row, *Toast de Crevettes Rothschild* (shrimp with truffles),
Faisan Jean Cocteau (stuffed boned pheasant) and
Soufflé Rothschild (dessert soufflé with candied fruits).
Slices of the ham at left are served as an hors d'oeuvre.

Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

In their last moments millionaires have been known to beg for a dish prepared by M. Oliver of Paris. Here are the methods of a

Master of Cookery

By JOHN KOBLER

In their devotion to the pleasures of the table, the French consider almost no distinction too lofty to confer upon a gifted cook. "The discovery of a new dish," declared that professional gourmet of the early nineteenth century, Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, whose aphorisms his compatriots never weary of repeating, "does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a star." Securely enshrined in the national memory, along with illustrious artists, savants and statesmen, stand such heroes of the kitchen range as *le grand* Vatel who, after serving Louis XIV a dinner for which the fish arrived too late, hurled himself, like a dishonored Roman, upon his sword; Marie-Antoine Carême, pastry innovator extraordinary and private chef successively to Talleyrand, King George IV and Czar Alexander I; and Auguste Escoffier of the Ritz, inventor of the peach Melba.

Of France's living culinary prodigies few enjoy greater fame and fortune than a burly, black-bearded, flamboyant Gascon of fifty-one named Raymond Oliver. Owner and on special occasions chef of the ancient Paris restaurant, Le Grand Véfour, Oliver is privileged to wear, among twenty-three assorted decorations, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the green rosette of Agricultural Merit, and the vermilion medal of Art, Science and Letters.

The French Academy created him an officer (not to be confused with a full-fledged member), the Ministry of Education a Commander of Educational Merit. As "Ambassador of French Cuisine," an honorific bestowed by the Government Tourist Bureau, Oliver travels with a *visa de service*, similar to a diplomatic passport.

On alternate Monday evenings, from seven-thirty to eight, millions of French families sit, mouths watering, before television screens while Oliver, a magisterial figure in his snowy chef's smock, his voice a vibrant basso thrilling to women, shows how to concoct some caloric delight, interspersing the demonstration with piquant historical footnotes, flights of epicurean philosophy and plugs for his restaurant. The program, now in its sixth year, is sometimes billed as *Art and Magic of Cookery*, sometimes as *Cookery for Men*. "Like the painter with colors, like the poet with words," says Oliver in the grandiloquent vein the French expect from their high priests of gastronomy, "I select, I blend, I harmonize aromas, flavors, and textures. Ah, but yes, in every true cook their lies an artist."

A Grand Véfour specialty he recently recommended to his TV audience for its elegant simplicity was *Oranges aux Violettes*. "First you peel an orange," he explained, suiting action to words with fingers as deft as a piano virtuoso's. "Then you cut up the peel into long thin strips. Next you boil them in a plain sugar-and-water syrup—very little syrup, please note—until they take on a brilliant hue. Drain them and reserve the liquid. Now carefully remove all the pulp from the orange, cut the fruit in two lengthwise and extract the pips. Cover the halves with the cooked peel—so. To the warm liquid add a (Continued on Page 44)

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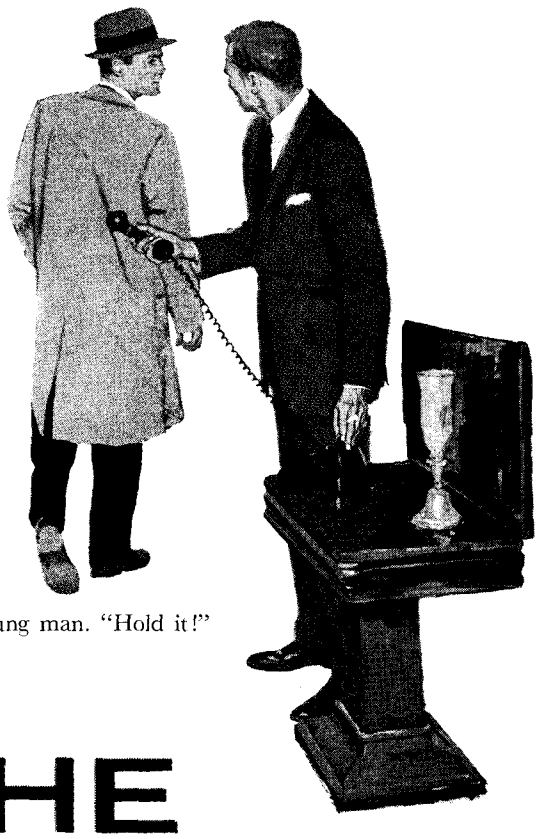
Illustrated by Austin Briggs



"Hey, you!" Archie yelled to the young man. "Hold it!"

By Rex Stout

Nero Wolfe made a surprise move, hoping to force the killer to betray himself.

THE COUNTERFEITER'S KNIFE

Hattie Annis, an eccentric, untidy woman, talked Archie Goodwin into letting her see Archie's employer, the famous Nero Wolfe. She showed Wolfe a package containing about $10,000 in counterfeit money, which she had found behind some books in a rooming house she owned.

Hattie wanted Wolfe to help her collect a reward for turning over the money to the proper authorities. She didn't go to the police because she didn't trust them.

Archie accompanied Hattie to her rooming house to look at the place where she had found the phony bills. When they arrived, they were stunned to see Tammy Baxter, a pretty, young tenant of Hattie's, lying on the parlor floor with a knife in her chest.

II

To show you how freaky a human mind can be, as if you didn't already know, the thought that popped into mine was that Hattie Annis had been right: a counterfeiter would have more clothes. And what brought it to mind was the fact that Tammy's skirt was up nearly to her waist, exposing her legs. That took the first tenth of a second. The next thought was also of Hattie, just as freaky but for men only, based on the strictly male notion that women aren't tough enough to take the sight of a corpse. I turned, and she was there at my elbow, staring down at it.

"That's a knife," she said.

That plain statement of fact brought my mind to. I went and squatted, lifted Tammy's hand and pressed hard on the thumbnail. When I released the pressure it stayed white. The dead hand flopped back to the carpet, and I stood up. I glanced at my wrist—twelve minutes past one. "You'll see the cops now," I said. "If you don't want—hands off! Don't touch her!"

"I won't," she said and didn't. She only touched the skirt—the hem—to pull it down, but it was bunched underneath and would come only halfway to the knees.

"It's your house," I said, "so you ought to phone; but I will, if you prefer."

"Phone for a cop?"

"Yes."

"Do you have to?"

"Certainly."

She went to a chair and sat. "This is the way it goes," she said. "It always has. When I want to think I can't. But you can, Buster, that's your business. You ought to be able to think of something better than calling a cop."

"I'm afraid I can't, Hattie." I stopped. I hadn't realized she had become Hattie to me until I heard it come out. I went on, "But first a couple of questions. When you came back here this morning to sew on the button did you see Tammy?"

"No."

"Did you see anybody?"

"No."

"The car that came up on the sidewalk and hit you—did you see the driver?"

"No, how could I? It came from behind."

"The man and woman who helped you up and the other man, did they see the driver?"

"No; I asked them. They said they didn't. I can't think about that, I'm thinking about this. We'll go up to my room. Ray and Martha don't know we came in here. We'll go up to my room, and you'll think of something."

"I can't think her alive and I can't think her body somewhere else. If you mean we forget we came in and saw it, then what? You said nobody comes in here much. Do you phone, or do I?"

Her mouth worked. "You're no good, Buster. I wish I hadn't sewed that button on." She got to her feet, none too steady. "I'm going upstairs and I'm not going to see any cops." She moved, but not toward the door. She stood and looked down at the corpse and said, "It's not your fault, Tammy. Your name won't ever be on a marquee now." She moved again, stopped at the door to say, "The phone's in the hall," and left.

I looked around. There was no sign of a struggle. There was nothing to be seen that might not have belonged to the room—Tammy's handbag, for instance. I went and squatted by her for a look at the knife handle. It was plain wood, four inches long, the kind for a large kitchen knife. The knife was in clear to the handle, and there was no blood. I stood up and went to the hall, where I had noticed the phone on a stand under the stairs. Voices were coming from the kitchen. That it wasn't a coin phone, out in the open in that house, was worthy of remark—either Hattie's roomers could be trusted not to take liberties or she could afford not to care if they did. Only now, evidently, one of them had taken the liberty of sticking a knife in Tammy Baxter. I dialed the number I knew best.

"Yes?"

I have tried to persuade Wolfe that that is no way to answer the phone, with no success. "Me," I said. "Calling from Miss Annis' house to report a complication. We went into the parlor to look at the bookshelf and found Tammy Baxter on the floor with a knife in her chest. She was the

(Continued on Page 69)

"One of you," Wolfe said abruptly, "committed murder less than twelve hours ago."

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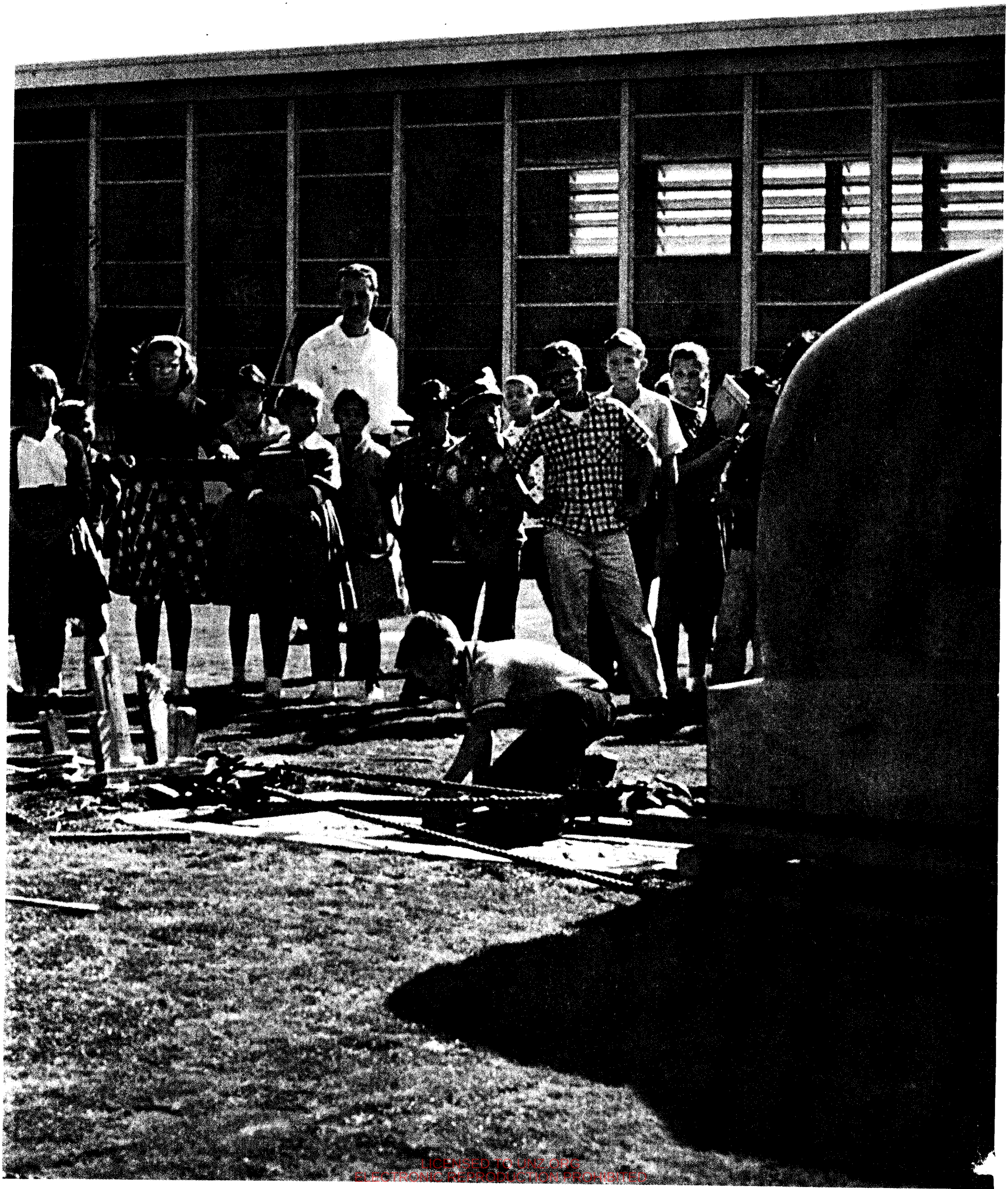

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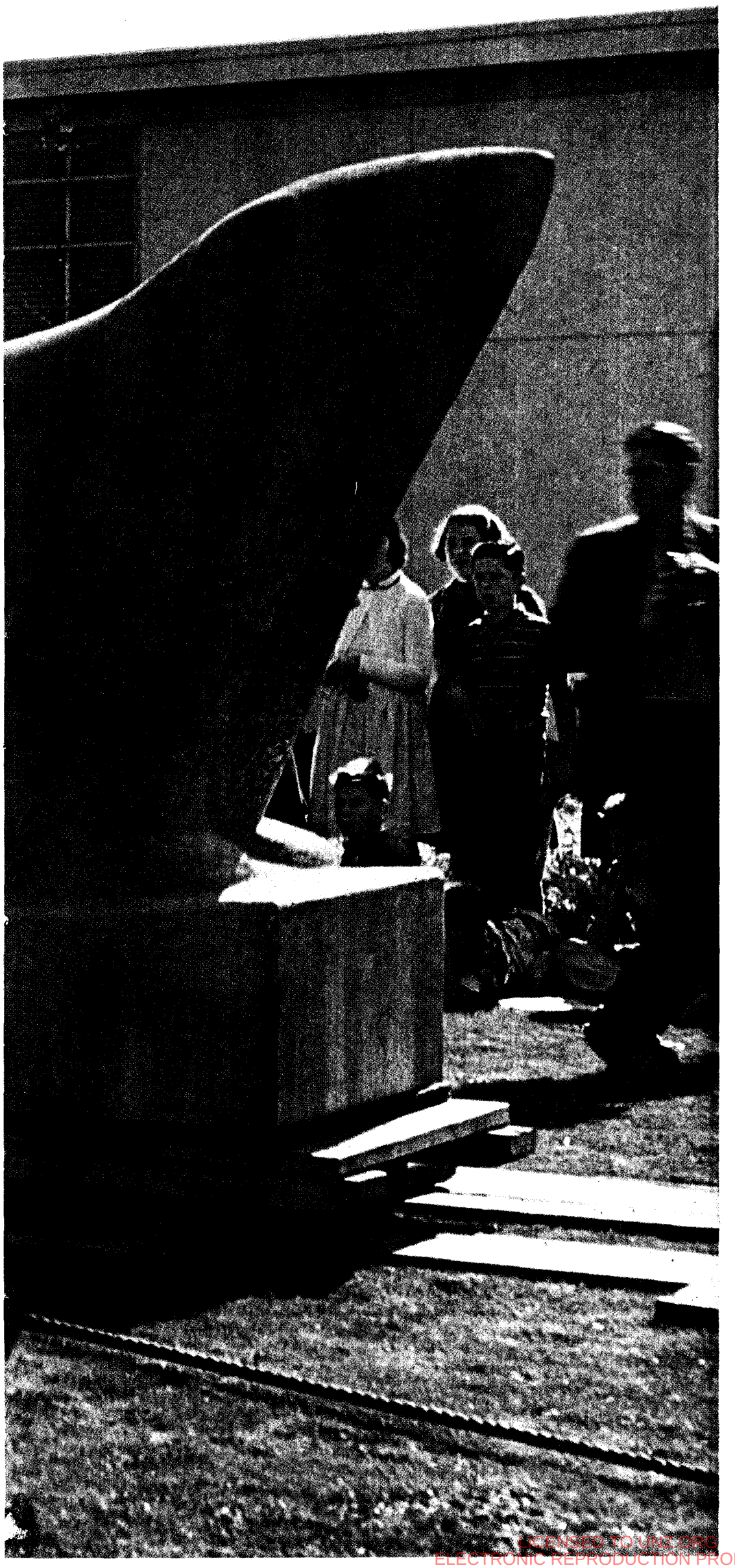
The Face of AMERICA

Bear Story



One day last spring the fifth-grade class of the Heights Elementary School in Pittsburg, California, visited sculptor Beniamino Bufano to marvel at an eight-and-one-half-ton granite statue he was completing in his San Francisco studios. "Could we have a bear like that for our school?" asked ten-year-old Billy McKee. Benny Bufano said, "Why not?" thereby triggering a chain reaction of enthusiasm which eventually engulfed the whole student body and a good part of the community. Bufano donated the casting and his artistic labor. Spaghetti dinners and ice cream and bean-bag sales produced $1040 to pay for the materials—rock lava and cement—and for hauling the five-ton copy of the granite original to the school.

On November third, sculptor Bufano, Billy McKee, Governor Edmund G. Brown (left to right, lower picture), teachers, parents, local dignitaries and 900 young bear lovers of Heights Elementary were all on hand as the statue was unveiled. "Benny's Bear" may not look much like California's official grizzly, but to the kids it will always be a beautiful symbol of the wonders that work and determination can perform. ● Photographs by Don W. Jones

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Post Scripts

Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk, we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*

The Hot-Rod Snail

I came across a young snail on the rim of an old well.

"Is it true that a snail is the slowest creature on earth?" I asked, getting out my pad and pencil.

"Right, daddy-o!" he said. "All except me. Watch this!"

To my amazement, he went racing around the top of the well, skimmed back and slid to a halt.

"I greased my suction cups," he said proudly.

"Fantastic!" I exclaimed.

"I may even redesign my chassis," he said. "A shell offers too much wind resistance."

"A hot-rod snail!" I interrupted.

"Then I'll make my horns electronic," he went on, "and we'll have a blast!"

"Who's blasting what?" a voice said. It was an elderly snail who had crawled up on the wall.

"Hi, gramps!" the young snail said. "Let's grease your suction cups and have a drag race."

"You leave my suction cups alone!" gramps grumbled. "And don't fall into the well."

I said, "Is it true that snails have eyes on the end of their tentacles?"

"Yes," gramps said. "And I wish some snails I know would use them."

"Want to see a close one, gramps?" the young snail cried. This time he took a long run and slid toward the well opening. "Yipes!" he yelled. "No brakes!" Still yelling, he disappeared into the well.

"The crazy fool!" gramps cried. "He'll drown!"

Anxiously we peered down into the dark well.

"How's that for kicks, gramps," a voice said, coming up from the bottom.

"Why, the young whippersnapper!" gramps exploded. "He knew the well was dry all the time. Well, that's the last time he pulls my leg. He's greased his suction cups. Now, let's see him crawl out of that well."

"Hey, gramps," the young snail called. "You're not going to leave me here!"

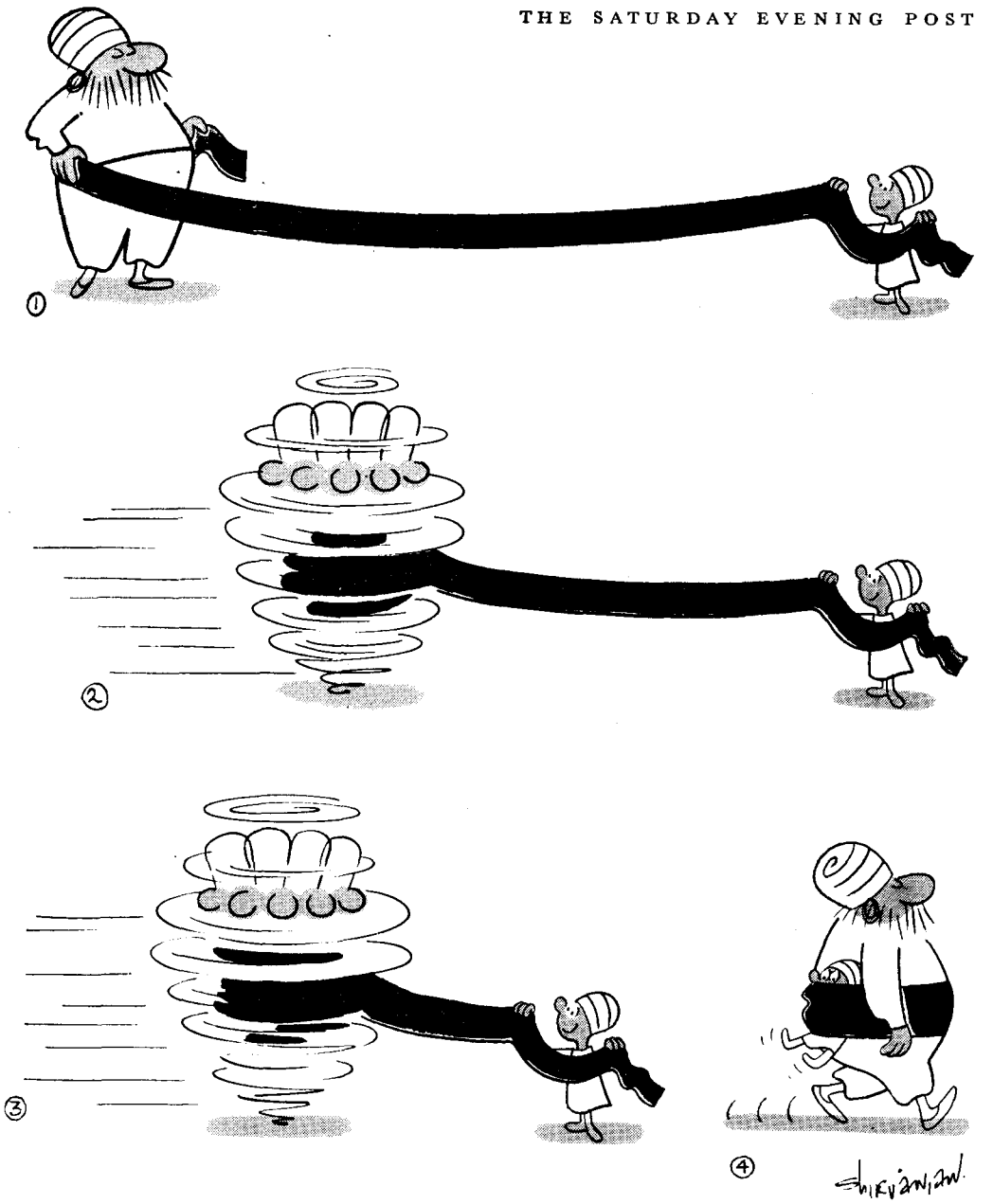
"Serves you right," gramps growled, turning away. But as he crawled past me, he gave me a sly wink.

JACK BROWNELL

The Yawn's on Me

The life of the party is doing a jig
With a mop on his head to resemble a wig;
It followed a couple of off-color jokes
And some legerdemain with a handful of smokes;
Before which—the interlude seemed awfully
scant—
He tried to convince us that he's Cary Grant;
The jig's near its end, and I'm sorely afraid
That next comes the Charge of the Guess-What
Brigade;
Though no one is urging or visibly willing it,
The life of the party is rapidly killing it!

DICK EMMONS



I'm an Undercover Agent for the P. T. A.

In line with its current policy of stressing educational themes in its motion pictures, Magna-Colossal Studios of Hollywood is proud to announce that the following films are on its production schedule:

DRACULA GOES TO COLLEGE
EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM PLANET X
CONFESSIONS OF A CAMPUS WEREWOLF
JUNIOR-HIGH-SCHOOL BRIDE
FRANKENSTEIN AND THE COED
MURDER AT HORACE MANN
SOPHOMORE CYCLOPS
DRAGSTRIP-HIGH CONFIDENTIAL
I WAS A VOODOO VALEDICTORIAN
GORILLA MAN AT BACCALAUREATE

VERNON H. KURTZ

Hubby's Hobbies

The woofers and tweeters,
The movies and slides,
The miniature railroad,
The sailboat rides,
The bogies and birdies,
The chip shots and putts
May be keeping him sane
But they're driving me nuts.

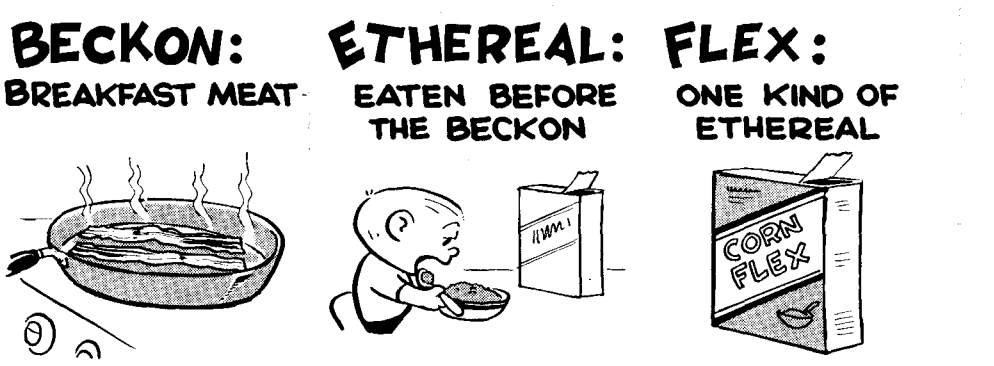
SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Customer Complaint

To keep in shape, the doctors vow,
One needs good food and eight hours' sleep;
And I concur, but this shape now
Is not the one I want to keep.

BETTY ISLER

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

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They're great go-togethers – good little girls, good warming soup and good crisp crackers. For soup smells so good, tastes so good, children just naturally like it. And crackers just naturally taste good with soup. That's Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup in our twins' soup bowls today. It's so appetizing, wholesome and nourishing and just makes you feel warm and good all over.

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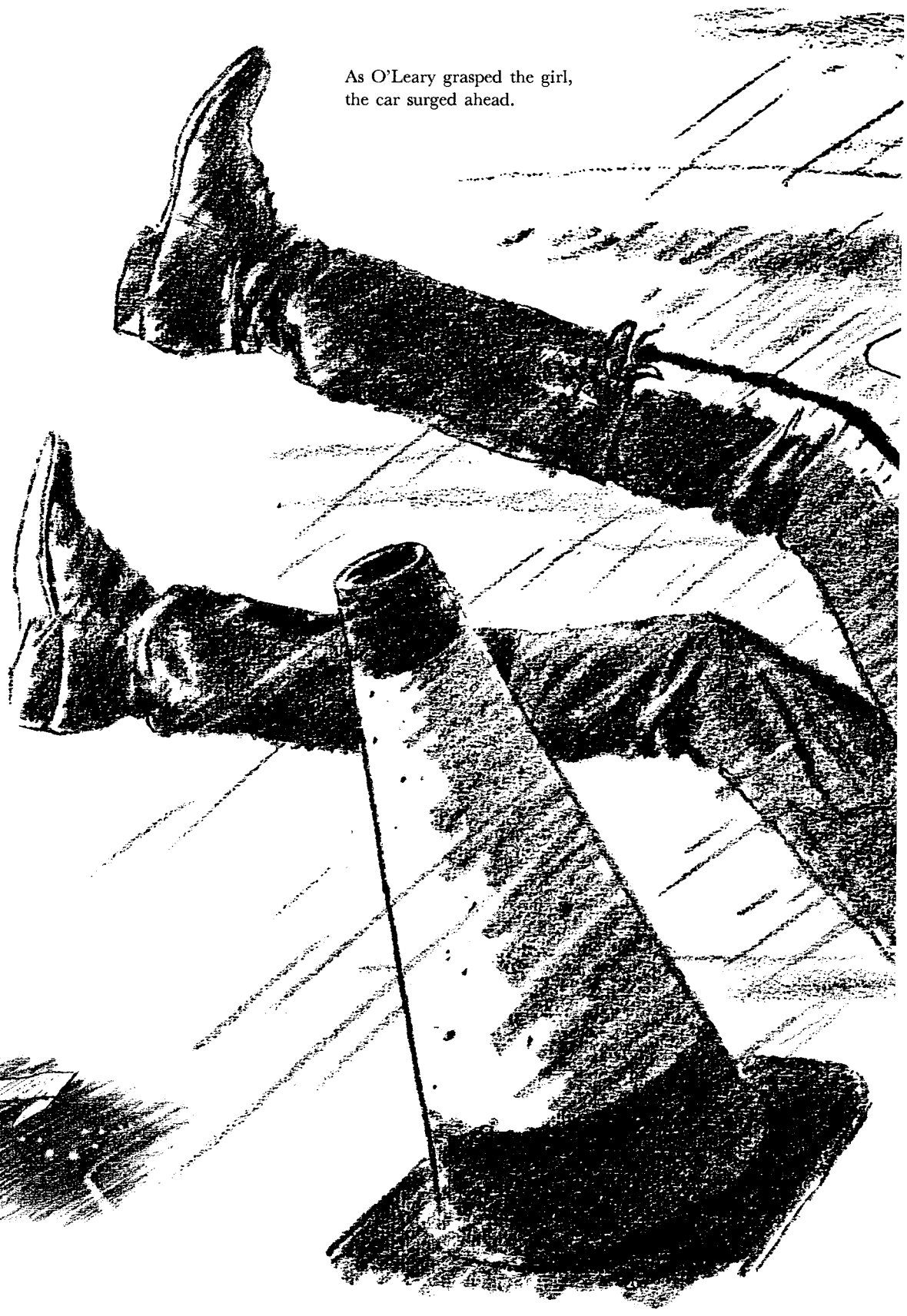
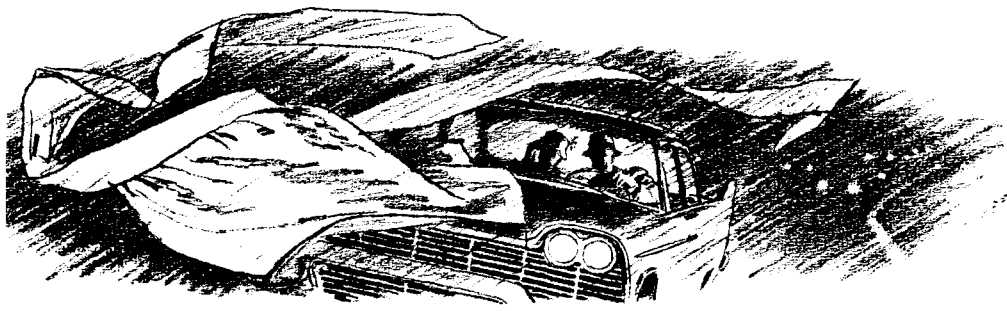
MURDER ON THE TURNPIKE

By WILLIAM P. McGIVERN

The maniac was trapped—but he could kill again.



As O'Leary grasped the girl, the car surged ahead.



Sheila threw her apron out of the car window, hoping to signal the car behind.

Lying bound in the rear of Harry Bogan's car, Sheila Leslie tried to control her nerves. She worked in a turnpike restaurant. Bogan, a maniacal killer, had kidnaped her because she could identify him. She knew she was safe as long as they were on the Tri-State Turnpike, but after that she would be helpless. Bogan had murdered three people, and he wouldn't hesitate to kill again.

Sheila's only chance was to attract attention by throwing something out of the open window, something that would cause the finder to call the turnpike police. She finally freed her hands, but she couldn't think of anything to throw.

Then she remembered the apron she was wearing, the short white tea apron with Howard Johnson's emblem on it.

CONCLUSION

She worked quickly to untie the knot that secured the apron about her waist. When it came free she raised herself cautiously on one elbow and looked up at the window, careful to keep her head below the top of the front seat. It wasn't possible, she realized with despair; his big shoulder and arm completely sealed off the area between the back seat and open window. If she tried to push the apron past him, he would feel the pressure of her hand and sense that she was moving behind his back.

Bogan said, "We're running a bit late. I'll have to step on it. But don't you worry. I won't be caught speeding."

The car swerved into the left, or passing, lane, body rocking on its springs, and she saw his head and shoulders move forward out of sight at the same time. He had hunched closer to the windshield to see more clearly while passing. Now the sway of the car told her they had cut back into the middle lane, and at the same time she saw his head and shoulders loom above her, returning to their customary position.

She breathed a soft prayer. When he moved forward, the open window was clear and unobstructed by his bulk. And if he passed another car he would be likely to push himself forward again.

She made a ball of the apron in her right hand, and raised her arm cautiously. When he passed another car she wouldn't be able to look up to see if he had moved forward; he would be close to the rear-view mirror then and

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Illustrated by Paul Nonnast

apt to notice any movement behind him. She would have to gamble—her only hope—shoving the apron up and out the window without looking, and praying that her hand didn't strike his shoulder.

They drove for several minutes in the middle lane.

"That's enough air," he said with a vicious snap to his voice. "When I get around this truck, the window goes up and stays up. Why should I care whether you're comfortable? Do you have any sympathy for me? Do you care about me at all?"

The car swerved to the left and gained speed, with the tires whining on the wet pavement. She counted to three slowly, trying to control the paralyzing fear that gripped her body. Now, she thought, but couldn't force her hand to move. The car was swerving back into the middle lane, and she bit down viciously on her trembling lip and said "Now!" in a desperate little whisper.

She thrust her hand toward the window, dreading a contact with his body; but she felt nothing but the wet wind like ice against her knuckles. A fold of the cloth made a tearing noise in the windstream. She held the apron between thumb and forefinger, felt it tug and billow against her grip, then released it; and as she snaked her hand away from the window, Bogan settled back in the seat, and her fingers made a tiny whispering sound on the fabric of his coat.

But he didn't seem to notice. He said, "If you want to smother, go ahead," and rolled the window up tightly. "Why should I care?" There was a dangerous, vengeful tone in his voice. "I don't care if your face turns black and your lungs burst." Bogan flipped on the car's radio.

She lay completely still, exhausted by fear and tension. The back of one hand was tight to her lips to hold back a sob.

The salesman whose name was Harry Mills swore angrily and fluently as he swung his car onto the graveled roadway that flanked the turnpike. His wife, Muriel, was in tears; her voice shook as she said, "We could have been killed, Harry. You almost lost control."

"Of course I did," Harry Mills said furiously. "I couldn't see the road for a full five seconds. The damn thing was plastered right over the windshield wipers. I'm going to report this." He climbed from his car, redfaced and pugnacious, and walked around to his wife's side. "Some cop'll stop pretty soon," he said, and turned his overcoat collar up against the rain. "We're alive and kicking, hon. I guess we're lucky at that." (Continued on Page 53)

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Stay Away From Her (Continued from Page 20)

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes you do, if you stop to think about it. We want you to think about it, don't we, Lester?"

"Yes," said Lester. "We want you to think about it real good."

"While Margie was in school, that was all right. A schoolgirl should go with a boy. We knew that. We were glad to have her going around with you because we figured you had sense enough not to pull anything funny. We trusted you, Aaron."

"Of course you could trust me. But what ——"

"But now Margie's not a schoolgirl any longer. She doesn't need a boy any more. She needs a man. She's a woman now, and she's such a woman that Milton Schermerhorn has already spoken to me about her. He wants to marry her this fall after harvest. He needs a wife over there on that valley farm. He wants Margie. He'll make her a good man."

"But, Mr. Phillips," said Aaron, "Margie and me—Margie—we figured ——"

"I know. But that's all over."

"Why should it be over? Why? What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing much, Aaron, except you'll never have enough to take care of Margie. You're just scratching along. Milton Schermerhorn's got a good farm, a farm that will produce ten times what that patch of yours will produce. Besides, he's already a solid man. When Margie marries him, I can stop worrying about her. I'll know she's all right. A father needs that much satisfaction about his daughter, Aaron. Now I don't want to talk about it any more. I just want you to go home."

"I don't want to go home. You can't do this to me. This isn't ——"

There was a sharp movement to his left where Lester stood. Aaron only half saw the coming blow, and then it landed full on his cheekbone, knocking him to one side. He put up his hands quickly to ward off another smash, but it came through his guard, knocking him to his knees. He tried to get up, but he was hit again and again. Once he managed to stay erect long enough to strike out, but his blows were weary and forceless, and finally he could rise no more, though the urge to continue the fight was as strong as it had been when he was first hit.

He looked up from the ground and saw that Justin Phillips had hold of Lester, pulling him back.

"That's enough, Lester," said Justin. "Aaron, you'd better get up and get out of here. Lester doesn't like to hear people arguing against what we've made up our minds to."

"You talk too much," said Lester. "You've told him. If I ain't showed him enough, I can show him some more."

"He don't need any more showing. . . . Do you, Aaron?"

"But—but I ——" Aaron felt the blood in his mouth, and he spat, seeing the bright color of the spittle, feeling the numbness on his cheek and the tang on his tongue.

"Aaron, you'd best shut up and go on home," said Justin Phillips. "We've said our say."

Aaron rose to his feet. He picked up his hat from where it had fallen. He had an urge to swing just once more, to at least shatter that half-smile on Lester's face, but then he felt again the first blows from the big man, and he knew that they had weakened him and that they could not be revenged by just one shattering. He knew it was better to wait. He dusted off his hat and turned to go.

"Just remember," called Justin after him, "just remember, Aaron. We don't want you going near Margie any more, not any more at all."

"Because if you do," said Lester, "I'm going to have to mash you into little pieces and feed you to the hogs."

Aaron did not speak. He went home through the dimming light. He was a tired man when he washed up and went to bed. He was a disillusioned man, too, and the music in his mind was stilled.

Aaron Sloane had had a song in his heart from the day he was born. In good times it was a lilting thing, a brook rolling over a rock on the ridge, a bird in a bent pine tree. When the cold settled in hard or the nights were long on the hill farm he had heired from his father, the song was a soft melody of blue desolation, but it was there.

Now, it seemed that his song was not shared by many men. Aaron saw beauty in many things. He saw the gentle sweep of the curves in the fence rails as he split them. He saw the glory in the sunsets as they outlined the trees on the ridge.

He had seen the beauty of Margie Phillips, and that beauty had struck him deep and it had stayed.

Margie Phillips was small and shy and dominated by the Phillips power, vested in river bottom land and carried with arrogance and pride. Aaron Sloane was big and rangy and awkward and possessed only of a hill farm with poor timber and poorer plowstuff.

But even a boy from the hills could look on the wonder that lay in Margie Phillips's smile. Even a hill man could sing a sad song of need in the night. So Aaron looked, and so he sang.

He had dared, even, to pay court to Margie Phillips, first in the last grade of the village school and after that in the evenings while she was attending the Central High School and he was working the bare acres that were his.

Now it seemed that he had dared too much.

In the week that followed his encounter with the Phillips men Aaron did his farm work as best he could, rising with the first dawn and never stopping until the darkness set in over the hills. His face was a mass of stiffness for a while, and his shoulder ached where he had fallen on it sometime during the fight. He nursed the broken skin on his hands, and bit by bit his song came back, but it was a sad song, full of the mistakes of men.

But it was a solid song, too, a song of the power of love.

It was two weeks before he went into town. He needed some supplies. Besides, by then he had laid his plans and he was ready for the company of his fellow men.

He was on his way to the hardware store when Margie Phillips passed him on the narrow sidewalk, headed the other way. She was carrying two big bundles, the one hiding her whole face except for her eyes. She looked straight past him, but he touched his hat and half-turned toward her. She averted her head and kept on walking. He watched her until she crossed the street and entered Turner's Dry Goods Store. Then he went on.

Justin Phillips was in Clayt Benson's when Aaron got there. Justin stood at the end of the counter with a bag under his arm, talking to Clayt. He nodded to Aaron, only half-seeing him, and Aaron went on over to the end of the store and sat down on an upended nail keg.

After a while Justin went out, and Clayt came over and sat down beside Aaron. "Fix you with something?" he asked, relaxing.

"Fourteen foot of half-inch chain and a couple of grab hooks and repair links."

"You skidding this time of year?"

Aaron nodded. "I got my corn all hilled, and the hay ain't ready. I'm thinning a patch over on the north side. Mill's short of stuff anyway. It was a wet winter."

"The Lane boys were in a while back. They said you were cutting close to their line."

"I know where it is. Besides, they probably go up every evening and have a look."

Clayt Benson was easily amused. He chuckled. "I'll bet they do at that," he said. "Well, I'll go get out your chain."

When he moved over to the bin, Aaron sat alone, thinking of the surrounding farms of his prosperous neighbors, the Lanes and Milton Schermerhorn and the Phillipses and George Anderson. His was the poorest farm in the ridgelands. He had no river bottom, no fertility. He had eating land and a hundred acres of timber that he was trying to keep working for him as best he could figure out from the Government pamphlets. He had a precarious hold on his acreage. He knew he could be driven off if he stepped out of line. Notes could be bought up, markets could be closed, cows could be let through fences.

There were a hundred ways for prosperity to deal with brashness. Except that the Phillipses wouldn't bother with any of those methods. The Phillipses were pretty direct. They had old ways, based on strength. He knew that now. The only question was what he was going to do about it.

He sat watching Clayt Benson measuring out chain. He thought about Justin Phillips, about Margie, about his need, about the first day he had ever spoken to Margie Phillips.

It had been a cold day, with the ground crisping with the turning wind, with the sky gray and the whiteness of the mountain tips outlining the sheer ledges where the snow did not stay. It was a day when the fire felt good and the children had all stayed inside the schoolhouse to eat their noon meal, drawing the benches up to the stove, toasting their bread by poking it into the open fire on willow sticks.

Afterward the younger ones had run outside to play tag in the frozen schoolyard. Aaron and Margie Phillips stayed inside because they were both too old for games. Aaron was sixteen. He had taken his schooling where there was time from the farm work, and now he was just in his last year in the eight-grade building. Margie was fourteen and in the same place. She would be going on the bus the next year to the high school in the valley below. He would not. A hill farm takes too much time for too much knowledge. Aaron's help was needed at home to keep food on the table. His father worked out most of the time and left the crop-tending to Aaron, left him to cut the wood and keep the place yielding what little it would yield.

So this was Aaron's last year. Even if he needed the knowledge that would bring the songs out of his heart and set them in proper rhyme and meter where they could be understood, this was the last year that he could be spared for the words from the books and the singing of others. He knew he needed more from the world of men's thoughts, but he was resigned to the fact that such knowledge was not for him.

He knew he needed something, too, to keep the whisper in his heart that he had love for Margie Phillips. He knew it must remain a whisper. He knew he could never place himself on a par with any Phillips. He knew the dream was lost whether he fought it or did not fight it, so he drifted and he kept his love to himself.

But he could look at Margie Phillips as she sat on the bench. She was worth looking at. Her hair shone with the color of the late-fall sunsets, reddish gold it was, and it turned shades with the light. Her face was only gently tanned, for the Phillips women did not work in the fields.

Then this day when he looked he spoke, for he could see no harm in speaking or, if he saw harm, he could not help it, for he had looked too long without speaking.

"Margie," he said, "there's a dance at the fire barn Saturday night. Would your father let you go with me?"

"That isn't the way," she said.

"What isn't?"

"You ask me first. I'm the one to ask. Maybe I don't want to go."

He looked away then, ashamed. "I suppose you don't," he said.

"Yes, I do. I just wanted to be asked."

"Will you, then?"

"Yes."

And that was that. No gods from the hills came (*Continued on Page 42*)

"I blame myself—I should have encouraged him to get out more."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Taste PALL MALL... so

GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

You can light either end!

Good-looking, Good-tasting, Good-smoking Pall Mall!

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, good-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally. Travels it...

3 Over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, good-tasting tobaccos—and makes it mild!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

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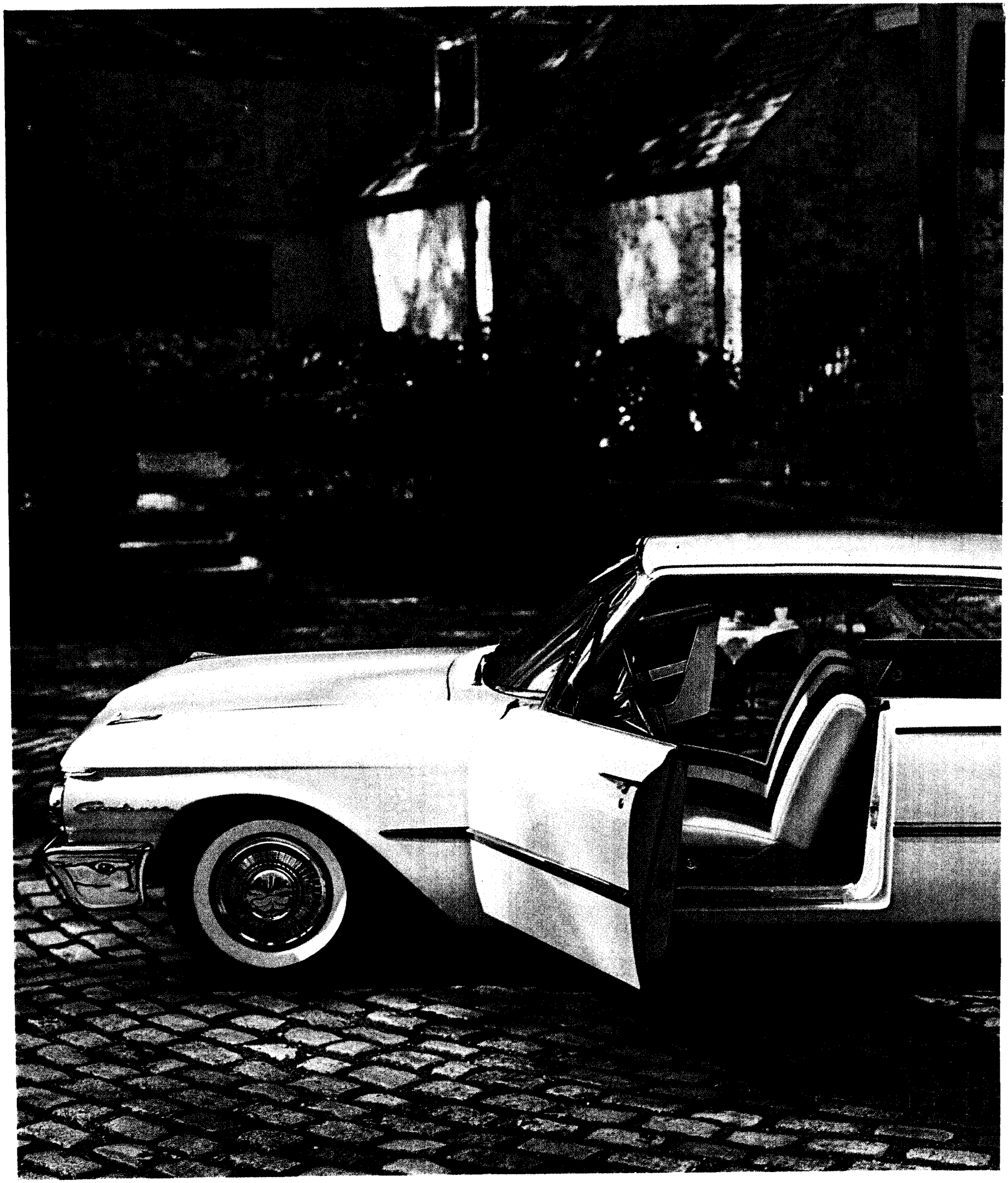
Invitation to discover luxurious thrift



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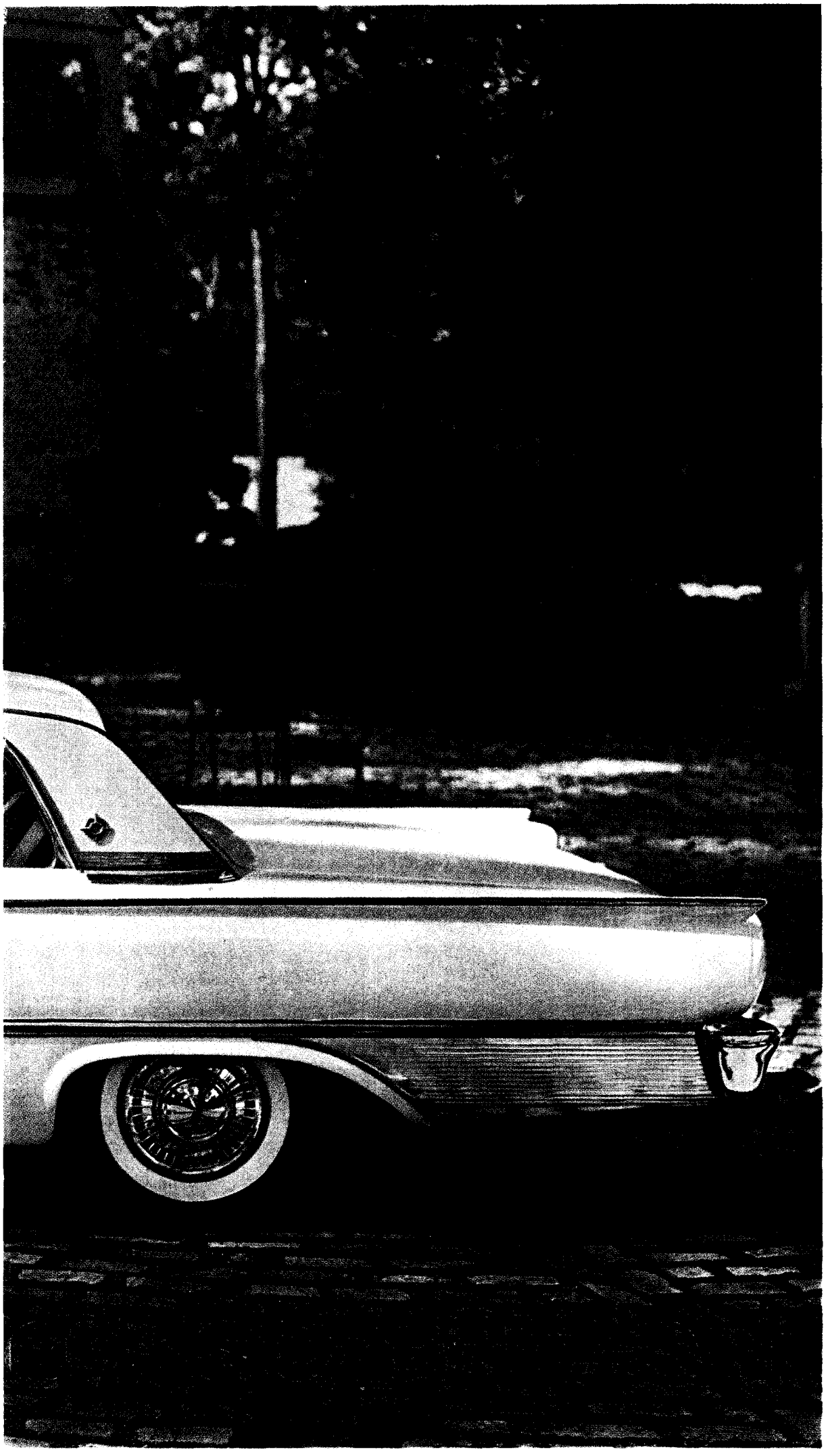

Every '61 Ford, like the Galaxie Club Victoria above, shares an honor to be proud of. It is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

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Cleans its own oil—You'll go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter.

Adjusts its own brakes—New truck-size brakes adjust themselves automatically.

Guards its own muffler—Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized—normally will last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

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Extended Warranty — Each part of '61 Fords, except tires, is dealer warranted against defects in materials or workmanship for 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. Normal maintenance service and routine replacement of parts such as filters, spark plugs, condensers, ignition points are not covered.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

FOR '61

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(*Continued from Page 38*) scowling at his impudence and no Phillips came forbidding to the door when he called for her and led her from the porch.

There was a moon and there was music drifting through the thin winter air down the frozen river where they walked. There was a sweet song in Aaron Sloane's heart, for it was his night and the hills were far off and frozen and at the fire barn he was one with a swirling crowd that danced the night away to the tunes from the fiddles and the strumming of the guitars.

He danced with Margie Phillips, and he let the song go out of his heart and down to his feet and then back into his heart again when someone said, "Here's Aaron Sloane. Call him to sing. He's danced enough, for he hasn't rested since he came in the door and his feet will be too tired in the morning to take him to church."

He hung back a bit, for he had come to dance with Margie Phillips, but they pressed him, and he went up to the little platform and he sang.

When Aaron Sloane sang, he walked the music up to the roof beams and he set them throbbing with his tune. He sent the call of his longing out of the door and down the road to every house in town. He put the young men to thinking of the loving joys to come and he reached in the hearts of the old men and he brought out tales of loves that had been. When Aaron Sloane sang, he sang of himself, and the words were tumbled all upon one another so that sometimes it was hard to make an understanding, but it was never hard to let the music tell what the words meant.

So he brought the songs out of his heart, one by one, and sang them to the people, and the people gathered around, for he sang of their things and his things and the constant love in the hills.

And his songs carried him away and left their touch on him so that when he left Margie by her door in the darker night, he asked her to be his girl, and she answered him, "Yes."

All that year he took her to the dances and once in a while to the pictures. Sometimes he went to sit in the Phillipses' parlor, and at such times he saw her father and her brother and they did not say "No" or "Yes" or anything at all.

After that Margie went to high school, and he stayed at home. His father worked too long too hard and caught a cold that settled in his lungs, and so he died. Aaron buried him beside his mother and stayed on alone to fight the farm. He bought a tractor to replace the bony horses, borrowed more money and made a crop of Early Rose potatoes, lost the next crop, but kept beating at the land. He found a hardwood market for the maple and the birch on the uplands, borrowed again and bought a truck. He began to make a living a little better than the living his father had made, but still not a good living, just a fair one.

He kept on seeing Margie Phillips while she bloomed into a woman. He kept his songs in his heart, wonderful songs that spoke of things of glory. Sometimes he sang the songs in town where the people gathered. The words were ever changing, but the music stayed the same. The words were his moods from day to day, but the music was his love for Margie Phillips.

Justin Phillips made no move to show his knowledge or show his pleasure or his disapproval or show anything at all. He had made no move until that night when he had stated his mind to Aaron Sloane and Lester had driven home the lesson.

Clayt Benson dumped the gunny sack into which he had put the chain and the hooks down at Aaron Sloane's feet. Aaron came out of his musing, stood up and paid Clayt from a thin wad of bills in his pocket. He shouldered the sack and went out into the street. When he had dumped it into the truck, he stood leaning against a fender, looking left and right, waiting for one more look at Margie Phillips.

There was no action in the street. By and by he walked up to the corner restaurant, climbed on a stool and sat, drinking coffee from a cup with an old crack line down one side. He played a little game of keeping his mouth away from the crack as he drank. The coffee was bitter, and he knew he could make better at home, but still he sat.

Suddenly the stool beside him was full, and he half-turned. Then he turned all the way. Margie Phillips had climbed on the stool beside him.

"I'll have some coffee too," she said.

"Where's your father?" he asked.

"Down at the hotel, having a drink. Lester's back home tending a sick cow. You're safe, Aaron. Don't worry."

He felt himself coloring, a deep flush heating his face. "I'm not afraid of your father."

"Aren't you, Aaron? I thought you were. I thought that was why you hadn't been to see me in so long."

"Margie ——" he started. Then he let it drop.

"Aaron," she said, "I'm afraid of my father too. I'm not as afraid of him as I used to be, though. I could be even braver if I had some help. If I had some help, I could be free from my father. I can't do it alone, though, Aaron."

He sat there, saying nothing, for he was not yet ready to speak. He wished he had gone home after his shopping. He wished he had never come to town. He wished he had done anything rather than come into that restaurant where Margie could come and sit beside him.

"Aaron," she said, "Milton Schermerhorn's been down to see me three times in the last week. My father likes Milton."

"I know. Margie, I can't talk to you right now. There's something I have to do first."

"What?"

"I can't tell you, Margie. I have to do it. I can't just say it."

"Aaron, I can't wait around while you study out something. Milton Schermerhorn wants me to marry him. My father is after me to tell him I will. Milton Schermerhorn is forty years old. He wants a son. He has lots of money and a big farm, so he figures he might just as well have me too. Are you listening to me, Aaron?"

"Yes, I'm listening. But I can't do anything about it. I have to see your father first. I ——"

"Why haven't you been to see me?"

"I don't know. I was busy."

"You were afraid. My father scared you off."

"No."

"Why, then?"

"I can't tell you, Margie. I just can't tell you yet. I'm waiting for something, and I'm not going to talk about it. When it comes, then I'll tell you. You just have to wait until then, that's all. You just have to wait."

"Suppose I don't wait? Suppose my father makes me marry Milton Schermerhorn? My father says he has a duty to see to it that I get a good, solid husband."

"Margie, I can't help you right now. It'll take a little longer maybe. I don't know."

"Aaron, I ——"

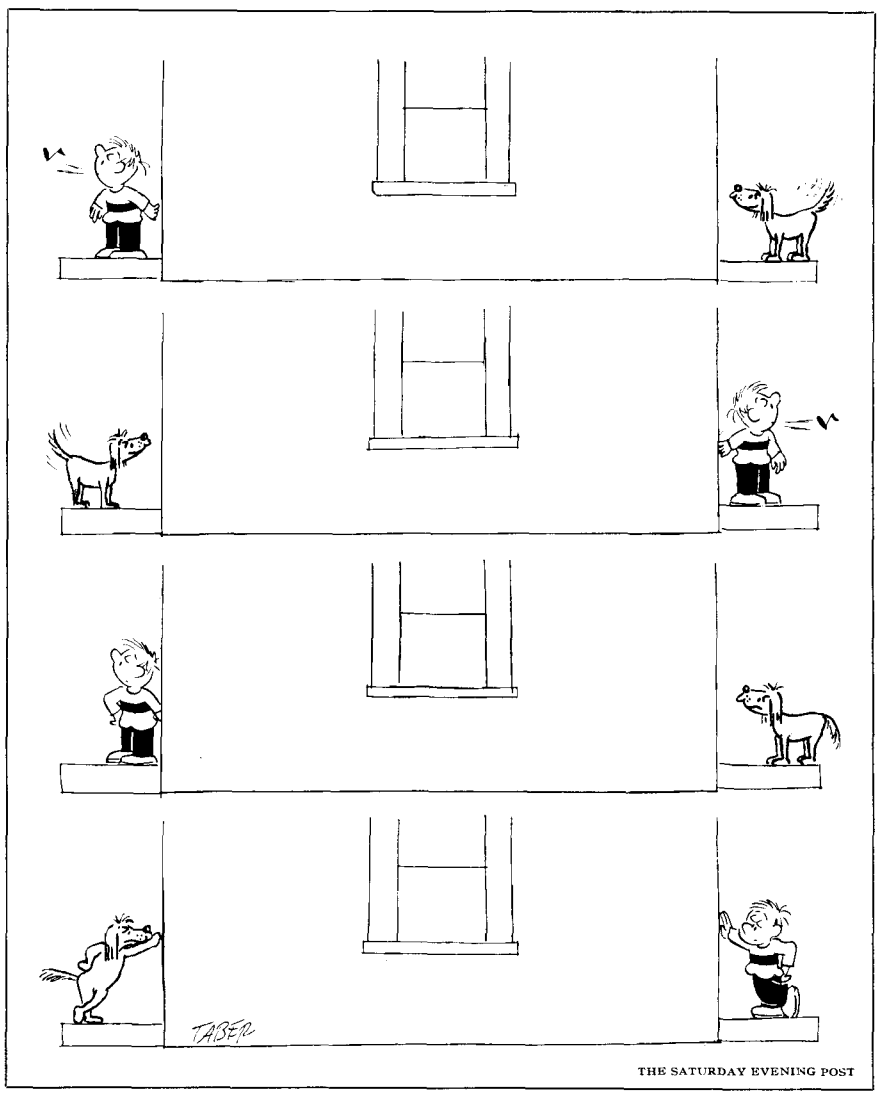
"What?"

"Nothing. I just want to tell you, even if I can't wait for you, Aaron, I love you, Aaron. Nothing can change that."

"Nothing has to change it. You wait for me."

"But my father ——"

"I'll settle with your father. And as for Milton Schermerhorn, you can tell him to go home and stay home."



He slid off his stool and headed for the door. She ran after him with a warning in her heart, but he was already getting into his truck.

Back home he tended his two cows. He fed his pigs and went on into the kitchen, built up the fire, shucked his boots and put the coffee on. He forced himself to cook bacon and eggs. He was going to open a can of fruit for dessert, but he stopped as he reached for it on the shelf. He was too tired to bother.

He listened to the radio news, but he didn't hear any of it. He picked up the paper and read it from the front page to the back, but he knew nothing of what it said. He got some music coming in after that and just sat, listening to the trumpets and letting himself get carried away with the rhythm and the beat.

It was while he was listening to the music that the car pulled up to the door. He went out on the porch. The stranger climbed out and walked over and shook hands.

"How are you tonight?" he asked.

"I'm fine. Could you do it? What happened? Did you make a deal?"

The stranger smiled. "For a man who didn't seem to care one way or the other two weeks ago, you're pretty anxious. Of course I made a deal. I told you I could. How would you like to have seventy-five per cent of a check for two thousand dollars?"

"Two thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and more than that. Just as soon as they see if they'll sell, we can make some more. You're in business, boy. Want to hear one? I brought my machine right along."

"No," said Aaron. "Look, this is what you do."

He gave the stranger some hurried instructions. The stranger smiled.

"I don't care," he said. "I've got the whole night." He drove off in the direction of town.

Aaron went back into the house, poured hot water into the wash basin and began to strip to the waist. He washed and shaved very carefully. He combed his hair and put on a clean shirt. Then he stamped into his boots again and went out.

A little breeze had risen. He could hear the growing corn rustle. He could hear the tender leaves of the silver maple whisper in the dark. He could hear his heart beating because his heart was beating loud.

The light from the Phillips house was shining down their path. Aaron stepped up on their porch. He licked his lips and knocked at the door.

"Come in," someone shouted. Aaron didn't move. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back and a heavy tread coming closer. Then the door opened, and Lester Phillips stood in the light.

Aaron stepped forward with all the force he could muster and swung full tilt at Lester's face. He stepped again and swung once more. He put his whole body behind each blow, as though he were striking out for his very life. Lester went down against the edge of the table. Aaron prepared to jump, but held himself back. Lester lay very still.

Aaron bent over Lester and looked at his face. Lester was breathing gently. Aaron felt of the back of his head. There was a lump slowly rising.

"Hello, Aaron," said Margie. "Poor Lester. If that was you lying there, he'd kick you in the head. Why don't you kick him, Aaron?"

"He's all right as he is."

"When he comes to, he'll come after you."

"I expect he will. Get your coat."

"Where are we going?"

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"To town to the dance. It's Saturday night, isn't it?"

"My father's in town."

"That's good. We'll see him, then."

She took his arm, and they moved down the path and took up the road to town.

There was a moon coming up, and there was a soft wind that put sounds in the night. There was music in the fields and in the wood lots they walked past. There was music in Aaron Sloane, too, that matched the volume of the music they heard when they came into town and stood before the fire barn where Saturday night was well on its way.

"Come on in," said Aaron. "This is our party. We might just as well dance."

"If you say so, Aaron," she said.

They whirled into the music and the crowd. They swung out to the fiddles and the horns. Margie was fearful of what was bound to come, but she did not let it show on her face as she looked up at the man she loved. Aaron seemed to have forgotten that there was anything else coming. He was singing softly and then in full voice as the music raised that thing in him that he could never control.

Then suddenly the music stopped and someone said something from the front of the hall, and then Aaron was singing there, too, singing the words he had sung the night of the dance at the high-school gymnasium, the night Margie had graduated, singing them again in the same voice.

Aaron took Margie by the elbow and walked up toward the stage. The stranger was there, and he smiled. "How do you like it?" he asked.

Aaron turned to Margie. "This is Henry Gates," he said. "He came to me two weeks ago and wanted me to let him put some of the songs I was singing on tape so he could see about getting some records made. He said there might be some money in it. Now it seems that there is. That's what I was wanting you to wait for, Margie. That's why I didn't want to fight your father any sooner. When he hears about this, he might not fight so hard."

She stood still without saying a word. Aaron was about to say something else, but there was a roar from the back of the hall. Justin Phillips came surging forward. Aaron had time to let go of Margie and take three steps to meet him, but the rush of the older man pressed him backward again. The two of them crashed into the stage, and Aaron felt a sharp pain as he turned under the fall, but he raised up again under the weight of Justin Phillips. They stood for a moment erect and then they charged again, swinging hard, meeting each other's faces and bodies with heavy, brutal blows.

Aaron tried to duck a full sweep of Justin's arm, felt himself slip and went down again. He struck out at the diving Justin, but Justin was strangely unresistant when he was hit. Aaron rolled over and sat up. Justin lay still. Behind him stood Margie with a water pitcher in her hand.

She dropped to her knees and drew Aaron close.

"Be careful," he said. "I think my eye is bleeding."

"I don't care."

"Did you hit your father with that pitcher?"

"Yes."

Justin rolled over and sat up. He made a move to rise further, but he thought better of it. He just sat and looked at Aaron and Margie.

"Damn, damn, damn," he said. "What have I got to do to you, Aaron, to make you stay away from my girl?"

"I don't know as you can do much more than you already have," said Aaron. "If you fellows keep beating up on me, I'm just going to have to keep waiting until I get a chance and do the same thing to you. It's going to get awful monotonous after a while."

Margie ran to her father. She turned to face Aaron. "You stop it," she said. "This isn't any time for joking. Tell him about the records. You can at least do that. If you'd told him before, probably none of this would have happened. Tell him now."

"Don't need to tell him now. Now I can show him."

He turned to Henry Gates. "Play the record for Mr. Phillips," he said.

Henry Gates just stood there with a thin smile. "I guess I can't," he said. "You fellows rolled onto the machine the first time you tangled. I don't think it'll ever play any records again."

"Hell," said Aaron Sloane, "we don't need any machine or any records anyway. I'm here and I can outsing any machine that was ever made."

He could too. He showed them all that night. He sang the windows right out of place. He sang his girl right back into his arms, and when Henry Gates got through talking to Justin Phillips, he sang Justin right up to him to shake him by the hand.

"It ain't only the money, Aaron," said Justin, "but when it gets to the point where my own daughter hits me over the head with whatever she can grab, it'll probably do me more good in the long run to call it quits."

Aaron didn't answer. He was singing a song for Margie, a song she would remember all the rest of her life, a song for all time, a sweet song for tomorrow.

THE END

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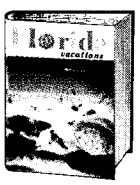

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Master of Cookery (Continued from Page 29)

little kirsch and Cointreau—or you may substitute cognac if you prefer. Pour the mixture over the orange—so. Garnish with crystallized violets, chill and, *voilà*, *Oranges aux Violettes*, the way we do them at Le Grand Véfour."

As the master's commanding image faded from the screen, droves of viewers dashed hopefully into their kitchens to test the recipe.

One Tuesday evening, shortly after Oliver launched *Art and Magic*, consternation broke out at Le Grand Véfour when Baron James de Rothschild, of the international banking dynasty, summoned the restaurateur from his post of vigil by the entrance to complain of an unprecedented shortage. "My dear Raymond, I am astonished," said the baron. "I rather fancied veal kidneys tonight, but the maître d'hôtel informs me you have none. Is it possible?" Equally astonished, Oliver confronted his aide in charge of marketing, who confirmed the calamity. The explanation, however, deeply gratified Oliver. His telecast the night before, devoted to *Rognon Beaugé aux Trois Moutardes* (kidney cooked with three kinds of mustard), had caused a run on the Paris kidney market.

Television pays Oliver about $5000 a year, and Le Grand Véfour grosses more than $200,000. The net is a secret he shares only with the tax department. But together they absorb but a fraction of his robust energies. In addition, he operates a café for slimmer pocketbooks opposite Véfour and two hotels in his native Gascony. An ardent littérateur, he edits and contributes to several daily gourmet columns. He has published three cookbooks (combined sales to date: about 50,000), and in collaboration with the American industrial designer, Raymond Loewy, he is now compiling a gastronomic encyclopedia. He produces and stars in documentary films. An album of recorded cooking lessons, similar to his telecasts, entitled *Cuisinorama*, has sold 35,000 copies.

Full of missionary zeal, Oliver spends an average of three months a year roaming the globe as a standard-bearer of French gastronomy. At the invitation of women's clubs, gourmet societies and hotel-restaurant associations, he has lectured in Hong Kong, Karachi, Sydney, Honolulu, San Francisco. Chinese chefs he deems second only to the French; New Zealanders and Australians are the world's worst. "In a way they are miraculous—no matter how good the ingredients, they invariably produce a disaster." Too many American restaurants, he insists, serve bad imitation-French dishes, neglecting such simple but succulent indigenous fare as corn on the cob, New England clam chowder and Southern fried chicken.

"Hot dogs and hamburgers are all right," he observes, "if you're ravenous." For most American white wines and a few red wines he has kinder words, and he rates American sparkling wines higher than the French variety—"if only they weren't mislabeled 'champagne'; wine pressed from grapes grown in the peculiarly chalky soil of our Champagne region alone merits that noble appellation."

In Johannesburg's Press Club, the Picasso of the skillet amazed his audience by disarticulating and carving a huge roast fowl in fifty-two seconds flat. His dexterity with a knife, he recounted afterward, was learned in his youth from a friendly Bordeaux surgeon who let him attend operations. Oliver still keeps a set of surgical instruments on hand for exceptionally finicky culinary dissections, as well as hypodermic syringes with which to inject liqueurs or sauces into the veins of poultry.

To Melbourne's Lucullus Club, he divulged the secrets of his celebrated *Toast de Crevettes*—a small hollowed-out loaf of toasted bread filled with shrimp swimming in a sauce of butter, cream, tomatoes, shallots, Parmesan cheese, white wine and cognac. Under the auspices of the women's committee of the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Society, Oliver held a five-day cooking seminar, during which he brashly challenged many a cherished national custom and belief. "No woman," he ventured to state, "was ever a great cook. A woman cooks like her mother, to please a man. But when men cook, it's to please themselves. They like to experiment, to explore unknown frontiers. Ladies, you overwash your food. This impairs the flavor. Fish, for example, with their rich fragrance, should not be exposed to too much tap water. Wash once lightly after you get the fish home, never again. Hard liquor paralyzes the palate. One dry Martini, if you must, before dining, but not a drop more. A glass of pale dry sherry is better and champagne is ideal." For a single platform performance of this sort Oliver customarily charges $500 plus expenses.

Some of Oliver's French colleagues, on the whole a conservative lot, view his showmanship as an indignity to their high calling. They feel, moreover, that when a restaurateur absents himself as much as Oliver does, the quality of the food is bound to suffer. By way of rejoinder Oliver, who now entrusts the cooking almost entirely to a young Lyonese he trained himself, points to the incorruptible, fiercely selective *Guide Michelin*, which grades restaurants with a series of symbols from a crossed fork and spoon ("plain but good") to three stars ("one of the best tables in France"). Le Grand Véfour won three stars in 1954, six years after Oliver bought the place, and still has them. Only nine other restaurants in all France are so graded.

To savor again a dish prepared at Le Grand Véfour was among the last earthly desires of that gold-plated, fun-loving Moslem divinity, His Highness the Right Honorable Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah, the Aga Khan III, when, in the spring of his seventy-ninth year, he felt death near. But the once-indomitable trencherman, his majestic girth reduced to half by illness, lay bedridden in his Paris mansion. The meal, he resolved as he asked his Begum to get Oliver on the telephone, must come to Mahomed.

"Ah, Monsieur Oliver," the potentate sighed, "there is little I can digest these days. But perhaps for luncheon I might manage an ortolan or two. I shall send my car to you."

The ortolan is a tiny garden bird with greenish-yellow plumage, all of it edible save the beak and feathers, which sophisticated palates esteem for its tender flesh and subtle flavor. The approved method of slaughter, calculated to enhance the flavor, is to force feed the creature a well-aged cognac.

"Leave it to me, your highness," said Oliver, and he descended to his subterranean kitchen where his predecessors have catered to regal tastes since the reign of Louis XVI.

From an array of freshly brandied and plucked ortolans, reposing in a padded carton like emeralds in a jeweler's case, he chose a brace, lightly salted and buttered them, dusted them with ground nutmeg, and slid them into an oven at 350 degrees to roast for seven minutes. "To add anything else, a sauce or garnish, would be presumptuous," he says. "Ortolans are perfection in themselves, like caviar. The real caviar connoisseur eats it as is, without lemon juice or chopped onion."

Around noon a Rolls-Royce halted before the restaurant; to the liveried chauffeur Oliver tenderly transferred the ortolans, kept warm in a covered copper platter, and soon the ailing sultan was happily munching them. Three weeks later, in his Swiss pleasance, whither he was conveyed by plane and ambulance, the Aga Khan died. "I like to think," says Oliver, "that in a small way I helped to cheer the old gentleman's final hours."

The Aga Khan was not the only Véfour regular for whom Oliver gratified a departing gustatory whim. Almost the last nourishment to pass the lips of France's greatest woman novelist, Colette, was a *consommé Madrilène* he brewed himself and took to her bedside. A tablet identifies the apartment, a few doors from Véfour, where Colette, crippled by arthritis, lived her declining years. Oliver frequently carried her to the restaurant in his powerful arms. To the celebrated Russian-born actor-playwright, Sacha Guitry, when, at the approach of death, he longed for a dish that evoked boyhood memories, Oliver delivered a cold cucumber borsch.

"Those will feel a bit large till you get used to them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Among his most appreciative clients Oliver counts several of the French Academy's "Forty Immortals," notably Jean Cocteau, the literary Jack-of-all-trades, who also lives nearby and when in Paris lunches almost daily at Véfour, usually on an *omelette aux fines herbes* which he insists Oliver personally prepare for him; Sir Winston Churchill, Mrs. Antony Armstrong-Jones, Prince and Princess Rainier, and a galaxy of rich Americans. The youngest of the five Rockefeller brothers, David, once interrupted a hurried European business trip long enough to consume, at the bizarre hour of three P.M., a *Steack au poivre flambé Armagnac* (sirloin steak dotted with coarse-ground white peppers and singed in Armagnac brandy). Charlotte Ford, accompanied by her father, Henry Ford II, tasted champagne for the first time at Véfour. Then in her early teens, she really craved a Coke, a beverage Oliver does not stock. "The situation required tact," he recalls. "I pretended I had never heard of such a drink. 'What is it?' I asked the young lady. 'How do you spell it? Is it good?'" In the end, with her father's permission, he persuaded Miss Ford to try a little *Mumm demi-sec*.

Like most topflight restaurateurs, Oliver holds that great food can only be cooked to order in highly limited quantities. Le Grand Véfour, with one small dining room containing fifteen tables, has a maximum capacity of fifty guests, and at the peak of the tourist season reservations must be made at least a day ahead. Six waiters and four bus boys, under the maître d'hôtelship of Oliver's twenty-seven-year-old son, Michel, insures prompt, individual attention.

The *décor*, much of it dating from the Directory (1795-1799), reflects the neo-Pompeian vogue of that epoch. In the gleam of mirrors and crystal candelabra, rosy maidens posture daintily on painted-wall panels, floral garlands twine across the ceiling. Plush red banquettes line the walls. Red roses adorn each centerpiece. The napery, silver, glassware and china would grace a ducal banquet hall. Silver plaques mark the banquettes where celebrities of the past sat (or where Oliver likes to imagine they sat)—Napoleon and Josephine, Voltaire, George Sand and her lovers, Chopin and De Musset, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Fragonard, the eighteenth-century court painter who dropped dead at Véfour while eating ice cream.

At first glimpse of Véfour's façade people are likely to be bemused by the gilt lettering which suggests a provincial tearoom or temperance hotel rather than a stylish Parisian restaurant—LEMON SQUASH SHERRY GOBLER ENGLISH SPOKEN. In bygone days, it seems, lemons were scarcer and costlier in Paris than caviar is today, and so relished all the more by the wealthy and the fashionable. Sherry gobler (a corruption of cobbler), an innocent mixture of wine, sugar, fruit and ice, was once a trollop's drink which respectable women ordered when feeling devilish. "We get no demand for either nowadays," Oliver reports, "except as a joke."

As the customers enter, the warmth of Oliver's greeting (*Continued on Page 46*)

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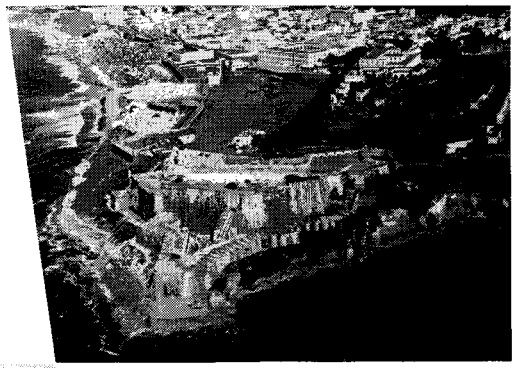
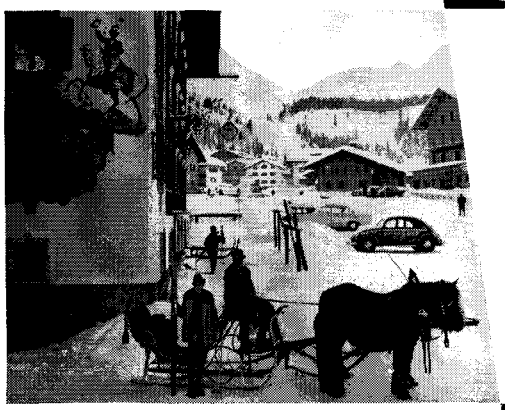
THE PUERTO RICANS
BEYOND THE RESORT GLITTER OF SAN JUAN AND DISCOVERS A LOVELY ISLAND AND PURPOSEFUL PEOPLE

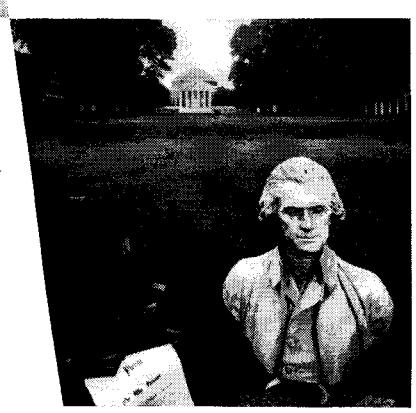
A small, oblong island basking in the Caribbean sun, a part of our nation and yet not of it, Puerto Rico has a beauty and individuality well worth knowing.





NO TRAINS TO LECH
Ski-fever victims never tire of cooing together about the merits of this or that winter resort. Concerning LECH there are few disputes, this is one of the places. In Lech the accent is on skiing.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
Chester Goolrick, describing one of America's older landmarks, tells of the indestructible dignity of MR. JEFFERSON'S ACADEMIC VILLAGE. Scholarship, honor, Jefferson—these elements stamp U. Va. life as surely as the columns and brick of the Lawn and Rotunda stamp its architecture.



A description of the PUERTO RICANS IN NEW YORK
by Norman Rosten . . . the forlorn beauty of Florida's EVERGLADES . . . a fascinating visit to AVIGNON with Lawrence Durrell . . . the first part of a personality portrait of NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV by Maurice Edelman . . . a revealing picture of RUMANIA TODAY . . . Peter Lyon reports on the UNITED NATIONS TRUSTEESHIP

Don't miss...FEBRUARY

ON SALE NOW

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

(*Continued from Page 44*) is nicely calibrated, from an austere nod to a radiant smile, to their social and professional status. For the rare male unspeakably gauche enough to arrive without a necktie, Oliver maintains an assortment from which he obliges the offender to borrow. All but the highest-ranking guests Michel ushers to their tables and takes their orders. Royalty, millionaires and luminaries of the entertainment world Oliver usually attends himself.

A young man of overwhelming hauteur, Michel advances some rigid gastronomic dicta of his own. "To make too many concessions to one's clientele is fatal," says he. "One loses one's personality. One ends up with a nondescript international cuisine. No, no, one must guide; one must advise. I try, for example, to dissuade people from ordering steak well done. Why turn tender beef into saddle leather? If they persist, I disclaim responsibility. I am also opposed to snails and frogs' legs, which so many foreigners somehow imagine to be the acme of the French cuisine. Actually they're both quite tasteless. All a chef can do is spice them up with a lot of garlic—an offense to sensitive nostrils. As for smoking between courses, I shudder. Barbaric!"

A couple determined to shoot the works at Véfour, cost be damned, might begin with a lobster bisque, followed by a choice of what Oliver terms his "Seven Star Dishes." Perhaps *l'Oeuf au Plat Louis Oliver* (named after his father), a fried egg floating in two sauces, one embodying truffles and Armagnac, the other purée of goose livers and Madeira wine, producing a sequence of olfactory sensations elusive and tantalizing.

The wine cellar is the province of a courtly septuagenarian, Monsieur Philibert Henocq, who proffers the first glass from the chosen bottle 'twixt thumb and forefinger with the air of a prince bestowing a diamond. On his recommendation our carefree couple share a half-bottle of a flinty red Bordeaux, Haut-Brion 1954.

For the main course they order a rack of baby lamb, broiled to a blushing pink, with *pommes soufflés* light as breath, and young string beans sautéed in sweet butter. No happier companion can be joined to lamb than a vigorous red Burgundy such as Clos Vougeot 1926. Next a salad of crisp, white escarole hearts bedewed with oil and vinegar, then a slice of melting Camembert and for dessert a *soufflé au Cointreau.* Finally, with filtered coffee, strong, black and unsweetened, a snifter of five-star Hennessey. Such a repast, tips included, would stand our couple around thirty-five dollars.

After the food Le Grand Véfour's chief asset is a thick overlay of historical and artistic associations, abiding as it does within the purlieus of the Tuileries, the Louvre, the French National Theater and the former homes of royalty. The man whose name the restaurant bears, Jean Véfour, was a chef in the employ of Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, France's richest peer and possibly her most shameless cynic. As the thunderclouds of revolution gathered, the duke professed liberal ideals and later, styling himself Philippe Égalité, voted for the execution of Louis XVI. His opportunism availed him nothing, however; he too lost his head to the guillotine. As a democratic gesture, the duke decided to dispense with a private chef, but in recognition of past services he gave Véfour the money to open a café under the arcades of the Palais-Royal, a vast peristyle enclosing a public garden, developed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Under the adjoining arcade, where Oliver flourishes today, a family named Véry was successfully operating the Café de Chartres, "renowned"—according to a contemporary gourmet—"for its garlic stews and cold codfish." Jean Véfour prospered so spectacularly that the Vérys were delighted to merge with him, and eventually he supplanted them altogether. Their early clientele was about equally divided between royalists and Jacobins, and the café became the stage of bloody melees. A ruffian named Santerre once terminated a political argument by snatching away a heavily loaded tablecloth, baring his sword, and daring anybody to contradict him. It was this same Santerre who ordered the drums to roll when Louis XVI mounted the scaffold so as to muffle the king's last words.

Napoleon, when still an obscure artillery officer, might be seen brooding in a corner of the café. Ironically, another habitué of the period was the Russian Count Rostopchin, the future military governor of Moscow, who instigated the burning of the city when Napoleon invaded it. At the Café de Chartres, too, revolutionists like Barras and Desmoulins plotted some of their pre-Bastille coups. In a cutlery shop a few doors away, Charlotte Corday bought the knife with which she stabbed Marat to death in his bathtub.

The Véry-Véfour establishment, popularly known thereafter as Le Grand Véfour, emerged unscathed from the Reign of Terror, and during the First Empire, with a clientele predominantly literary, surpassed all its competitors. What happened to Jean Véfour, however, remains a mystery. Selling out to two brothers named Hamel, he ran off with a girl half his age and never was heard from again. Even his grave is unknown.

Under various owners the restaurant continued to prosper through the Napoleonic wars, the 1848 revolution and the Franco-German War of 1870. After Paris surrendered to the Germans, so the legend goes, a Prussian officer swaggered into Véfour shouting for wine to be drunk from a vessel no Frenchman's lips had ever touched. The waiter brought him a chamber pot.

Misfortune finally beset Véfour during the early 1900's, as its clientele, swayed by the caprices of fashion, began flocking to new restaurants along the big boulevards. By 1939 it had declined to the level of an ordinary bistro. The then proprietor, a Czech named Szakar, was a chess player who ran the place largely as a rendezvous for his fellow addicts.

Five years later, after the liberation of Paris, the Royal Air Force took over the three-star Maxim's as an officers' club. The owner, Louis Vaudable, casting about for temporary premises, hit upon Véfour, and to manage it he hired Raymond Oliver, then barely established in Paris. When the R.A.F. vacated Maxim's, Vaudable offered Véfour to Oliver for $12,000.

Tradition depicts Oliver's native Gascony as a land of braggadocio and bluster, exemplified by such swashbucklers as Cyrano de Bergerac and D'Artagnan. His own rise to fame Oliver ascribes, with no un-Gascon false modesty, to his dashing personality. "I possess a natural warmth that attracts people," he says. Born in Langon, a town near Bordeaux, to an innkeeper of meager fortune, he learned his way around the kitchen at a tender age, and for his higher education he apprenticed himself to a Paris restaurant. Louis Oliver was eventually obliged to sell his Hotel Langon. By the time he died, however, his son had fared well enough not only to buy it back but to acquire a second local hotel.

When war came, Oliver, long a flying buff, volunteered for the air force, but before he got off the ground the Germans overran France. They requisitioned

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the Hotel Langon, and Oliver went underground, winding up in the mountainous Var country north of the Riviera. A versatile athlete, he both earned his living and maintained a cover for his Resistance activities by giving ski lessons.

"I can do everything," he gasconades. "In addition to flying and skiing, I paint, sail, swim, play tennis, *pelote à chistera* (a variant of *jai alai*), bridge, poker, chess."

An earlier marriage to a Var girl, of which Michel was the issue, ended in divorce, and he married another girl from the same region, who bore him three daughters. The second Madame Oliver, a plump, pretty, quietly efficient woman, now handles the bookkeeping for Le Grand Véfour.

Oliver's in-laws bought him a hotel in the French Alps, the White Bear. There he organized an underground cell among his fellow Bonifaces, pledging them to hide out wounded Resistance fighters. "A few refused," he relates, "but I wasn't afraid they'd talk. They knew it would mean death." During the last months of the Occupation, Oliver himself sheltered an eleven-man American bomber crew who had bailed out from their shell-riddled plane. The Gestapo got wind of their whereabouts, but Oliver led them to safety higher up in the Alps. In 1944 the Medal of Freedom was pinned to his chest by General Eisenhower.

After the war Oliver purchased a dilapidated property on the Riviera and almost singlehanded built a small hotel. He later sold that, as well as the White Bear, and with the proceeds headed for Paris in quest of a more lucrative enterprise. To meet Vaudable's price for Le Grand Véfour, he pooled his life savings, his car, his home and a bank loan.

With Vaudable's clientele back at the original Maxim's, Oliver trod a rough road for the first five years. He did all the cooking himself, at times for no more than half a dozen diners. It was the patronage of his famous neighbors, Colette and Cocteau, that helped break the thaw. In their path followed such celebrities as the detective-story writer Georges Simenon; the Nobel-prize novelist Albert Camus; Pierre Lazareff, publisher of the powerful newspaper *France-Soir;* the actor-manager Louis Jouvet; and a host of stage and film folk. The whole Palais-Royal enclave, in fact, owing mainly to the Colette-Cocteau circle, had recovered its former literary *ambiance.* Even the aged park watchman, André Daguesseau, writes poetry, a volume of which achieved publication under the title, *In Colette's Shadow.*

Le Grand Véfour's success enables Oliver to maintain a style of life rivaling that of some of his wealthier customers. He occupies a nine-room apartment in the fashionable Trocadéro district. Weekends he retreats with his wife and children to a converted Normandy farmhouse. Co-founder of an aviation club, he flies Piper Cubs and Beechcrafts around the country. During long vacations he likes to cruise the Mediterranean in a chartered yacht. His office above the restaurant is a shrine to his talents, being thronged with medals, citations, photographs, paintings and busts of himself.

But Oliver's most distinctive spare-time pursuit is collecting rare books on gastronomy. His library, one of the largest of the kind in private hands, numbers 3000 volumes, among them a fifteenth-century manual of table manners worth $2500 and a complete run of *l'Almanach des Gourmands*, the precursor, at the turn of the eighteenth century, of the *Guide Michelin.* To the early Véfour, the almanac gave full marks, but added a warning still applicable: "You ruin yourself there; everything costs its weight in gold."

The Eternal Blossom (Continued from Page 26)

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, and she held him tightly, wondering why he sounded so lost.

In the dining room of their home Ruiko's parents sat on either side of the low table, slowly drinking tea. Though they did not speak, they "talked" silently as people do who have shared many years of life, won many battles and found the victories empty. They both knew Ruiko was deceiving them, and they were helpless. Silent and alone they thought of their own youth, remembering that they had never met until their parents had made all the arrangements for their marriage through a go-between. And yet they had known years of love. They had shared happiness, serenity, mutual respect.

"I think I will go to bed, mamma-san."

Getting quickly to her feet, Mrs. Shiina placed her hands on her knees and bowed. "Yes, Ichiro-san. It is late."

But he did not move. Instead he lighted another cigarette and rested his arm on the lacquered table. "I could help the boy, but he would hate me for it."

Going to her husband, Mrs. Shiina stood behind him and massaged his shoulders. His head bobbed gently beneath her hands, and he sighed wearily. "It is a very bad thing he has done."

A deep sadness and fear for her daughter moved in Mrs. Shiina, but she said nothing.

"Kenji Tanaka pawned a camera and a watch, and they were not his. Mr. Oka, the pawn man, told me so."

"Where did Kenji get them?"

"Who knows? Who will say?"

Knowing her husband was trying to comprehend why a young student from a respectable family should steal, or worse, Mrs. Shiina spoke slowly. "When life is easy," she said, "young people also expect it to be free."

His tired and tense muscles relaxing, Ichiro Shiina closed his eyes. He felt pity for Kenji's parents, for their son would bring shame to them. He told himself that, secretly, he felt sorrow for the boy, knowing it was human nature to be weak, and knowing, too, that life had exploded in Japan. Young men born during the war had grown up in a country where life became overwhelmingly richer. They had no patience for old people and old ways. But in his heart he knew that when a country denies its customs and traditions, its reverence for the past, it is lost more surely than at the hands of an army. And it was the same with people.

"If Ruiko should marry him, mamma," he said, "if she marries a man without honor, our friends would sneer at us. It would be unbearable."

"Yes, Ichiro-san," she answered softly, letting her arms rest across her husband's shoulders in a near embrace. "But no one would sneer at Ruiko. Her friends are young and different from us. They can laugh where we cry with shame."

Almost as though he were trying to persuade himself, Ichiro Shiina said, "Kenji Tanaka would not take his wife to serve his parents. That is so. He would make his own home for Ruiko." Twisting his head, he looked imploringly up to his wife, and she saw the conflict of apprehension and hope in his eyes. He dreaded the shame which a dishonorable marriage would bring to them, but he did not want to erase his daughter's name from the Shiina family roll. "Ruiko would not become a daughter in a house where she was not born. We would not lose her. Little Ruiko would still be our daughter."

"We would neither lose her nor gain a son."

"How sweet she was as a baby." Getting to his feet Ichiro placed his hands on his wife's cheeks and kissed her on the forehead. "Now we are strangers to her. Strangers she deceives." He sighed. "Life should not change so quickly."

Alone, Mrs. Shiina sank to the floor, resting her clasped hands on the tables. She knew her husband was torn between accepting unbearable shame, of turning his back on all he had lived by or losing his only child. She wondered what it was like, this kind of love her daughter knew, so ruthless and so very personal. She thought of her own life, secluded, shut away, her name erased from her own family's roll and entered on her husband's. She had lived to serve his family and, when they were gone, to serve him and lavish her love on Ruiko. Over the years Ichiro Shiina had been a good and generous husband, and he had grown in the world. But she could not go to him now and console him. His pride and dignity would not allow it. Gathering the tea things, she told herself that it was best to let the past go and to accept the future only when it became the present.

In the street she heard a motorcycle roar, and then the front door opened and closed, and in a moment Ruiko came down the hallway and into the room.

"Would you like some tea, Ruiko-san?"

"No, mamma. Thank you. I am sleepy." She went quickly to her room.

Oren Haight had come to Japan to buy Christmas ornaments for the Pandora Ornament Company, but as he walked down the damp, clammy corridor of the Sannomiya station of the Kobe police he was not in a holiday mood. For forty-eight hours his pride had kept him from admitting that he had been a fool—because he got drunk and was robbed—and ought to go to the police. Now that he was here he tried to say at one time everything he had thought of during the past two remorseful days.

The three policemen, looking extremely solicitous, kept bobbing their heads and saying, *Hai. Sodeska. Is a true fact? Hai. Ah-so!*" They hardly understood a word he said.

"What kind of a place you got here? You know which bars are crooked. You ought to put a sign out, 'Off limits to honest people.' I tell you somebody stole my watch and camera. I can pad an expense account, but a camera and watch cost money!" He strode across the uneven cement floor. "Now I don't want to go to the American consul. It's not the way I operate."

"Ah-so."

"I know I drank too much, but ——" Angrily he clenched his fists and shook them above his head. "Look, all I want is my watch and camera. See? Comprehend? Camera! Watch!"

Sitting quietly in the corner, the chief of police waited for the argument to work its way up the chain of command until it properly could be presented to him. He understood every word which was being said, and when, with bows and apologies, the lieutenant introduced him to Mr. Haight, he listened patiently to the whole tale again. It was quite obvious to him what had happened. The young American had probably been hustled into one of the hundreds of Sannomiya bars, settled down and got himself drunk, been taken back to his hotel and, when he passed out, relieved of his watch and camera. "We have a description of your watch and camera. Please, Mr. Haight, just return to your hotel. We will find them."

"You'll what?"

"I am sure we'll find them in a pawnshop, Mr. Haight."

"What makes you so sure?"

The chief smiled pleasantly. "Everyone in Japan has a camera. Naturally they would pawn yours. Please, can my men give you a ride to the hotel?"

"In a police car?" Haight exclaimed. "No, thanks." At the door he looked back, grinning sheepishly and flipping his hand. "Hey, chief, thanks a lot."

When he had gone, Chief Taira picked up his bowl of tea and shook his head sadly. He felt shame for his fellow countrymen. From the name of the bars Mr. Haight could remember visiting, the chief knew it had not been the work of a professional. He had long ago chased them out of Sannomiya. No, it had been some young man taking what he wanted simply because he wanted it. He wondered what had happened to pride and dignity and kindness. And honesty. He was shocked at the young people, for he was a gentle man himself; he had had little vases of artificial flowers placed in all his police cars, and he dreaded having to arrest another man who might still have in him the memory of a life which had been gracious and predictable. Sadly he nodded to the lieutenant. "Find the camera and the watch and the man who pawned them. Arrest him." *It is strange about Americans,*

Devices

By Ames Rowe Quentin

If there is still one undiscovered
tribe,
A man may squat now, cutting
the sun
For a medallion; perhaps from
wood,
Inlaid with pyrites.
To make the moon, surely he
must use bone
Honed sharp for elegance of
edge,
Buffed most immaculately clean.
He would not know that lady is
a globe
Harried and pecked by meteors;
nor could he dream
The violations she will soon
endure.
He'd carve
Her flat, just as he sees her—
might attach
A feather from her back onto the
sun's,
Roll them and laugh,
Idly inventing now the last first
wheel.

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"Englishmen drink bouillon — Americans flavor with it. Simple enough for even men to use," says Hermione Gingold, *famous British comedienne.*

Instant **PROTEIN MAGIC**

adds hearty flavor to your gravies and sauces

"Leave it to you inventive Americans to prove that bouillon is more than a broth English stewards serve on shipboard at 11 o'clock.

"New Steero Instant Bouillon is a magic protein concentrate that flavors, enhances and fortifies almost everything you cook. Lifts ordinary food out of the ordinary. No one but an English cook need ever again prepare flat, flavorless stew . . . it's traditional, you know.

"Instant bouillon for flavor may never catch on in Thruppington. But American women—well, that's another cup of soup—if you know what I mean. So you there, get a jar of Steero Instant Bouillon. It won't make you rich, but it jolly well can make your reputation . . . as a cook, that is."

Regular or Chicken

Meat Balls STEERO Sauce

1 lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper
flour
fat

Combine meats, crumbs, onion, catsup, egg and seasoning and mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Roll in flour and sauté in fat. Remove and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions thinly sliced and 2 teaspoons INSTANT STEERO dissolved in 1 cup hot water. Simmer until onions are tender and golden. Reheat meat balls, pour over sauce, and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley.

Write for Steero Instant Recipe Booklets

STEERO

INSTANT BOUILLON

Jersey City 2, N.J.

he thought, *they suspect everyone and trust everyone*. Twisting the radio dial to a Tokyo station, he settled back to listen to the opera.

Heading out the western side of Kobe, Kenji gunned the Silver Pigeon. Before him there was only darkness, split by the motorcycle's single headlight. He amused himself by weaving back and across the highway dividing line. He wanted to throw his head back and laugh into the night, for there was something formless, yet instant and complete, about the darkness, and he sensed his union with it. *This moment, this instant, nothing matters to me*, he thought, *for I am only a joyousness whooping down the highway*. The darkness sped toward him, leaped over him and closed in behind him.

It didn't seem there could ever be enough speed, enough yelling, enough laughter to allow him to burst through the tightness of his own skin and escape the feeling of frustration and loneliness, his sense of being aside from the world. *Will I ever know who I am?* he wondered, for he did not feel Japanese. He felt no obligation or loyalty to anyone. He should feel *on*, love and devotion and gratitude, to Ruiko and his family, he understood, but it would not come alive in him. If he felt it at all, it was toward life itself. He felt indebted to life for these furtive moments of joy when he was free, relieved of the past and heedless of the future. But at the same time he resented this indebtedness to life, this terrible obligation of *on* which he could never repay. He felt he lost face when he accepted life's gift of joy. Life made him a humble debtor and he hated it.

As he twisted the handgrip the Silver Pigeon leaped ahead. He leaned forward, holding the vehicle exactly on the white dividing line with nothing but darkness rushing away on either side. Though he rode at a reckless and dangerous speed, he was indifferent to it.

He thought of the hundreds of times his father had talked to him about self-discipline, *shuyo*. Only with *shuyo*, he had said, was it possible to savor all of life. *Shuyo* was like a sixth sense, giving meaning to all the other senses, and, without its hard discipline, nothing but unhappiness would follow. "If you do not use *shuyo* and discipline yourself, I cannot protect you," his father always said.

Kenji felt a deep resentment for the *on* which had been placed on him. He was expected to feel humbleness and obligation toward a life which was confusing and senseless. Only children and the aged were excused from self-discipline, he knew, and it infuriated him that a young man who yearned to grasp all the joys of the world, to know himself completely, should be expected to show the greatest restraint and self-control. It did not make sense. It was forcing himself into customs which were hundreds of years old. He had watched many foreigners, and they apparently felt neither *on* nor *shuyo*. They took life in stride, enjoying it. Telling himself that he felt closer to western people than to his own kind, he suddenly realized that thoughts of his people's customs, like something stirring in his blood, had caused him to become defiant. The joyousness of his ride vanished. Angrily he slowed and, dragging his right foot to keep from toppling, he made a wide U turn and started back to Kobe.

Returning, he rode slowly. It was near midnight and he knew people would be milling through Sannomiya, and he would stand in the narrow evil-smelling street, pleading with them to come into the Joy Season Bar. He was glad Ruiko did not know he worked at the Joy Season, getting 10 per cent of everything spent by the men he hustled into the bar, but it wasn't only the 10 per cent he earned that he did not want her to know about. Because he spoke English, many foreign men asked him to drink with them. There were times when the men got drunk and careless and, if they wanted to make themselves insensible, truly that was their fault. If they did not guard what they treasured, who could say they really possessed it?

Rolling along easily he was struck by the curious paradox of his life. He wanted to grasp all of the pleasure and excitement there was to be had, to choose his own life, to live as one already dead, allowing nothing to perturb him deeply. He had no patience, he knew, with feelings of guilt or shame or remorse. Those were weights a man could drag around with him if he wanted to, but it was not necessary. And yet, by denying himself those human feelings, he made himself less an individual, he realized, and the thought made him feel more estranged than ever, more without identity and being.

Nearing the city he suddenly became aware of the reality of the motorcycle, and in a way the Silver Pigeon seemed like his own life. It was of Japanese origin, and it would never know anything but Japanese ways and Japanese owners, and yet in actuality it belonged to the stranger who had been lonely and only wanted to forget himself.

Ruiko was still awake when the telephone rang. Her mother answered it, and in a moment she heard her father saying, "Yes. Yes. Ah, so. *Arigato*. Thank you, Mr. Oka. I will come."

The American way is to see which manufacturer can build the biggest small car.

HAROLD COFFIN

As he dressed in his dark business suit, Ichiro Shiina felt both shame and helplessness. There was no doubt of it now. Kenji Tanaka, whom his daughter loved, had got an American drunk and stolen his watch and camera. Mr. Oka had said the police already had been to his pawnshop, but he had stalled them, saying, no, no, he did not remember such a watch or such a camera. "You had better come," he had said. "I will have to call the police and tell them I made a foolish mistake. If I do not, they will give me bad trouble."

Money would restore his possessions to the American, Mr. Shiina knew, but it would not restore self-respect and pride. It would not wipe out dishonesty. Money might keep Kenji Tanaka out of jail. It might leave him free to marry Ruiko, if and when he chose to, but it would not make him Japanese. Nor would it make him an American.

As he slipped into his coat he felt pity for Kenji, stranded between his heritage and his hopes. Democracy, whatever that was, Mr. Shiina knew, had come too quickly. In a moment of bitter anger he resented his people's gift for imitation and assimilation, for adapting to whatever was most opportune. A leopard cannot forever be changing its spots and still be a leopard, he knew. But as he left the bedroom he told himself that he was only trying to rationalize what he hated to admit. Kenji Tanaka did not want to be Japanese. In everything he said and did he denied his people, sneered at them, and Ichiro Shiina felt such fierce anger move through him that murder seemed a rightful and inescapable duty.

He did not know Ruiko was waiting in the dining room until she spoke. "Is it Kenji, papa-san?"

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No expression showed in his face or his eyes. "Go to sleep, little one."

And then Ruiko did something she had not done since she had been a child. Throwing her arms around her father, she hugged him. "If he needs me, papa, I want to be there."

Outside, waiting for a taxi, Ichiro Shiina wondered why his people had always been so reserved in their expression of affection. Almost angrily he had taken his daughter's arms from around him and placed them at her side. But now, alone, he knew the sweetness of the embrace. Her expression of love and need would make his shame more bearable. He dreaded the hour ahead. It would be as though everything he had cherished would crumble like a hillside when the dynamite was exploded beneath it. Entering the little taxi he told himself he must endure the next hour as though he did not exist, but he knew that Kenji Tanaka had brought this prideless hour to him, Kenji and the daughter he loved. The pawned articles would have to be redeemed and returned to the American.

Parking and locking the Silver Pigeon, Kenji walked toward the Joy Season. He strode along, swinging his arms. Like all Japanese men, since childhood he had been imbued with a sense of superiority simply because he was male. He used the center of the narrow street, walking with arrogance and assurance to conceal his uncertainty, waving to friends, to other hustlers, and was almost at the club before he looked ahead and saw the young American and two policemen standing in front of the Joy Season.

He started to move to the dark edge of the street when the American saw him.

"There he is!" Oren Haight shouted. "That's him!"

"Ah, so," one of the cops said.

Turning, Kenji fled.

The streets of Sannomiya were as intricate and curving and patternless as a handful of loose threads dropped onto a dark floor, but Kenji knew every one of them. Shoving his way through the crowd, twisting, sidling, darting up one street and down another, ducking through narrow courtways, he fled in panic. Twice he worked his way back and across the area, using different routes, going into bars he knew, bowing politely to mamma-san and hurrying out through the rear. The mamma-sans smiled and nodded and remembered.

The longer he ran the more trapped and terrified he felt. Never before had he known such fright. He was not running from the police alone, he knew, but from some formless fear, and he did not think there was anyplace he could hide.

A half hour later he stopped in a coffeehouse, washed his face with the steaming towel, drank a fruit juice and told himself he must be calm. Leaving the place, he walked down the street. Sannomiya seemed an unfamiliar and alien place, and yet he had the feeling a thousand eyes were watching every step he took.

Reaching the Silver Pigeon, he casually unlocked it, swung his leg across and kicked the motor into action. He knew his arms were trembling, and he almost hit a taxi as he pulled away from the curb.

He sped recklessly to the top of the mountain and down the far side. He did not know why he was fleeing. Sooner or later the police would find him. Even when he had stolen the watch and camera, as casually as he might pick up his school books, he had not known why. It had been as though he had watched, almost amused, as another person did the stealing. It was later, knowing their worth, that he had pawned them and made a payment on the motorcycle. He had accepted the fact that he might be caught, but it had not been important. He had learned to live as though only the present moment had actuality, but now as he sped down the mountain, he knew there was a deeper reality than any moment could hold. There was himself.

Pulling off the road near a small lake, he parked the bike and walked to the edge of the water. On the far side of the lake he saw a small Buddhist temple. It was empty and soundless, seemingly as frail as a ghost in the pale light, and yet he knew it had been there for hundreds of years.

He sat down at the edge of the water, listening to the faint rippling, and told himself that the reason he felt stranded and frightened was that he had disavowed his own people. The foreigners he had met had liked him, enjoyed talking with him, but he had never become one of them. He had watched them closely, seen the way their lives had been based on ease, and he had wanted many things to show that his life was rich and important too. He had wanted to walk in pride so that people would say, "There is Kenji Tanaka; he is no longer a Japanese."

Though he attempted to explain it to himself, he did not know why he wanted to become like an American. All during his boyhood, during the occupation, he had watched their generous, carefree ways. He had tried to imitate their robustness and profanity, their scorn of anything that got too serious. Here today and gone tomorrow, they had said, and don't bitch. He had had times of pleasure and fun, imitating them, but now—with the police looking for him—all the ways of his people came back to him with a terrifying humiliation and shamefulness.

Now, he knew, his people would deny him more surely than if he were dead. Sitting by the water, looking at the little temple, he felt lost and alone. In a moment of thoughtlessness and impulse, of defiance, he had committed a theft and in that moment he had abandoned himself. He had no more been Kenji Tanaka than the Silver Pigeon had been his; his life had been an illusion, a self-deception. He had been running without knowing the end of the road.

With his knees drawn up and his head lowered to rest on them, he ached with a deep sadness. Ruiko would never see him again, he thought, but even then he knew he must go back to the police and admit what he had done. Perhaps even his family would disown him and he would be truly forced to live as though he were dead. Always before the idea had seemed wonderful: let's live it up, as the Americans had said. Now, he knew, merely to live was meaningless.

But to be alive and dishonored would be unbearable. Though he dreaded going to the police, and his body seemed to shake with shame when he thought of being labeled a criminal, of being dismissed from the university and sent to prison, he knew that if he was ever to be Kenji Tanaka, he had to start back at the moment when he had denied himself—when he had betrayed his people's inherent honesty and pride and dignity.

His father had said he must live in *shuyo*, in self-discipline, and he knew it must begin now. As he rode across the mountain, he told himself that never again would he become so estranged from his natural life. He was Japanese and he would always be and he would not again try to be anything else. *On* had been placed on him by life, a deep and inescapable sense of obligation, of devotion and loyalty and sacrifice. But without it he was without a home or family or country. He would be without love and then he truly would be a man who had ceased to exist.

The Silver Pigeon coasted easily down the mountain to Kobe as if it, too, had finished a long migration.

Kenji walked toward the Joy Season with pride but not arrogance. He knew what he had to do, and there was no flinching.

When Kenji had fled up the street and the policemen had made no effort to catch him, Oren Haight had been furious. "Aren't you going after him?" he had shouted.

"We know who he is and where he lives. We know where your camera and watch are. Why run? Please, Mr. Haight, come inside and enjoy yourself. Japan has many pleasures."

"You're telling me?" Haight said bitterly.

Now, seated at the bar, with his watch on his wrist and the camera before him, with the quiet and dignified Mr. Shiina, who had mysteriously shown up with his things, seated on the far side of the policemen, Haight kept repeating, "Well, it beats my tail, and that's the truth. Beats all hell out of me."

"Everybody should be allowed a mistake. It is human nature. How do you say? 'Don't make a production out of it,'" a policeman said. "Of course, if you insist, we can send the young student to jail. Only your camera won't take better pictures. Your watch won't keep better time."

"Oh, hell, no," Haight said, reminding himself that he had had a few lapses in his day.

Kenji came in the door and walked directly to them. "I am sorry," he said, avoiding the eyes of Ruiko's father. Turning to Haight, he said solemnly, "It was a very bad thing I did. Please to forgive me."

Shaking his hand loosely in the air, Haight told him, "Forget it, kid. The cop here says you bought yourself a motorcycle. How's it run?"

"Fine. Very fine indeed."

"Japanese make?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, have fun." Getting to his feet, he picked up his camera. He shook hands with the policemen, but when he turned to Mr. Shiina, the older man bowed deeply, his face expressionless, but his voice low and uneven. "Please to forgive."

"Forget it, pops." He struck Kenji playfully on the shoulder and walked out of the Joy Season.

"Americans are nice people," one of the policemen said. "But very hard to understand." And then he bowed, first to Mr. Shiina and then to Kenji.

Kenji felt a deep humiliation, for he knew the respect was not due him.

In the taxi Mr. Shiina said, "It is wonderful to be young, but it is not easy. One hasn't a chance to gain wisdom."

"I am most sorry."

"The world is changing very fast." All that had been Kobe before the war had been replaced in a few years with bright and garish buildings, and the streets were filled with young people in western clothing. "It is a shock."

Only now did Kenji realize how much shame and loss of pride he had caused Ruiko's father. His own generation, he knew, believed that anything you could get by with was all right, but Mr. Shiina had a deeper and more profound sense of duty and obligation, of self-respect. "I will be indebted to you all my life," Kenji said. "It will take me a long time, but I will repay you the money you gave the pawnbroker."

The old man, weary and yet relieved, simply nodded.

"I will never again forget that I am Japanese and that *on* and *shuyo* are a part of my life. I must never forget my obligation to life."

"Ah, so."

"Tomorrow I will return the motorcycle. It is most important." In the silence, Kenji realized the Silver Pigeon had never really been his. It had been an illusion, a curious migration away from the reality of himself and back. And it all had been as simple and treacherous as it had been wrong. "I am sorry you had to go to the pawn man and to the police."

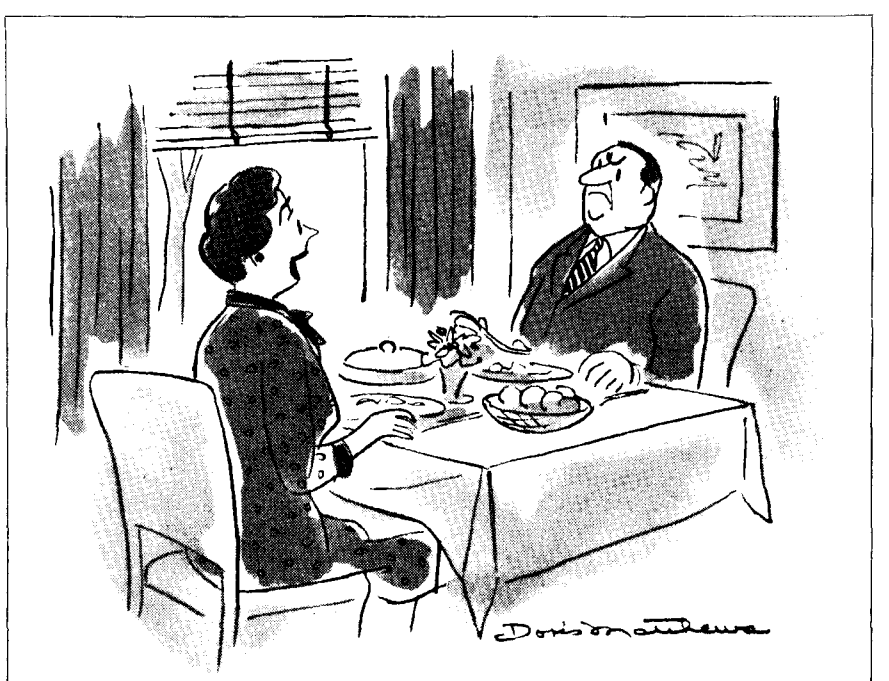
"I am not dead. It is over."

They did not speak again. When Kenji was alone with Ruiko, he explained as well as he could what had happened and why, trying to tell her he had cut himself off from all that was valued and meaningful in his heritage. "I got lost in my mind," he said. "I was very confused."

"Custom and tradition are not most important," she told him. "It is what is in the heart—and the mind. That is what makes happiness, Kenji-san. It makes everyone a special person. You only try to be someone you are not."

"I love you, Ruiko."

"Thank you, Kenji-san. Thank you," she said, bowing slightly. "I will stay with you always." And then, twisting her head, she smiled to him. "It is the custom of Japanese women." THE END



"Well, what happened at the office today that you're going to take out on me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Terror on a Pacific Night

(Continued from Page 15)

"Manila, Manila, this is Northwest Flight One. Request an intercept by air-sea rescue, please. We have an engine malfunction and a runaway prop. We are on a heading of two zero five, one eight zero miles northwest of Jomalig Island on Amber Two. Do you read me, Manila?"

His emergency call was acknowledged, and Rall asked permission to descend. He wanted to get down into the heavier air which might help slow the windmilling, runaway prop.

Manila granted the request. "Roger, Northwest One. You are cleared to descend to seven thousand feet."

Rall glanced back over his shoulder to see the troublesome engine for himself. It was the inboard one on the left side of the ship. In the cold glare of the wing spotlight he could see the unnaturally flailing prop. The ship was making a rapid descent. He called for flaps and speed brakes. They cut his air speed to 130 knots.

As the plane settled, Rall eyed the cloud layers below. Once in them he knew that he'd hit severe turbulence and rain. These he didn't need. Besides, an escort plane would never find them in that deck of storm clouds. He elected to level off at 9000 feet—just above the clouds and out of the slamming and banging turbulence that could add to his difficulties.

Now the captain got on the interphone and rang the cabin to call Eddie Zan forward, but the alert purser had already sensed trouble and was on his way up to the flight deck. He had heard the change in the steady drone of the props and recognized that something was wrong.

"How bad is it, Dave?" Eddie asked quietly as he stepped onto the flight deck.

"Well, so far our destination is still Manila, Eddie, but I've asked for an A.S.R. In case we have to ditch, I think you ought to go through the practice procedure with the passengers. But, Eddie, try not to alarm people if you can help it. I'll make an announcement while you get ready." The purser slipped back to alert his cabin attendants.

Most of the passengers by now were awake. The rapid descent and the flurry of movement by the cabin crew sent a ripple of apprehension through the compartments. The lights came on and the familiar crackle of the public-address system foretold an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain. We're sorry to wake you, but as you've probably guessed, we have a cranky engine. I'm sorry that I haven't relayed any more information to you sooner, but we've been busy up front here alerting the appropriate ground stations. Our destination is still Manila at the present time, but we have requested and expect soon an interception by the air-sea rescue people. I want to assure you that we are not expecting any further emergency, but we ought to have a practice ditching procedure."

There was a quick sob from one of the women. She buried her face in her hands. Her husband put his arm around her, but could only continue to stare and listen to Rall's even voice issuing instruction.

About thirty minutes had passed since the first sign of trouble, and all efforts to feather the engine had failed. Then the engineer sang out, "Number Two's on fire." The red warning light glowed its silent danger sign.

Thank God there're no kids aboard, Rall thought, as he reached up under the glare shield to the fire-extinguisher handle. He gave it a firm tug—and waited.

There are two pairs of Freon bottles inside each engine. Rall fired the first set, and they did their job. The fire warning light went out. But the captain had no illusions that his troubles were over. Whatever caused that first fire would start another

Mel English looked at the engine through the left window and saw sparks start to shoot out. Rall grabbed the intercom phone. "Eddie—evacuate the hazard zone, quickly."

Zan and the other cabin attendants moved to get the sixteen passengers out of the forward first-class cabins nearest to the engines. There weren't enough seats back in the rear, so the men squatted in the aisles while the women took their places.

Mel turned away from the window. "Looks like Number Two is grinding up, Dave," he said.

Dave turned back to his navigator. "Ted, how about giving me a course

Day of Snow

By R. H. Grenville

It is on days like this,
With the snow steadily falling,
Mounding in whiteness on the window sill,
That one remembers the hot June days and the calling
Of birds, and the wings and the leaves that were never still.

Like a vintage wine,
More precious for the keeping,
Is summer in retrospect, as well they know
Who watch the steady whispering whiteness sweeping
Through songless branches on a day of snow.

from here to a position directly east of Manila? If we have to ditch, I want to be over water all of the way."

In the cabins the passengers had removed their shoes and eyeglasses, taken all pointed objects from their pockets and donned Mae West life vests. Now they waited nervously. Most sat with their eyes closed, heads limply back on the seat rests.

The engine should already have been grabbed to a stop by the sheer force of raw metal binding on metal. But it continued to spin. At 3:50 A. M. the cabin rocked under a series of loud thumping noises. The engine was beginning to tear itself apart. The navigator computed a new course and handed it up to Rall. He nodded and went on the air again.

"Manila, Manila, this is Northwest Flight One. We are departing Amber Two on a course of two two five magnetic to a point directly east of Manila. Do you read me? We request fire-fighting equipment meet us at touchdown. We just had one fire and may get more. Do you read me, Manila?"

Silence for a couple of seconds. Then the excited voice of the Filipino radio operator at the ground station. "Please repeat, Northwest One, please repeat."

The crew exchanged worried glances. This was no time for the ground to get buck fever. Patiently Rall repeated his message and even spelled out phonetically the positions. "Please advise air-sea rescue that we are changing our course," he added. "Do you understand?"

The radio operator hesitated, then said he did. Rall thought no more about him, for he had the immediate business of trying to stop the runaway engine. Without oil to cool it, tremendous heat was being generated. Something had to give.

The cabin bucked under the uneven force of the grinding, wrenching action. Then suddenly Mel yelled, "There goes the prop."

Like a huge, three-bladed knife, the propeller cart-wheeled through the air, slammed into the fuselage, then whirled off like a banshee into the night.

Zan heard the slamming noise and knew what had happened. He ran forward, fearing that the prop might have slashed into the flight deck and killed someone. As he raced through the forward compartments earlier emptied, he saw the jagged holes in the upper part of the ceiling. Wind whistled through the ruptures. He reached the door of the flight deck just as Rall was ringing him on the intercom again.

"Better pre-position the life rafts, Eddie. Assign the men to help you on launching. Put the swimmers with non-swimmers. Keep husbands with wives. Use the buddy system. Get on the emergency lights."

Each one of the cabin crew had his own ditching station. Methodically they went through the routine that all had done in practice so many times. The rafts were taken down and put by the emergency escape hatches. Passengers were assigned to each raft. All loose equipment was stowed in the galley and personal belongings were even carefully put in a locker for safekeeping. Suarez and Miss Fuchigami served up iced tea and water to the passengers. Then there was nothing left to do but wait.

Losing the prop was a temporary relief, for the plane was free of the drag. But now Rall could see a glow back in the engine where the crankshaft had turned red-hot. As he watched, white sparks began to shoot out from the magnesium casing, then flames licked through.

"Number Two on fire," called the engineer.

"O.K., let's fight it," replied Rall coolly. The second and only remaining set of Freon bottles was fired into the burning engine. The fire warning light winked out and, for a split second, the crew thought they might have the blaze snuffed. They were wrong—and didn't need any indicators to tell them so.

Rall looked at the white fury on his wing for a moment, then turned to his navigator. "Ted, advise Manila we've got another fire. And, Ted, tell 'em we're going to ditch."

That was it. The decision was made. Until then, Rall's alternatives had been either to nurse the crippled plane back toward Manila for a forced landing there or to court almost certain death by attempting a night ditching at sea in a storm. Now he no longer had any choice.

Rall put his ship into an emergency descent from 9000 feet toward the water. As the ship plunged down through the rain and the mists that tore past the wings, he knew there was going to be no break in the thick cloud cover. *On top of everything else,* he thought with resignation, *this has to be a blind landing.*

The moisture only added to the intensity of the magnesium fire, and he knew that it wouldn't be long before the flames ate down to the wing spar itself. Once that was weakened, there would be no more need to worry about the ditching—or anything else.

Rall didn't have to tell his flight crew what to do. Already each was stowing away loose gear around his station. Ted folded up his little loran navigating table, which blocks an emergency exit, while Mel English broke out the Gibson Girl emergency radio transmitter. That would go with him into a raft.

"What's the fire look like?" Everett asked Rall.

Dave turned around in his seat and peered through the blinding white glare that already bathed the flight deck with a ghostly light. He could see the bare metal of the gears completely revealed now. It was a terrifying sight.

"Travis," he said soberly, "it looks like the teeth of hell back there."

Rall's experience as a pilot told him that time was short, that he probably had only a few minutes more to live. He wasn't ready to die, he thought, but he accepted the truth: *I will soon meet my Creator.*

His heart and his mind flashed back to home and to the faces of his family. Somehow he wasn't worried about them. He knew his wife was a solid, resourceful woman. *She'll know what to do,* he reasoned. *She'll take care of the kids all right. I know she will.*

A strange, wonderful sense of calmness and inner peace swept over David Rall as he quickly recited the Act of Contrition. Then he turned back to monitor the instruments for the final plunge.

Aft, Eddie Zan saw that everything was ready. The rafts were down and secured with their lanyards to the exits. The passengers were securely strapped in the seats closest to the escape stations. Miss Fuchigami and Tony had passed out all the blankets and pillows to use for padding. There were no seats for the two young flight attendants, so they just wedged themselves down on the floor between a bulkhead and a row of seats.

Eddie took the last precaution of having each passenger turn on his life-vest flashlight. *They'll have enough to worry about when they get in the water without remembering it,* he reasoned.

Then Zan saw the navigator and the engineer come banging back through the flight-deck door. He knew that they would leave their flight stations only just before ditching. This had to be it.

A Filipino woman began to sob desperately. Tony Suarez slid out from his position and tried to comfort her. Eddie figured they'd better get ready.

"I think we're about ready to sit down, folks," he said calmly. "Please brace yourselves for the impact. Please don't be frightened. We're going to be all right."

But he knew that, barring a miracle, the seven crewmen and fifty-one passengers had only about ninety seconds to live.

Up forward Rall and Everett handled the ship as if they were making an almost routine landing. "Bring the engines in," Dave ordered. Then, "Flaps up to approach."

Explosions were almost continuous from the engine now. Pieces of white-hot metal flew off wildly. There was no need to carry out the emergency-flare procedure, Dave thought wryly.

"I'll stay on the gauges, Travis," he said. "You watch for the water."

Altitude indicated 600 feet—then 500 feet. Another violent explosion, the worst yet, caught the plane. *The wing's gone,* Dave thought. But it was "only" the oil tank and the tires on the retracted wheels blowing up from the tremendous heat.

"We're at two hundred feet," Everett warned. "Get ready." Rall threw off his glasses and pressed his face against the window, hoping for some glimpse of the water. All he could see was the hellish, blinding white glare. (*Continued on Page 52*)

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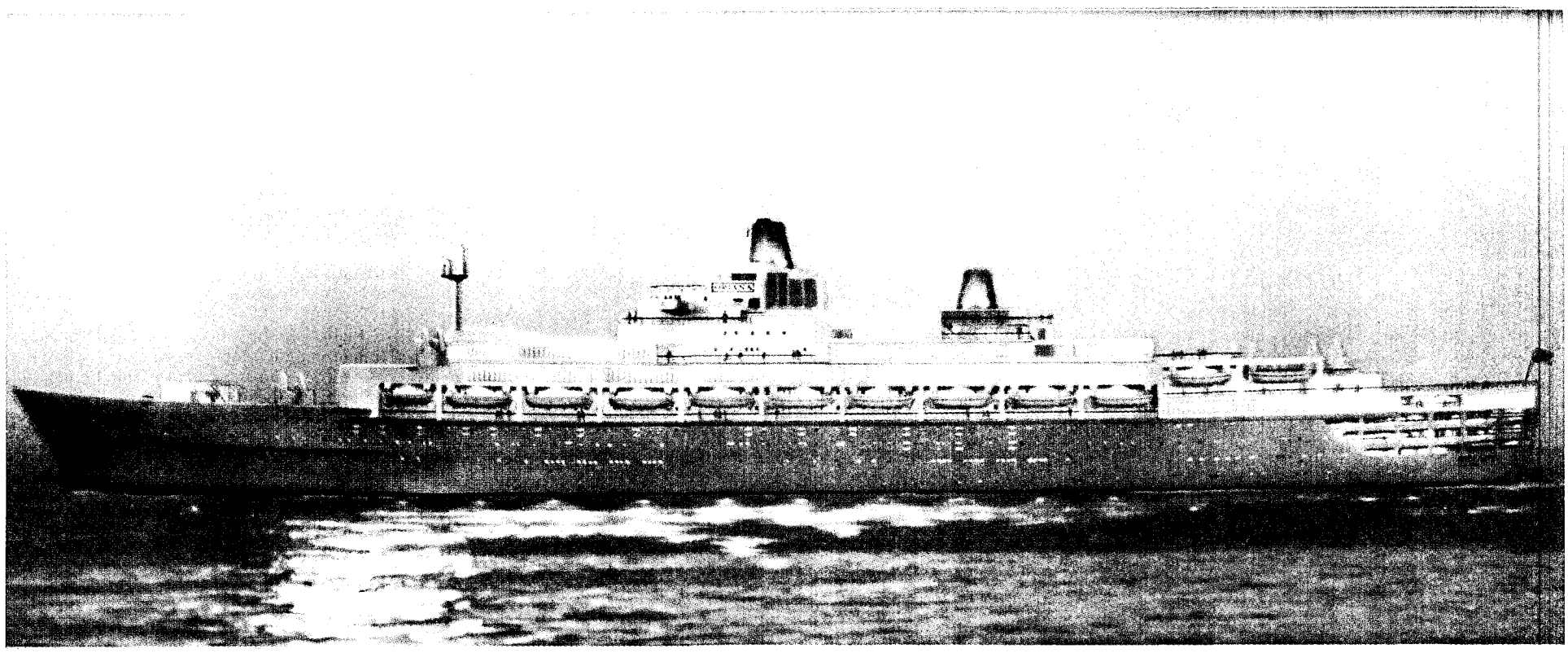

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Kandy dancers at Ceylon's Temple of the Tooth, a three-hour drive from the port of Colombo.

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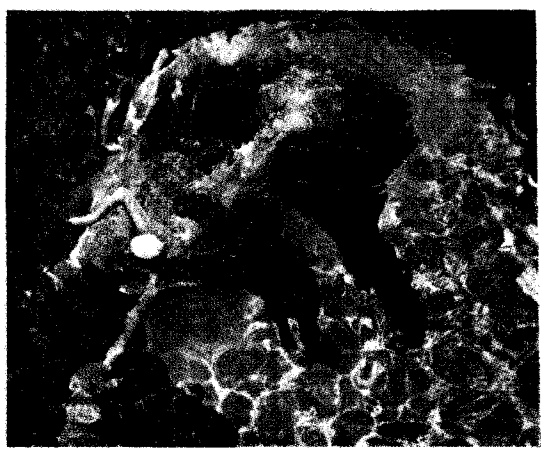

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Then Everett yelled, "There's the water, Dave. Pull up—pull up!"

Rall yanked back on the yoke and brought the ship up into a stalling flare-out position. His hands shot forward against the instrument panel to brace himself for the impact. Then the plane hit and bounced—no longer a sleek, modern airliner but a burning, broken hulk.

The force of the first impact hurled Rall against the glare shield. The second bounced him against the flight-deck window. He slumped down, half-conscious, his leg gashed open and bleeding. His head reeled.

He shrugged, and held his hands out in front and shook them. As he watched his wrists and fingers flap, Rall thought, *I'm alive*. Then his mind cleared. He realized water was pouring into the flight deck.

"Travis," he called. "You all right? Let's get the hell out of here."

The two men threw off their seat belts. Everett dived under the seat to get the life raft free. Rall bolted back to the passenger cabin. It was filled with smoke and ankle deep in water.

The instant the ship stopped moving, Eddie Zan had leaped to his feet and told the passengers to stand up and prepare to get out. The crash had doused all cabin lights, but the emergency lamps glowed. The main cabin door was shoved open and one of the big life rafts was pushed out. The passengers nearest it slid out into the sea.

Suddenly a woman screamed, "There's a fire."

Suarez turned and saw that flames from the magnesium fire, floating on the surface of the churning sea, were drifting back toward the escape hatches. There was no immediate danger near the rear emergency exits, so he moved his people out there. Overwing escape exits were too close to the fuel tanks to use.

Rall shouted back through the darkness, "Can everybody get out O.K. there? If you can't, follow me forward. The exit here is clear."

Eddie yelled back, "We're getting out O.K. back here, Dave."

Just then there was a shout from up front. "Help me, will you, Dave."

It was Everett. Rall plunged back and jerked open the flight-deck door to find his copilot down on the floor, desperately trying to get the life raft out. It was jammed under the seat. After pushing and pulling, the two men broke it loose, but by this time the water was chest high. They shoved the raft package out their escape hatch, and Everett followed, but Rall stayed behind. He wanted to make one last check of the cabin.

"You'd better hurry, Dave," Everett warned. "It's going down fast. Hurry."

Rall sloshed back through the plane on a final sweep. "Is anybody back here?" he called over and over. "Yell if you hear me." Silence. Smoke filled the cabin, dimming the faint battery lights, but the still-burning wing fire illuminated the cabin enough for him to see debris floating in the aisles. No one remained in the plane.

Rall waded back forward and squeezed out of the hatch to join Everett. They hung onto a radio antenna for a moment to survey the crash scene, then pushed the raft clear and swam after it.

The DC-7C's right wing had been shorn from the fuselage by the force of the crash landing, and Rall saw a number of survivors perched atop it. Others bobbed in the water waiting to be scooped up by the life rafts.

Miss Fuchigami swam around calling to those in the water nearby to stay together. Those separated, she herded together like a mother duck. "Please follow me," she said politely as she waited for a raft to make its way to them.

Rall and Everett in their ten-man raft paddled around the downwind side of the wreck collecting survivors. Rall eyed the wing and didn't like the idea of passengers clinging to it. It was full of sharp, jagged points where tubes and spars had been ripped apart. These were dangerous, especially in the dark. He yelled over to the survivors up there.

"Get off the wing. Be careful as you get down. We can't come any closer with the raft. That wing will punch holes in rubber. You'll have to jump off and swim to us."

Reluctantly the high-and-dry crowd obeyed, and all were pulled into rafts.

Rall watched the plane. It had settled lower and lower in the water. He shouted for all rafts to get far away from the ship. Then, about seven minutes after the crash, the DC-7C nosed down, its tail lifted momentarily high in the air, and slipped silently beneath the waves. The fire which had thrown some light on the disaster scene was gone.

Three twenty-man rafts and one ten-man raft had been successfully launched—more than enough to handle the fifty-eight people aboard the ill-fated airliner. But in the driving rain and darkness Rall still wasn't positive that all the passengers were picked up. The wind increased, and the rafts were soon blown away from one another.

He had the men in his small raft paddle toward the three bigger ones, and they were drawing closer when Rall saw a single light low in the water nearby. He shouted through the night to the figure that they were coming. No answer. The light just rose and fell on the wind-lashed waves.

Then Rall saw why there had been no reply. An elderly woman floated face down in the water. The captain reached out to the body and turned it over. The woman's eyes were open. Blood flecked her ashen face. She was dead.

Dave Rall turned to the others in his raft. There was almost no reaction. He realized then that his passengers were so deep in shock that even the discovery of the dead woman did not penetrate their dazed minds. Maybe it was better.

"There are already eleven people in this raft," he said quietly. "I can't jeopardize your safety by further overloading it. We've got to hurry and catch those other rafts. The rescue boats will soon be here. They'll recover the body. I think we should leave her." There were a few murmurs of assent. Rall nodded, and Everett and the other men with paddles set to work again.

It took nearly two hours to reach the other rafts. Sea anchors were let out and canopies spread to protect the weakened survivors from the storm. The four rafts were lashed together. Most of the passengers were seasick from the constant motion and could only slump helplessly in the bottom of the rafts.

A voice count among the rafts established that only one person was missing. She was accounted for by Rall's grim discovery.

From the survival compartments, buckets and sponges were broken out to help bail the rafts. Shark repellent and dye markers were tossed overboard.

There was no immediate danger now, but as dawn broke through the gray overcast and the squall lessened in its fury, the question that nagged most of the passengers was voiced.

"Where are the rescue planes? If they knew we were going to crash, why aren't they here? Will they ever find us?"

Rall and his crew assured the passengers that the delay was merely caused by the heavy storm in the area and that now that daylight had come, rescue was only a short time away. They hoped it was true.

The emergency radio had been lost when Mel English put it down to fight fire that floated into the plane during the ditching. By the time he had swept the burning liquid out, the water had been too deep to find the transmitter, and he had abandoned it.

Still, Ted Wright's position reports were right on the button and indicated exactly where the ditching would be. The crash site was close enough to Manila that the air-sea rescue flights from the United States Navy and Air Force bases should have been overhead hours ago. Rall looked at the cold and wet figures lying limply around him. They were exhausted in all stages of shock. Many had suffered cuts and bruises, and several had more serious injuries. Rescue had to come soon. It *had* to.

He tried to reconstruct what had happened that might have caused the delay. His orderly mind recalled each position report and transmission. Then he remembered—that last time when the Manila radio operator sounded excited. He took the position correctly, but did he understand the change in course?

Rall repeated to himself the message: *We are departing Amber Two on a new course to a point directly east of Manila.* In his hurry to pass on the distress signal, the operator must have assumed that the plane was then turning toward the coast. Instead, Rall had continued on a southern heading to get him closest to the rescue stations at Manila. If this guess was correct, the search planes were far to the north, sweeping over empty seas.

The rafts continued to drift with the wind, pitiful little circles of bright orange on a gray, fog-shrouded ocean. Then, faintly in the distance, Rall heard the throb of small airplane engines. His crewmen in their respective rafts reacted immediately. Smoke bombs and flares were broken out.

"Light 'em up—fast," Rall shouted. He had caught a glimpse of it—a twin-engined SA-16 rescue plane—but he realized it was heading *away* from them. Some passengers sat up and shouted and waved, but Rall knew the plane was too far away. Its scanners had to see the flares and the smoke.

He silently prayed as he watched the plane drone on. Suddenly it wheeled over on a hard, forty-five-degree angle and came boring down toward the cluster of rafts. They were seen. Help was on its way.

It was a Coast Guard Grumman amphibian. Two minutes later it was overhead. Dye markers, smoke bombs and shark repellent tumbled out from the open hatch. The plane circled low, around and around. Rall knew its radio operator was busy calling in other planes. It wouldn't be long now.

Excitement gripped the passengers now, and some came out of their shock-induced stupors. Light chatter began as they waved and shouted up pointlessly to the young Coast Guardsman hanging out of the open doorway. The leader of the travel tour group proudly held up his briefcase he had somehow saved from the crash. In it were the passports and the tickets for his traveling schoolteachers.

Another woman suddenly realized that she had clutched her pocketbook with her even as she floated around in the water waiting to be picked up.

That was the beginning of the end. The seas were still too rough for the small plane to attempt a landing, but the skilled Coast Guard pilot set his ship down, three miles away, in the slight protection of the leeward side of Polillo Island and taxied through the boiling waters to the survivors.

By 8:30 A.M. the plane was at the rafts and began taking survivors aboard. A bigger United States Navy PBM flying boat from Sangley Point naval air station joined the rescue effort about an hour and a half later. Neither plane could take off in the rough waters, so both taxied back to the comparatively smooth waters of Polillo Island harbor, twelve miles away.

Before leaving the crash area, Rall asked the skipper of the Navy flying boat to sweep the debris-littered area. A few minutes later a lookout sighted the pitiful little orange life vest and the body of the one victim, Mrs. G. Vernon Kelley, of Springfield, Ohio. She was taken aboard, and as Rall looked back at the empty sea, the plane's engines revved up for the run back to harbor. It had been five and one-half hours since the ditching.

A young Navy officer cheerily came back to the bay where the survivors sat. "Congratulations, captain," he said to Dave. "You did a tremendous job."

Rall looked up, his face mirroring the tension and the responsibility he had carried for those long hours. "Thanks, son," he said simply. "But I lost one. They didn't all make it."

The Navy man shook his head. "Sir," he said, "it's almost a miracle that anyone made it. You brought back fifty-six people, alive and well."

Rall closed his eyes. "You're right, son," he said. "It wasn't me. It was a miracle that did it." THE END

"That Alice Smith certainly adds zip to a party."

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Murder on the Turnpike (Continued from Page 37)

"What was it?" she asked in the same high, frightened voice. "What did those fools throw from the window?"

"Well, it's still tangled in the wiper," he said, and he began to extricate the soggy piece of cloth which had blown from the car ahead of him to plaster itself across his windshield. He spread it out on the hood. "Well, how about that?" he said, and pushed his hat up on his forehead.

The flaring red light of a patrol was already bearing down on him, swerving expertly through the lanes of heavy traffic. The time was nine-thirty-five.

At headquarters Captain Royce stood with Sergeant Tonelli and Lieutenant Trask studying the large map of the turnpike on the wall of his office. There had been no trace of the killer in the last forty-five minutes. Captain Royce knew that he had left Howard Johnson's No. 1 with the girl at approximately eight-fifty. Forty-five minutes meant forty-five miles; and in forty-five miles the killer had had opportunities of leaving the pike anywhere between Exit 12 and Exit 5. All those interchanges were under surveillance, of course; a car-to-car search wasn't possible, but Ford, Plymouth and Chevrolet sedans were being given close attention, particularly those that were driven by large men wearing glasses. The killer might have slipped by, but Royce was reasonably certain he was still on the pike.

He glanced at the big clock on the opposite wall, and Sergeant Tonelli checked his wrist watch.

In two more minutes the presidential convoy was scheduled to enter the turnpike at Interchange 5.

Tonelli cleared his throat. "Those reporters are still outside, captain," he said.

"Good place for 'em," Royce said.

Newspapermen and TV and radio reporters had been streaming into headquarters in the last hour. They might give Royce and the turnpike a bad time if he didn't brief them on what was going on and what plans had been put into effect to trap the killer; but Royce was prepared to accept this. All off-duty troopers were now back on the pike; it was a hundred-mile trap, guarded by every marked and unmarked patrol car that was certified for service. Three special riot squads were cruising at twenty-mile intervals, read to converge on any alarm with tear gas and shotguns. And Lieutenant Biersby at Communications had alerted all police within a hundred miles of the pike, and this net was being widened with every passing minute. The toll collectors, who were not police officers but unarmed civil servants, had been replaced by special details of State Police who had been transferred to Royce's command.

If this information were phoned in by a reporter to a radio or TV station, it would be on the air in a matter of minutes. And it would sound very good, Royce thought. People listening in would nod approvingly, no doubt, and decide the cops were doing a job after all. It might even allay a bit of their indignation the next time they got a ticket for speeding. But against the advantages of a good press, Royce placed one all-important fact—the killer might have a radio in his car, and he would certainly be interested in the details of the plans being made to trap him.

A bell rang at the dispatcher's desk, and they heard the crackle of the radio, a distant voice reporting. The dispatcher turned quickly and glanced at Captain Royce who had walked to the doorway of his office.

"Interchange Five reporting, sir," he said. "The President is on the pike. An eight-car convoy, with our patrols at the front and back. Traveling in the right lane at about fifty-five."

"All other patrols reported in position?" Royce said.

"Yes, sir."

Royce nodded and rubbed a hand over his damp forehead. Then he walked back to the map. He could visualize the progress of the convoy, and he knew the density of the surrounding traffic and the weather conditions on that stretch of the pike. None of it was favorable; the highway was slick with rain, and the traffic was both sluggish and heavy.

"Captain Royce!" the dispatcher in the outer office called in a rising voice. "Would you come here, sir?"

Royce, with Tonelli and Trask at his heels, reached the dispatcher's desk in long strides.

"Car Sixteen just reported, sir," the dispatcher said quickly. "He's just checked a stopped car. The driver pulled off the pike because a Howard Johnson's apron was thrown from the car ahead of him and hit his windshield. The apron came from the driver's window of a 'Fifty-two Ford with New York tags. The wife got the last three license numbers: six-four-two."

"Where was this?"

"Patrol Sixteen stopped at milepost fifty-four at ——" The dispatcher checked his pad. "I got his request to pull off the pike two minutes ago."

Royce made a swift calculation; the '52 Ford had those two minutes, plus the time it had taken the stopped motorist to hail a patrol. A total of five minutes, say, which would take him down to milepost fifty, at Interchange 5.

"Who's closest to fifty?" he asked sharply.

"O'Leary, patrol Twenty-one. He's tailing the President by a couple of hundred yards." He added unnecessarily, "Keeping the traffic behind the convoy slow."

"Flash him. Tell him to pick up that Ford. And alert our unmarked cars in that area."

When O'Leary received his orders from the dispatcher at headquarters, he was traveling in the middle column of southbound traffic at milepost forty-eight. The presidential convoy a few hundred yards ahead of him rolled smoothly in the right lane; he could see the red beacon of the tail patrol car flashing in the darkness.

O'Leary sat up straighter, big hands tightening on the steering wheel. He repeated the three digits the dispatcher had given him, then said, "Check!" and replaced his receiver. His heart was pounding with hope and excitement. He had been slowly closing the distance between himself and the convoy in the last five minutes, and he was fairly certain he hadn't passed any '52 Ford sedans. Which meant the killer was ahead of him, somewhere in the lines of traffic between himself and the convoy. Checking his rear-view mirror, O'Leary swung into the left lane, controlling the smoothly powerful car as if it were an extension of his body. He flashed by three slower cars and, after checking their license plates, swung back into the middle lane. He remained there long enough to inspect the plates ahead of him, and to his right, then swerved back to the high-speed lane and passed the cars he had eliminated. The rain made his work difficult, but he made his moves with deliberate precision, sweeping in and out of the traffic with effortless skill.

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It was at milepost forty-three that he made contact; the Ford was traveling in the middle lane, fifty yards behind the presidential convoy, but gaining slowly on it.

O'Leary dropped back discreetly and grabbed the receiver from beside the post of the steering wheel. "O'Leary, Twenty-one," he snapped to Sergeant Tonelli. "I've got him. Milepost forty-three south, middle lane."

"Hang on, here's the captain."

Captain Royce said sharply, "O'Leary, did you get a look at the driver?"

"No, sir. I'm three or four car lengths behind him."

"Any sign of the girl?"

"No, sir."

"Pull on past him. We'll cover with unmarked cars from now on."

"Check!" O'Leary was ready to turn into the left lane when he saw the Ford suddenly pick up speed and pull abreast of the presidential convoy. The eight-car convoy was proceeding at fifty-five, with intervals of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet between each sedan.

"Good Lord!" O'Leary muttered softly. The Ford was moving to the extreme right of the middle lane, angling slowly toward one of the intervals that separated the cars in the convoy. He picked up his receiver and cried harshly, "Tonelli, he's trying to get into the convoy. That's what he's been waiting for!" It was a wild, desperate plan, but there was a spark of brilliance to it; if the Ford sliced into the convoy ahead of a carful of Secret Service agents, it would be detected instantly. But if it moved into an interval between newspapermen or presidential aides, it might not be noticed. And once in the convoy the killer was assured of a safe exit from the pike; the President wouldn't be stopped at a toll gate—the entire convoy would be waved on with deferential salutes.

Captain Royce was already issuing commands that cracked like pistol shots from O'Leary's speaker. To unmarked patrols thirty and forty he gave the location and license number of the Ford and ordered them to intercept it, slow it down, keep it out of the convoy. To O'Leary he said, "Pull up beside him. He won't try anything with you there. When patrols thirty and forty get into position, pull on ahead a few hundred yards. And for heaven's sake, be careful. We can't have a wreck, and we can't have any shooting."

"Check!" said O'Leary and swung out into the left lane. As he pulled up beside the Ford, he saw the driver hunched forward over the wheel, but the streaming rain made it impossible to single out the details of his features; he had an impression of bulk, the flash of eyeglasses, nothing else. O'Leary slowed down to pace the Ford, which was still edging toward the right side of the middle lane. In the right lane the presidential convoy rolled smoothly down the pike, stately and decorous, with patrol cars at the head and rear of the column. O'Leary noticed that the Ford was swinging back gradually to the center of its lane; the driver had obviously spotted him and was postponing his move. In his rear-vision mirror O'Leary saw a pair of headlights rushing up on him through the rain that slashed vividly through the darkness.

This would be the first of the unmarked patrols. O'Leary moved a car length ahead of the Ford, then another, giving the trooper speeding up behind him room to cut into the middle lane and position his car in front of the killer's.

Sheila must be lying on the floor of the Ford, O'Leary realized, and the thought was a maddening one; he hated to leave now, but there was no place for impulsive heroics in the business of policing the turnpike. And his years of training and discipline were strong enough to counterbalance any temptation toward individual action. If she was in the car, her best chances of safety lay in police teamwork. If she was in the car—the thought made him feel sick. But he knew the killer might have knocked her unconscious, or killed her and thrown her body into the fields alongside the pike. To stop and get rid of her body would have taken only a few seconds; and in that brief time he would run little risk of being spotted by a patrol.

O'Leary stepped on his accelerator and moved ahead of the convoy; in his rear-vision mirror he saw a black station wagon cut smoothly in front of the Ford.

Harry Bogan cursed at his luck, cursed at the rain driving in thin, silver columns through his headlights. He hunched himself forward and wiped steam from the windshield with the palm of his hand.

A few minutes before he had been laughing with boisterous good humor. The plan was going to work; he had been convinced of it. The intervals between the cars in the convoy were long, and the rain was a fine, steaming cover for the move he had planned to make. He had read in the newspapers of the President's trip, that he was attending a floodlighted ground-breaking ceremony at a veterans' hospital in Plankton, near Exit 5, and that he was traveling back to Washington that night.

And then, as Bogan approached Exit 5, he had picked up a broadcast from the local station in Plankton which assured him that his plans to intercept the President's convoy were timed exactly right. The mayor was being interviewed; he spoke of the honor done the village by the President's visit, of the inspiring message the President had delivered not only to Plankton but to the nation, to free men everywhere. Bogan had listened intently, irritated by the big words, the round, oratorical voice booming in the car. And then the mayor had said, "Although he has been gone from us only a few short moments, we nevertheless miss him deeply, and our hearts wish him Godspeed on his journey."

That was what Bogan had needed to know—the time of the President's departure from Plankton. Until then he had been guessing; now he was certain.

But suddenly, as he was preparing to execute the final step, a police car had come up alongside him and had hung there with maddening persistence. And when it had finally driven on, a fool in a black station wagon was hogging the road in front of him, slowing him down to forty miles an hour and arrogantly ignoring the furious blast of his horn.

The convoy had pulled away from him, the red light of the patrol cars fading into the darkness, and the black station wagon had then swung sedately into the right lane to let Bogan pass. But now another fool was in the way, a man in a small pickup truck who seemed either drunk or suicidal; he weaved erratically in front of him, frustrating all his attempts to get by.

Bogan no longer felt inflated by the proud sense of accomplishment. Everything had become confusing and pointless; as with the breach with his brother and the long years of bitter and meaningless disappointments, there was no rhyme or reason to what was now happening to him, only the feeling of having been wronged somehow and the need to strike back at his tormentors. But his trail of splintered thoughts had come to a sustaining end. Every hand was raised to destroy him. But they wouldn't find it so easy.

He called sharply to the girl in the back seat. "You think you're going to marry your big handsome trooper, don't you? You think I'll turn you over to him safe and sound, eh? Pretty and sweet, so he can paw you. Is that what you're hoping?"

Sheila was lying on her side. In that position she was able to work at the buckle that secured the belt about her ankles. "Where are you taking me?" she said. There was no purpose to her question; she hoped only to distract him from his ugly preoccupation with herself and Dan. She couldn't bear the thread of obscene excitement in his voice, the frenzy of his insinuations.

"You'll know where I'm taking you when we get there," he said.

She had given up hope that her apron would be found. She imagined it wet and crumpled on the highway with thousands of tires grinding it into a soggy, unrecognizable mass. The only chance now was when he stopped to pay his toll at an exit; if it were possible, if he didn't discover that her hands were free before then, she would claw open the door and throw herself from the car. He would shoot her, of course; she knew that from what he had been saying and the sound of his voice that he intended to kill her one way or another. But she could choose the way; and she knew that a bullet would be infinitely preferable to being alone with him in the anonymous darkness that stretched beyond the turnpike.

Bogan laughed suddenly. The pickup truck had moved out of his way. He hadn't lost more than a few minutes. The President's convoy was traveling under the legal limit, probably only a mile or two ahead of him. There was still time to catch up with it. He pushed down on the accelerator.

"I'm s'posed to grow into it—but I hope I wear it out first!"

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At headquarters battle plans were laid. Sergeant Tonelli had marked the turnpike map with a red thumb tack at the killer's position and a dozen green ones to indicate the patrol cars surrounding him. Captain Royce sucked on his cold pipe and considered the problem to be solved; they would get the killer, of course, but the job was to get him without hurting anyone else. The presidential convoy was now well out of danger. After pulling ahead of the killer's blocked-off car, the convoy had moved to the left lane and increased its speed to seventy miles an hour, with a patrol car clearing the way with sirens. The convoy was streaking toward the last exit now, and the killer couldn't possibly catch it; and even if his car were fast enough, there were patrols available to cut him off.

"We might take him right on the pike," Tonelli suggested. "Box him in; knock him off the road. There'd be guns in his face before he knew what hit him."

Royce frowned at the map, considering the traffic and weather conditions in the killer's area. He didn't like Tonelli's idea; blocking a car at high speed was never an easy mission, but tonight it would be especially hazardous. He trusted his men and had a fierce pride in their skill and judgment, but he didn't intend to expose them to the caprices of a madman under these circumstances. Also, there were the civilian motorists to consider; if there was shooting or if the killer attempted to evade the patrols, it could cause a panic that might result in a bloody wreck.

"We'll let him get off the pike," Royce said. "He's got just three more chances, at Exits Three, Two and One. We'll take him when there's no chance of involving anybody else."

"And what about the girl?"

Royce turned from the map and stared at the windows; outside the weather had worsened, and the rain rolled in waves down the wide panes. He could see the flash of the turnpike traffic moving sluggishly through the storm.

"We'll try to keep him so busy he won't have time to worry about her," he said slowly. "It's all we can do. And it isn't much. Right now he's dangerous. He lost the convoy, and if he's not a complete madman he'll know he can't catch it. His plans have gone wrong, and he'll be expecting trouble." He rubbed his forehead. "If we could just calm him down a bit, make him feel confident. Then we could. . . ." Royce paused, still staring at the windows. A grim smile touched his hard, seasoned features. "He's looking for a convoy, isn't he, sergeant? Supposing we arrange one for him?"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen, then get hustling. Flash Interchange Two, and Sergeant Brannon at Substation South. We're going to put a convoy on the pike ahead of the killer. Our convoy. With escort patrols at the front and rear. We'll let him into it. Then we'll spring the trap."

The eight black sedans were commandeered from the municipal administrations of townships at the southern end of

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the pike. They were assembled in convoy column fifteen minutes after Royce's order was transmitted to Sergeant Brannon, and at one minute after ten o'clock they rolled smoothly through Interchange 2 and merged with the southbound traffic on the pike. The convoy moved into the right-hand lane, with the escorting patrols clearing a path with their sirens. At the head of the column was Trooper Frank Sulkowski, a seasoned veteran who kept the convoy speed down to fifty miles an hour. At the rear was Dan O'Leary. He was watching his rear-vision mirror for any glimpse of the killer's Ford. The eight sedans herded between them were manned by troopers and detectives in civilian clothes, and the drivers were purposely allowing an inviting interval between each car. The convoy was a moving trap, with seven holes baited to tempt the killer.

O'Leary lifted his receiver and spoke to Sulkowski. "I think we're too fast, Frank. Let's drop it a bit."

"Check."

Their exchange was monitored by the dispatcher at headquarters, who relayed it to Captain Royce. "Convoy's in lane three, milepost eighteen. Reducing speed below fifty."

Royce nodded and checked the position of the killer's car on the map. Standing beside him was Major Townsend, the state-police commandant's chief of staff. He had arrived a few minutes before, a wiry man in his late fifties, for a personal report from Royce on the situation.

"Milepost eighteen," Townsend said. "And where's the Ford?"

"A quarter of a mile behind. We've got it under surveillance. He's coming up steadily."

"And if he bites? What then?"

"The convoy will close up its intervals and swing over onto the middle lane. Unmarked cars in lanes one and three will come up on each side of him. He'll be in a four-car box."

"And supposing he doesn't bite? Is there anything about the look of our convoy that might make him suspicious?"

"I don't think so, major. Not unless he's a mind reader. There's nothing about our convoy to distinguish it from the President's. Particularly on a dark, rainy night like this one. Its rate of speed is consistent, and it's moving along right where the killer will expect it to be—in the right-hand lane, same number and type of cars as the President's, with patrols at the front and rear, beacon lights flashing."

"All right," the major said. "Assume he sticks his head into the noose. Where do you intend to take him into custody?"

Royce moved closer to the map and pointed to Exit 1, the last interchange on the pike. "Right here, sir."

O'Leary didn't identify the Ford until it pulled up alongside him in the middle lane; until that instant it had been nothing but a blur of approaching brightness in his rear-vision mirror. Now he saw the driver's bulky silhouette and, as the sedan crept past him, the license number. He picked up his receiver and spoke to Sulkowski. "He's just passing me, Frank."

Other voices cracked from O'Leary's radio phone—the dispatcher at headquarters, and then the troopers in the unmarked cars tailing the Ford.

O'Leary watched the killer's car pull slowly abreast of the convoy, red taillights winking in the rainy darkness. Then the car picked up speed suddenly and swerved right, taillights disappearing abruptly. The killer had slipped in between the third and fourth sedans in the convoy.

O'Leary said sharply, "He's in, Frank!"

"Check!" Sulkowski said. "Close up the intervals now and hang on."

The drivers of the third and fourth sedans in the convoy skillfully shortened the intervals between themselves and the Ford, and then the column of cars curved gracefully as Sulkowski swung into the middle lane. Unmarked patrols came up swiftly in lanes one and three to position themselves alongside the killer's car. The carefully timed mission was complete; the killer was boxed in on all sides, caught in a moving trap that rushed him along toward the last exit on the pike.

Captain Royce's plans to capture the killer were based on the fundamentals of simplicity and surprise; the police convoy would be escorted to the tollgate at the extreme right side of the interchange and kept well clear of normal turnpike traffic. The highway beyond the exit stretched a half mile to the Washington Bay Bridge, and this area was blocked off; all other traffic was being diverted to secondary roads.

At headquarters Royce explained the final details to Major Townsend. "We'll stop the convoy right here," he said, turning to the map and pointing to the right-hand toll booth at Exit 1. "About fifty yards this side of the toll booth we've placed a traffic standard of red blinker lights. When the convoy stops, a trooper will salute the first car and point to these lights, indicating that he wants the driver to stay on the right of them. Then he'll salute again and wave the car on past the toll station. He'll repeat this performance at the next two cars. The killer's car comes next. The killer will be watching, naturally, but all he'll see is a respectful trooper waving the President's convoy into its proper lane, expediting its departure from the pike." Royce prodded the surface of the map with his finger. "Meanwhile, troopers will be coming up behind the killer with their guns drawn. Dan O'Leary, who's the tail escort on the convoy, will leave his car and move up on the right. Troopers and detectives from the convoy cars will join him, covering the killer on both sides. They'll take him from behind, and they'll kill him if he makes a fight of it." Royce glanced at Major Townsend. "See any bugs in it?"

"No, it looks all right. I don't like exposing the trooper in front of the killer. And I don't like the fact that the girl's probably in the car. But if things were as simple as I'd like them to be, we could go fishing and let a pack of Girl Scouts make the arrest."

"I know," Royce said, and rubbed his forehead; the strain of the last three hours was evident in the lines about his mouth and eyes. "We'll need a break."

The dispatcher left his station and strode into Royce's office. "Captain, a trucker discovered the body of a young man at Howard Johnson's Number One. In a ditch near the truckers' parking lot. He's not conscious, but they seem to think he's in fair shape. His papers show he's the owner of the Ford the killer's driving."

"Ambulance on the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the boy's got a chance?"

"Seems like it, sir. He's lost some blood and has a nasty lump on his head, but he's breathing pretty well."

"That's one bit of good news," Royce said. "Maybe we'll get another break now." He turned and frowned at the map. "We'll know in a few minutes."

In the speeding convoy Bogan was laughing softly with relief and excitement. He felt snug and confident in the smoothly rolling column of official cars; in front and back of him, reassuringly close, were the privileged black sedans of the President's convoy, and on either side of him, coincidentally and luckily,

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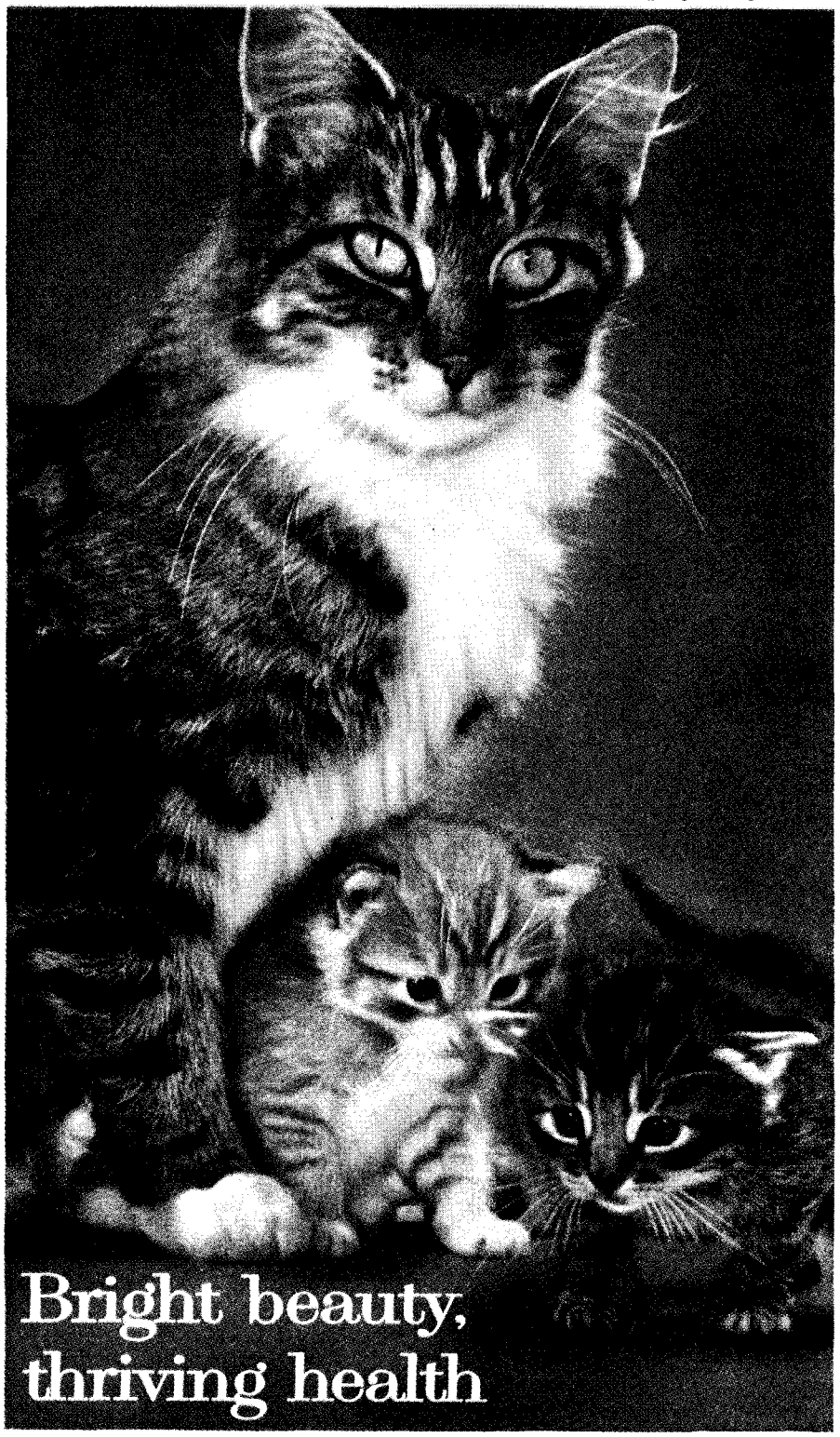

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were cars that happened to be traveling at exactly his rate of speed. No one could get at him now; he was safe from everyone in this speeding steel cage, rushing to freedom behind an invincible shield of power and authority.

He felt cunning and triumphant once more, all of his emotions raised to a thrilling pitch of excitement. He called to the girl, "We'll be leaving the turnpike soon. Courtesy of the police." He laughed softly, savoring the warm confidence running through him. "We're very important people, did you realize that? We're riding right along with the President. The police will salute and bow as we go by. It's a pity you can't sit up here with me and enjoy it."

Sheila had managed to unbuckle the belt about her ankles, but Bogan's words destroyed her hopes; if they didn't stop at the toll booth, what had she accomplished by freeing her legs?

"You're making a mistake taking me with you," she said desperately. "The police will be searching for me. If you let me go, I promise I won't ——" She stopped, knowing the hopelessness of her appeal and despising the sound of animal fear and entreaty in her voice.

"You won't tell on me, is that what you were going to say? I'm sure you wouldn't," he said with heavy sarcasm. "But the police won't find us. Don't worry about that. Not before we have our little talk. We'll go somewhere nice and quiet. And I'll get some coffee and sweet rolls. I know just the kind you'll like. They're covered all over with sugar, and inside there's a thick filling of jelly. I'll untie you and you'll be comfortable." Bogan frowned and touched his forehead; there was a strange, confusing pain there. What was it he wanted to explain to her? It had something to do with the big trooper she wanted to marry. Yes. He had to tell her that wasn't right. And there was the thing about his family, his father and brother, and the young couple in New York, the girl with the slim, bare legs she displayed so cruelly. They hadn't been nice to him, he remembered, and he thought it would be interesting to talk to them too. But he couldn't do that. Somehow they got away from him.

With saving instinct, Bogan knew he shouldn't be thinking about these things; they would confuse and anger him, and he needed all his cunning and strength to fight the forces ranged against him.

"You shut up," he said petulantly, sullenly. "You got me into this trouble. That's what I'm going to talk to you about later. You wait."

"Please," she said, and for the first time her voice broke; she knew then he wanted to kill her. "Please don't ——"

"Shut up!" he cried in a low, harsh voice, and hunched forward, eyes narrowing with tension.

The convoy was slowing down. Ahead he saw the arched lights of Interchange No. 1 glowing brilliantly in the darkness. The streams of turnpike traffic were fanning out as they entered the broad approach to the last exit. The convoy swung past a line of troopers standing at attention and turned toward the blinker lights and the toll booth at the far right side of the interchange. They were coming to a stop, and Bogan felt his heart pounding with fear; this was all wrong, no one could stop the President's convoy—unless they were looking for something. The thought was a lightning flash of terror in his mind. He pulled the gun from his pocket and rolled his window down halfway. A spray of cold rain struck his face. Beads of moisture collected on his glasses, and the traffic lights and police beacons splintered against them like threatening lances. In the silence he could hear the girl's rapid breathing.

"Don't you move or make any noise," he told her quietly. "If you do, you'll be responsible for the men I'll have to kill."

Bogan wiped his glasses with the tip of his index finger, clearing a small tunnel of visibility through the rain and lights and shadows. When he saw a trooper approaching the first car in the convoy, Bogan raised his gun and rested it on the edge of the rolled-down window. But the trooper stopped a good six feet from the first car, came to attention and saluted smartly. He pointed toward the standard of blinker lights, obviously directing the driver to the right of them, then saluted again as the car moved ahead slowly. The performance was repeated with the second car, and Bogan realized that this was simple routine, a respectful policeman directing the convoy into its appointed, privileged lane. He withdrew his gun from the window and let out his breath slowly. Everything was all right; the feeling of relief was so intense that he almost laughed aloud. Now the car immediately ahead of him was moving out, and the trooper was walking toward him with long, swinging strides, a tall black figure in the slashing rain.

Bogan heard the girl stirring behind him and heard the metallic click as the lock of the rear door was released; then a thin edge of cold air touched the back of his neck. He twisted about desperately, fear leaping through him in sudden, shocking waves. The girl was free, he saw; the belt was gone from her ankles, her hands were clawing at the partially open door. He felt nothing then but a despairing ache of betrayal; she was worse than all the rest, tricking him in silence, cunningly plotting to frustrate all his plans.

And then, through the rear window, Bogan saw the figure of a uniformed man running at a crouch toward his car. He cursed furiously and released the clutch; and at the same instant he turned and fired at the trooper approaching his car from the front. The thrust of the car under full power caused the rear door to close with a crash, and Bogan heard the girl scream in pain. *Her fingers*, he thought, as he swung the car to run down the trooper who had hurled himself to the roadway at Bogan's shot. *Slim white fingers, soft as velvet in a caress.* Bogan twisted the wheel savagely, swerving clear of the trooper and rushing at the toll booth. Escape was important, not the fool lying there in the rain. *Take care of him later, take care of them all later.*

O'Leary was six feet from the rear of the Ford when Bogan fired at the trooper. He leaped forward, closing the distance in one stride, but the car was already lunging away from him, swerving off sharply to the left; but then it swung back crazily to the right, heading for the toll booth, and O'Leary hurled himself at the rear door, catching the handle in both hands. The speed of the car jerked him off his feet, swinging his body in a bruising arc along the turnpike, but he kept his grip for a precious second, and managed to release the catch and open the door.

The Ford bucked spasmodically as Bogan shifted gears, and in that momentary halt O'Leary flung the upper part of his body into the back seat of the car. He wrapped his arms around Sheila's knees and let his weight go limp; and when the car surged forward again, his legs dragged along the ground, and then he was free, slamming painfully against the wet concrete with Sheila's light weight held desperately in his arms.

O'Leary came to his knees and held her tightly against him for an instant, isolating her from the roar of cars, the flash of gunfire. She was crying hysterically, saying his name over and over, but there was no recognition in her eyes or face. The terror would not leave her for a long time, but she was clinging to someone who would be with her until it did.

O'Leary left her with detectives who had poured from the convoy sedans and ran back to his own patrol car. The Ford had crashed past the toll booth and was racing down the half-mile stretch of highway that led to the bay bridge. But there was no escape now; three blue-and-white patrol cars were speeding after it, maneuvering for position with merciless precision. There were no other cars on the road; Bogan roared down a deserted tunnel, with patrol cars closing in behind him.

O'Leary shot past the toll booth after the pursuing police cars, holding his microphone to his lips. "He's all alone," he said. "The girl's out of the car, she's safe." His report sounded in the patrols ahead of him and at headquarters in Riverhead.

Captain Royce said, "Don't get careless now; don't take any chances. He's not going anywhere." And he issued an order to the bridge police to open their span.

The bridge barriers slid automatically into place, and the powerful cables at the four corners of the bridge began to turn on their drums, lifting the span slowly into the air. "Take him when he stops," Royce said.

Bogan saw water sparkling ahead of him, spreading away like a broad, calm meadow at dusk, with a soft wind stirring the leaves of grass so that they flashed with the last glancing rays of evening light. It was very lovely; quiet and peaceful. But he couldn't stop crying. The tears streamed from his mild eyes and ran coldly down his cheeks. He needed someone to comfort him; someone he wasn't afraid of.

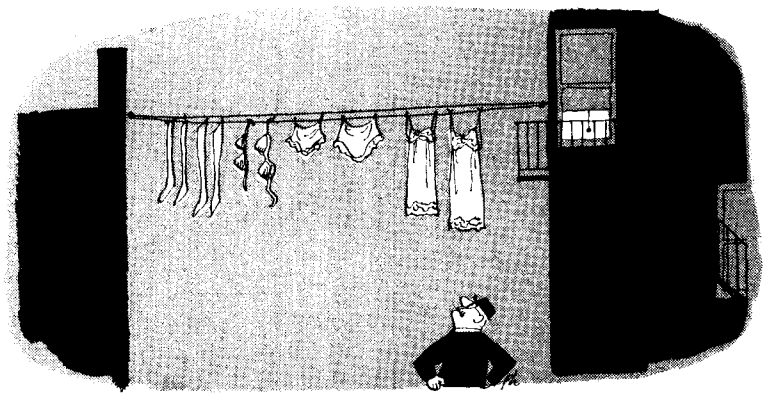
The patrol cars were racing up behind him, he saw; stalking him like great, dangerous animals.

Brilliant red lights flashed in his eyes, and he saw a barrier, and beyond that a heavy chain swinging across the highway. And beyond that nothing but the wide, peaceful meadow that looked like water in the curious confusion of nighttime lights and shadows. He heard the crash of his car against the barrier and then the wrenching, snapping sound of the chain giving, and then he was free at last, soaring toward the dark, mild meadow, as effortlessly as a bird, or a child's paper airplane.

Dan O'Leary swung his car about and snapped off his siren and beacon lights. He sat for half a moment with his arms crossed on the steering wheel, his forehead resting on the backs of his hands. It was all over; the Ford had plunged into Washington Bay, and after the noise of the crash and a plume of white spray, there was nothing left but the spreading ripples on the surface of the black, silent water.

O'Leary said a prayer that Sheila was safe. Then he started back to Interchange 1, where she was waiting for him. He drove at less than the legal maximum speed, steadily and precisely, his big hands firm on the wheel, his eyes alert on the road ahead of him. There was no need to hurry this last half mile to Interchange 1, he thought gratefully; the important part of him was already there.

THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mrs. Jones, a divorcee, rented a pleasant apartment with her alimony, but lacked the companionship to make it a home. So she persuaded an adult daughter by a previous marriage to move in with her. Immediately Jones objected to paying alimony to support a daughter he never had.

"I'm not required to provide my ex-wife with a bigger home than she herself needs," he argued. "If there's room for another woman in that apartment, obviously I'm being overcharged on alimony."

"Why is he screaming his head off as usual?" Mrs. Jones inquired. "Am I not allowed to have company without giving him a refund? The law requires him to provide me not merely with personal storage space, but a home."

If you were the judge, would you heed Jones's complaint?

• •

Jones won a 50 per cent reduction in rent money. The court ruled that, as he was not required to support his wife's daughter, he should not have to pay what amounted to her share of the rent.

Based upon a 1959 Florida decision.

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Actor Without an Ego

(Continued from Page 23)

Audrey Meadows, the tall, attractive redhead who played Gleason's wife on *The Honeymooners*, introduces another element. "Artie was creatively funny," she says, "always inventing gags." To this quality of inventiveness, Miss Meadows submits, Carney adds hard work, plus intuitive ability.

As far as anyone can tell, the only man in TV who does not seem to relish discussing and explaining Art Carney is Art Carney. In fact, he avoids the topic when he can. Since childhood he has been a splendid mimic; in conversation he is most comfortable when he is neither talking about himself nor being himself, but mimicking somebody else.

One evening when we chatted, Bill McCaffrey, Carney's agent, mentioned that the actor did not want his wife Jean and their three children subjected to the pressure of publicity and therefore wouldn't appear on Ed Murrow's old program, *Person to Person*. Instead of supporting McCaffrey with a statement or a nod, Carney began to imitate the stentorian Murrow visiting the ineloquent Ed Norton. It went like this:

MURROW: Isn't that a baby shoe I see on the mantelpiece?

NORTON: Yes.

MURROW: Isn't there any interesting story connected with that baby shoe?

NORTON: No, there is not.

MURROW: Isn't that an upright piano over there in the corner?

NORTON: Yes, that is an upright piano over there in the corner, and this is the table, and that is the chair.

It was devastating, and so effortless, that it seemed reasonable to assume that Carney as Carney would be assured and glib. He was not. He seldom is. He has neither the confidence nor the inclination to make generalizations about acting and he must be prodded before he will reveal much of himself. Even then, unlike his rapid-fire mimicry, his words come hard and slowly.

"I learned about acting first through amateur functions when I was a kid," he said, after a prod. "Then radio—that was acting experience. Then came TV. That was my training. Dramatic lessons? No. It isn't that lessons are bad, but if I started, I think I'd be thrown. Maybe I'm wrong. Lessons are good for some people, I'm sure. But not for me."

How had the switch to serious acting come about?

"It wasn't a switch," Carney said. "I didn't want to have a series or be a typed star. I don't say it's been easy, but it just doesn't pose a big problem to do a fun show and then the next month do a serious one. I've never considered myself a comedian. I've been an actor creating a funny character."

I asked him if, remembering his days of obscurity, he now had to pinch himself to make sure all his success is real.

"At times if I stop and think, I think, 'My gosh,'" Carney said, "but to tell you the truth I think more about what's going to happen next."

To the same extent that Carney does not sound like a man very sure of his success, he does not behave like one around TV studios. Usually he is silent and subdued. He studies his script carefully and takes instructions from a director—even when they are shouted—without argument, much less temperament. Sometimes during breaks he may hazard a little humor, perhaps putting on a set of funny false teeth, but most of the time he is so reserved that it would be difficult for a visitor to tell that Carney was the star. This nonegotistical approach, which runs to the core of the man, has its merits and disadvantages.

A few days before one of Carney's special shows last season, rehearsal time was moved back an hour. Through an oversight no one told Carney. The next morning when the troupe arrived they found Carney waiting.

"Where have you been?" he asked mildly.

"We weren't supposed to start until nine," someone said.

"Oh," Carney said. "I thought it was eight. I guess they forgot to tell me." To the delight of all hands, he let it go at that, and the company started work relaxed.

Similarly his flights of humor are helpful. During rehearsals for *Call Me Back* tension was particularly marked during those moments when Carney, as the drunken father, spoke to his daughter by telephone. At one point Tom Donovan, the director, called for a five-minute break.

At once Carney was on his feet, talking in a little girl's voice. "Good evening, Mr. Murrow," he said. "I'm Franny O'Neill, and that drunk, lying down there on the floor, that's my daddy, Tom O'Neill."

This was the amiable Carney, doing his best to help everyone relax. The uncertain side of Carney's nature was revealed later, during a minor crisis.

In the third act, just before the suicide, Tom O'Neill says to his daughter, "Franny, there are two things I want you to remember I told you: Be happy as much and as often as you can, and never slap an elephant."

How to interpret this line? Donovan suggested that this was something spoken out of the depths of drunkenness, a father desperately trying to offer his daughter last advice, succeeding for an instant, but then, yielding to the alcohol within him, babbling nonsense about elephants. "I thought this line was something that would shock and upset the little girl for all the rest of her life," Donovan says. "That's how we played it the first time."

After the videotaping was finished a producer objected, claiming that the elephant line was really funny, not shocking. Donovan argued, then compromised by agreeing to tape the entire third act again, "just to see if it plays better working the elephant line for a gag." In the version the audience saw, the line was played for laughs. But at no point during the argument or afterward did Carney speak for either viewpoint. Although he took the play as seriously as he has ever taken anything in television, he did not feel qualified to debate the question of interpretation.

There have been similar incidents, and some directors see in them humility beyond reason. "Art's got to learn to fight for what he wants," one director said. "After all, a good actor has to be more than a puppet, moving when someone else pulls strings."

But to others, the wonder is not that Carney won't debate fine points in the serious roles he undertakes, but that he undertakes such roles at all. Until a few years ago there was very little to suggest that he would be anything more than a moderately successful comedian and mimic.

Arthur William Matthew Carney was born on November 4, 1918, in Mount Vernon, New York, a middle-class suburb of New York City, the youngest of six sons sired by Edward Carney, a newspaperman and publicist. His mother is the former Helen Farrell. In grammar school Art won a contest by imitating Ned Sparks, the sour, cigar-chewing comic; in high school he won another contest by imitating Colonel Stoopnagle. He won no contests for grades, and he was summoned often to the principal's office to explain his poor deportment.

When Carney was graduated from A. B. Davis High School, his oldest brother, Jack, an official with the huge talent agency, Music Corporation of America, arranged for an audition with Horace Heidt, then a prominent bandleader who billed himself as Horace Heidt and His Musical Knights. After demonstrating his mimicry, Carney was hired as a Knight for fifty dollars a week. He did comedy bits, impersonations, sang novelty songs and announced the commercials when the Knights were on radio. "A good apprenticeship," he says. Before quitting Heidt's round table three years later, Carney was earning $150 a week. He was also married.

"I married Jean (Myers) August 15, 1940," he says. "I liked her looks. We went to high school together, but I didn't really know her until someone asked me to speak for her for class officer—make up a speech and put some humor in it. Well, another girl had asked me to do that, too, so I put both names in a hat, and I drew Jean's.

"We went together for four years, and then one day when I was in Chicago with Heidt I called her. She was in Maine on vacation, and it was a big deal to get a long-distance call. I could hear click-clicks going all over the place, people listening in. I didn't care. I told her to come out to Chicago so we could get married, and she did."

After leaving Heidt, Carney tried the night-club circuit and failed. He says now he can't remember any of the jokes in his act, which rings true since no one else remembers them either. Carney is not a

NEXT WEEK

I WAS A CAMPUS COP
By YALE'S EX-POLICE CHIEF

LOVE MADE ME AN AMERICAN
By FORMER CZECH OLYMPIC CHAMPION
OLGA FIKOTOVA CONNOLLY

WOMEN SHOULD *TALK* TO MEN
Why Intelligent Females Should
Quit Playing Dumb
By HANNAH LEES

DON'T CUT THAT TREE!
How to Keep Our Suburbs From
Becoming Wastelands
By CHARLTON OGBURN Jr.

In Color:
ICE IS THEIR ENEMY
The Men Who Supply Our
Northernmost Defense Line
By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT:
HIS DISASTROUS SECOND MARRIAGE

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY
BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

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stand-up, joke-telling comic like Bob Hope, and when his act flopped, he was so depressed he looked for work as a shipping clerk. Both Macy's and Gimbel's, New York's largest stores, turned him down. Cheerlessly Carney returned to mimicry.

He visited an official at the Columbia Broadcasting System, which then produced dramatizations of the news in a weekly show called *Report to the Nation.*

"My friends . . ." Carney began.

"Good Lord," said the executive. "He is Roosevelt."

"Blood, sweat, toil and tears," Carney added, before signing for $225 a week.

In sketches based on the news, Carney played President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, General Marshall, General Eisenhower and such until 1944, when he found himself demoted to private. He had been drafted.

"I was like a lot of other guys in Normandy," he says. "Never fired a shot and maybe never wanted to. I was hit on my fourth wedding anniversary. I was filling a canteen with water when something whammed me and I was on the ground with my right leg bent in a funny way. I moved the foot a little. It was still attached. Nothing hurt much. A piece of shrapnel had ripped into my right thigh, but it just felt numb, and I started hollering, 'Medic, medic.'"

Carney spent the next nine months in casts, waiting for the bones to knit properly. They never did, and to this day his right leg is three quarters of an inch shorter than his left. He limps a little when he is tired or under great strain.

After the war, drawing a fifty-five-dollar monthly disability pension, Carney returned to radio, and, in 1949, began to make TV appearances on a show run by comedian Morey Amsterdam. His break came two years later when he played a drunk on one of Gleason's skits. Gleason had never heard of Carney, but had accepted him on the recommendation of a gag writer named Arnold Rosen. "The first time I saw the guy act," Gleason says, "I knew that I'd have to work twice as hard for my laughs. He was funny as hell."

The Honeymooners was a funny show, created wildly, if not always in the best of humor. Gleason, the top man, is a loud, expansive extrovert, fond of living and traveling in a grand manner. (He sometimes hires a Dixieland jazz band to share a private Pullman car when he goes on the road.) Under Gleason were Carney, subdued, retiring and by then a skilled professional, and Audrey Meadows, less subdued than Carney, quieter than Gleason, also a skilled pro.

"I think the best times I've ever had," Miss Meadows says, "came when Artie was at the wheel, driving me home after a show. Both of us could relax and let down as he drove. The pressure was off."

One of Carney's favorite gags when they drove home was to shout a name at a crowd of people whenever they stopped for a traffic light. If the name happened to fit someone, Carney would then conduct an outrageous conversation until the light changed and he could drive off. One night Carney shouted at a group, "Hey, Morris, how are you?"

A man broke away and started toward the car.

"Hey, Morris," Carney said. "What did you do with your accordion?"

"Oh," said the man, deadly serious. "I don't have it any more. I sold it."

"Get going," Miss Meadows told Carney.

"The light's still red," Carney said nervously.

"Jump it," Miss Meadows said. "Let's get out of here."

This sort of zaniness evolved from both Carney's sense of humor and a show which seemed to thrive on chaos. Writers report that Gleason minces scripts so casually that three or four mincings a week was not unusual. "They had to be right," Gleason says, and, of course, the success of *The Honeymooners* is all the defense he needs.

But there had to be a show each Saturday, and since days might pass while Gleason minced, there were some weeks when no script was ready until Saturday morning. One Saturday afternoon no acceptable script was in sight, so Gleason sat down and pounded one out, with Miss Meadows and Carney looking over his shoulders, trying to memorize the lines as rapidly as they appeared. (This was the story in which Gleason decided to take a stray dog to the pound, learned that unclaimed dogs are killed, and returned home with a legion of mutts. It was quite successful.)

"It was always pandemonium," Carney says, "but I enjoyed it."

Through all his early years, unassuming Art Carney worked for dominant personalities. If Horace Heidt was not an absolute monarch, he was something less than democratic in his administration of the band. Gleason's impact is so powerful that even in Toots Shor's old restaurant, where all-star teams of forceful personalities competed for attention every night, he managed to hold center stage.

Three years ago, when Carney made the most decisive move of his professional life by taking a role in a serious play on Broadway, he encountered another powerful personality, Siobhan McKenna, a dark-haired Irish actress of great will and skill. Miss McKenna, trained in the Irish theater, brought to her work a classical background completely different from Carney's, along with a strong conviction that her background was the proper one.

Miss McKenna made it quite clear that she would rather discuss George Bernard Shaw than hear Carney imitate Arthur Godfrey. She was more interested in the psychological motivation of a character than in seeing Carney wear funny false teeth. Both of them now claim to be good friends, but Carney's repertoire includes a cutting imitation of Miss McKenna rolling her eyes and speaking with tremendous intensity.

The play that brought these two together as costars was a tortured study of sexuality and guilt called *The Rope Dancers.* The plot focuses on an evening when Carney, as a straying husband, visits a prostitute, then returns home and makes love to his wife, Miss McKenna. A daughter, born of the marriage, is marred by a sixth finger on one hand, which Miss McKenna sees as punishment for her husband's sin. For years the mother hides the child from the world and refuses to allow even simple surgery, which could remove the extra finger. Then, finally, when the mother does permit the operation, the young girl dies inexplicably.

"Pretty grim thing," Carney says, which should be taken as understatement.

When Carney accepted the role of the straying husband—he was the choice of Morton Wishengrad, the author—he plunged into the new and trying arena of intellectual Broadway. "I had no doubts about doing it," he says now. "I worried would my voice carry in a theater, but aside from that, it didn't bother me much."

Others, who watched Carney transform himself from a TV comedian to a serious Broadway actor, remember it differently. One night during the New Haven tryout, the audience, still thinking of Carney as Ed Norton, laughed through the first two acts and didn't stop laughing until the final tragic scenes.

"The worst night of my life," Wishengrad says, speaking for himself, and possibly for Carney. Wishengrad, Miss McKenna, and actress Joan Blondell, who played a supporting role, felt that Carney was suffering even after Broadway critics applauded him. They told him repeatedly how fine his performance was. "And he was good," Wishengrad says, "but I don't think he ever believed us."

"I knew how I wanted to play the husband," Carney maintains. "I wanted him to have warmth and humor, to be likable and sometimes funny." Carney succeeded, but as he was mastering the part, resolving a complex character among complex theater people, he did some drinking. He no longer drinks at all. Significantly he now says that if he does another Broadway play, it will have to be quite different from *The Rope Dancers.* "I wouldn't want to do two shockers in a row. I'd rather try a musical, something lighter."

Since Carney, despite all his uncertainty, has developed so rapidly in the last few years, and since he is only forty-two years old, is it possible that with more confidence he can become one of the genuinely fine all-round actors of the day? Alfred Lunt has said he admires Carney tremendously, and Ben Hecht, the hard-boiled Hollywood writer, announced when he met Carney, "You're the only s.o.b. on television who makes me happy." Such old movie and theater hands as Thomas Mitchell see Carney as a direct descendant of another generation of actors, who could do comedy or drama brilliantly and naturally.

But some people, Carney among them, are not so sure. One director feels that Art has gone as far as any actor can without formal training. "Even Sir John Gielgud," he says, "couldn't be what he is now if he hadn't spent years playing small parts in the classics and studying constantly."

There are no clues in Carney's home life, which he carefully separates from his career. Despite an income of around $250,000 a year, he lives unostentatiously in Bronxville, a few miles from Mount Vernon, socializing with old friends rather than show-business people. "Work is here," he said recently in New York. "Home is there." He pointed toward Bronxville.

His hobbies are photography and jazz. Summers, at his modest place in Saybrook, Connecticut, near Long Island Sound, he likes to cruise in his boat, an eighteen-footer with a fifty-horsepower outboard. He lives quietly, sleeps till ten or eleven when there are no rehearsals, and later goes shopping, perhaps for early-American antique furniture, or simply to get something that Jean needs for dinner.

"I fiddle around and listen to jazz records and then I fool around with Paul (his eight-year-old)," he says. "I put the garbage out once in a while. I'm good at it, very neat."

He talks vaguely of making a movie someday. "But the script would have to be right," he says, "better than what they've offered." In any event, his schedule has been about as crowded this season as it was a year ago.

Will he eventually try more demanding classics, such as Shakespeare? "Well, I haven't read much of Shakespeare, and I haven't understood all that I did read, so to tell you the truth I haven't any strong urge to try." Of course, only a few seasons ago Carney could have said just as sincerely that he had no urge to try O'Casey or O'Neill or TV dramas that end in suicide.

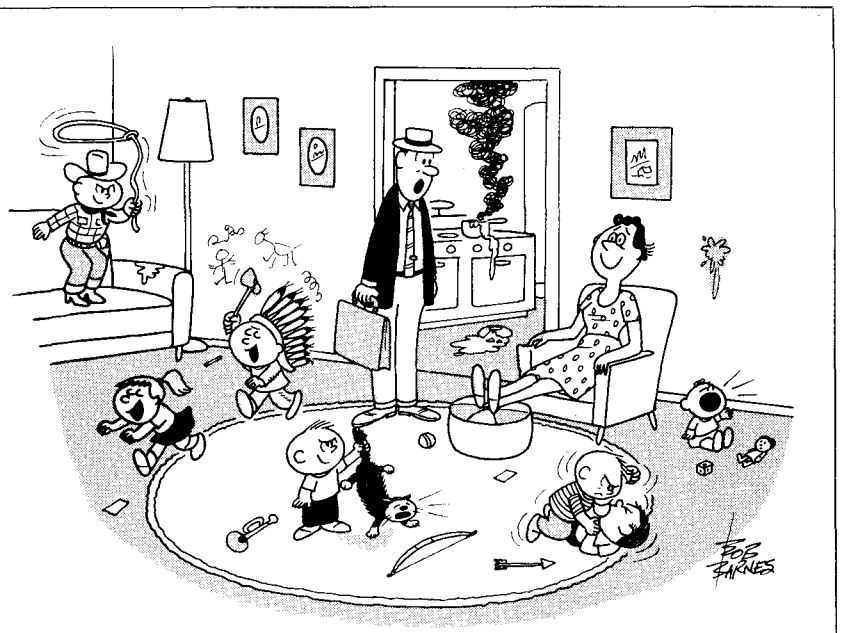
Because he is a natural actor, Carney eludes precise definition by his colleagues, and because he is still developing rapidly, he cannot precisely define himself.

"Sure I've been a heel at times," he told someone who wondered if all the reports on him were too glowing. "I've done things, scooted around, but I've never worked it so I got a bigger part than someone else. Just faults of a human being, that's the way I've been a heel."

He paused and considered. "A lot of people," he said slowly, "aren't apt to take success gracefully. Mostly they're people without good solid talent, and they try to make up for it with clothes, or by getting married five times."

Does this mean that Carney, the solid family man, is finally admitting to himself that he has a great deal of talent? Perhaps, but as of now his skills far exceed his ego. One of his friends suggests that Carney's ego will have to grow a little more before we can find out how good an actor Carney ultimately will be. Perhaps, as Carney maintains, he has already realized his professional goals. Still, it is pleasant to speculate that Art Carney may be one of those rare and gifted people who cannot stop long at one goal before setting forth to realize another, more difficult and greater than the first.

THE END



"Just how many of those tranquilizers did you take?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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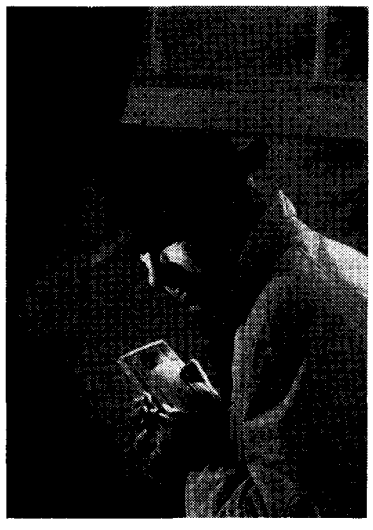

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Frank Lloyd Wright: Defiant Genius

(Continued from Page 24)

cream. It would be all right, she said, if the tourists took a few pictures, but they must be gone by the time she got back. One can picture the lady's consternation when on her return, she found that Englishmen had spread through the house like termites, had moved the table out of the dining area and filled the hallways with reflectors and other photographic gear. But what seared her memory was the injured tone in which the leader remarked, as she drove the intruders out, that she was "a most unsympathetic occupant for a house by Mr. Wright."

More acceptable persons, such as journalists, architects and historians, who telephone for appointments, also appear from time to time, but some dwellers in Wright houses have understandably adopted a policy of "Keep Out—This Means You." They feel that a house is still a castle even when it happens to be a work of art. Owners in this frame of mind have resorted to wire fences, locked gates and fierce dogs and have removed their names from mailboxes in an effort to preserve privacy.

Such measures are understandable in the light of the experience of a lady for whom Wright designed a house on the Arizona desert. Relaxing one afternoon in her bedroom, she began to have a feeling that someone was looking at her. Glancing at the long band of characteristic Wrightian windows, she saw that this was actually the case, for a lady and gentleman had ridden up on horseback and were staring into the room. Seeing that the occupant had noticed them, the rubbernecks struck up a conversation along the lines that it must be a privilege to live in a house designed by Mr. Wright.

"Oh, yes, indeed—a great privilege," the owner replied. Next came the question, were there any disadvantages to living in such a house? The householder then said, between clenched teeth, "Yes, there is one frightful disadvantage—awful people ride up on horses and look in your bedroom windows."

Peering intruders, however, are not the only difficulties of houses designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. A minor annoyance comes from his habit of scaling the width of passageways and the height of lintels to his own trim five-foot-eight-inch body, which causes persons of greater bulk to have some slight trouble in getting through. The modest-sized Sir Christopher Wren did the same thing, to the inconvenience of his royal patron.

Moreover, the main rooms of Wright's houses, though commodious, occasionally have brought on a feeling of psychic pressure. This caused the eminent Prof. Otto Vulckers of Stuttgart to remark that in some of Wright's rooms one heard incessant voices calling, "Here I am, the chimney; and I have been laid up naturally of stone taken from out of the earth.... Here I am, the ceiling; and I am coming right down at you!"

Something like that must have overcome the lady who reported that, after buying a Wright house from its original owners, she found it so disturbing that it put her in a hospital with a nervous breakdown. But she resolved "not to let the house conquer her," finally got used to it and found that living in it gave her feelings of satisfaction and joy.

In the year 1909 there arose an additional disadvantage, keenly felt by some owners of Wright houses, that has now completely passed away. This discomfort came from the householders' fears that they might share in the heavy public reproach that was directed against their architect because he ran away to Europe with a client's wife. There had been something epic in the scale of desertion achieved by Wright and Mamah Borthwick Cheney—between them, they abandoned eight children, as well as two worthy and respectable mates. Moreover, if Frank Lloyd Wright had conducted months of research to find the exact spot in the United States where such conduct would evoke the severest censure, he could not have improved on conservative Oak Park, the Chicago suburb in which he lived and where both he and Mrs. Cheney were widely known. And he topped the performance by announcing, "I am no woman's property."

In leaving his wife and family at Oak Park, Wright was doing what his father had done nearly a quarter of a century before at Madison, Wisconsin. Wright's getaway, which took place in early October, was the climax of a frenzied day in which he rushed around Chicago selling his collection of Japanese prints, taking his money from the bank and handing over the plans on the drawing boards to an architect named Herman von Holst, who knew very little about his work. Sensibly enough, von Holst asked Wright's associates—Marion Mahoney and Walter Burley Griffin—to collaborate on finishing the designs. Meanwhile, Wright arrived in New York and met Mrs. Cheney, who had come on from a Colorado resort. They sailed together for Europe the following day.

> An interesting age for a woman is any other woman's.
>
> THOMAS J. MULLEN

All this was known in the church and social circles of Oak Park, but nothing a newspaper could publish turned up until a Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* discovered that mail addressed to Mrs. E. Cheney was handed to the lady who was represented by the words "and wife" after the signature of Frank Lloyd Wright on the Adlon Hotel register. The same reporter came upon a post card addressed to Wright at the office of his publishers, Ernst Wasmuth and Company, 35 Markgrafen *Strasse*, and cabled a copy to Chicago. "O.P., October 20," said the post card. "My Dear: We think of you often and hope you are well and enjoying life, as you have so longed to. From the children and your wife, Catherine L. Wright." The other side of the card was a photograph of Unity Temple.

With this lead in hand, reporters set out at once for Oak Park, their editors justifying the sortie, and the inspection of hotel registers and mail, by pointing to Wright's international reputation as an architect. Supported by a clergyman, Catherine Wright met the press and made what seems today to have been a regrettable gesture by issuing a long statement that not only failed to end the story but did a great deal to keep it alive.

"My heart is with him now," said Mrs. Wright. "He will come back as soon as he can. I have a faith in Frank Lloyd Wright that passeth understanding, perhaps, but I know him as no one else knows him. In this instance, he is as innocent of wrongdoing as I am. These cablegrams and bits of verification do not change my position in the least, nor alter my feelings. Why, this is simply the publicity part of a struggle that has been going on for a long time." After pausing to reflect for a moment on nearly twenty years of marriage, Mrs. Wright continued, "His whole life has been a struggle. When he came here as a young architect, he had to fight against every existing idea in architecture. He did fight, year after year, against obstacles that would have doomed an ordinary man. He has fought the most tremendous battles. He is fighting one now. I know he will win."

The reporters then asked if Wright would be compelled to add a court action to his other struggles. Catherine answered, "Whatever I am as a woman, aside from my good birth, I owe to the example of my husband. I owe myself to him. I do not hesitate to confess it. Is it likely then that I should want to commence court action? I shall make no appeal whatever to the courts. I stand by my husband right at this moment. I am his wife. He loves his children tenderly and has the greatest anxiety for their welfare. He will come back to them."

Although Mrs. Wright's interview filled several columns, its candor failed to keep the newspapers from applying to her husband and his fellow traveler the words "affinity" and "soul mate," which were terms of disrespect in the journalistic jargon of the day. Meanwhile, the other deserted partner, Edward Cheney, gave Catherine an example of a different kind of press relations when reporters cornered him during an intermission outside a concert hall. "I don't care to discuss this matter at all," said Mr. Cheney.

But a great many other people in Chicago, whether or not they had anything to do with Frank Lloyd Wright, discussed "the matter" freely. The city's preachers, for example, were prompt in pointing out the error of taking up with a soul mate, as in Pilgrim Congregational Church, where the Rev. Dr. Frederick E. Hopkins spoke to a capacity audience on the subject, "Affinity Fools."

The minister depicted for his hearers a married woman who "tries to make herself think she understands a lot of gab from the platform of her club about the larger, the fuller life and her sphere. Along happens a knave. Together they begin to think and talk about how they understand each other. They look a long time at each other and breathe deep, like an old sitting hen. What wonderful things they discover together, and how different the world looks through each other's eyes. Thus they proceed through weeks and months of slush until one day there is a splash, and both have tumbled into the same old hogpen where thousands have tumbled before them."

Then the pastor told of the husband who leaves a good wife for a woman "made by milliners, dressmakers, dancing academies, hairdressers and the devil." A note of horror came into the peroration when Doctor Hopkins said, "If you have gone down into the refrigerating rooms of a big packing house and looked at a row of pigs' faces hanging on their hooks, you have seen a perfect picture of affinity fools unmasked."

Unaware that he was the subject of such eloquent preaching, Wright saw the Wasmuth monograph on his work through the press and then toured Italy with Mrs. Cheney, coming to rest in a small villa at Fiesole, in the olive-tan Tuscan hills.

Wright needed rest and a change of scene, for even his great energies were exhausted by the emotional turmoil through which he had put himself and his family, plus years of unremitting work at what well may be the most exhausting of professions. Wright believed, as his wife had said, that he was arrayed in mortal combat against forces of artistic reaction, his banner carrying the Lloyd-Jones family motto—Truth Against the World. But up to this time the world had scarcely mistreated Wright, for he had international critical recognition and more work than he could do. The real struggle on Wright's hands in 1909 was that of regaining a place in conventional society. And the way he went about it was not only characteristic, but absolutely certain to postpone his social rehabilitation for an indefinite time. Wright proposed nothing less than to compel the public to admit that everything he had done was fully justified.

With this quixotic end in view, he left Mrs. Cheney in Europe and came back to the United States toward the close of 1910. During his absence the newspapers had coined the grinding phrase "spiritual hegira" to describe Wright's travels, and these words were ringing in his ears when he returned to his Oak Park home. He told Catherine he was willing to meet his obligations and resume family life at the Studio—but he would still act as Mrs. Cheney's protector. To no one's surprise, except possibly his own, he failed to persuade his wife to accept such an arrangement. Nor would Catherine agree to a divorce.

"I am prepared to accept a worm's-eye view of society," said Frank Lloyd Wright. At this time his only encouragement came from his mother, who gave him the 200-acre farm site she had inherited near Spring Green, forty miles outside Madison in the southern Wisconsin hills. Here he began to build the house Taliesin, which took its name from the Welsh word meaning "Shining Brow." Never quite completed, because of Wright's ceaseless alterations and additions, Taliesin is perhaps his greatest work. With characteristic feeling for terrain, he put it just below the crest of a hill from which there spread magnificent views down the valley and across a countryside similar to that from which his Welsh ancestors came.

"No house should be on a hill," said Wright. "It should be *of* the hill." This was a good description of Taliesin, whose connecting courts were built of the fawn-colored local stone, so that they looked like a natural outcropping. It all struck the enchanted viewer as a splendid working-out of Wright's organic theories, along with a suggestion of the outlaws' lair in *Lorna Doone*.

In August of the same year Edward Cheney obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion. Again he resisted any temptation he may have felt to discuss his affairs with reporters, and several months went by without newspaper mention of Frank Lloyd Wright. Then it became known, just before Christmas, that Mrs. Cheney had returned from Europe and was permanently established at Taliesin. This was the announcement of Frank Lloyd Wright himself, given to an invited audience of reporters. The newsmen found him standing before the great fireplace at Taliesin, wearing a purple robe. Nearby sat Mamah Borthwick Cheney in an Oriental gown, listening while Wright read the statement.

"Let there be no misunderstanding," he began. "A Mrs. E. H. Cheney never existed for me, and now is no more in fact. But Mamah Borthwick is here, and I intend to take care of her." He went on to explain that they waited a year before walking out, but since he "neglected to inform the Chicago newspapers" it was "said that he had eloped." Of course that was exactly what he had done; but he achieved a certain dignity when he

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concluded, "And now that all have worn their hearts for daws to peck at, may not the matter be left in privacy to those whose concern it chiefly is?"

And so Wright settled down, if the term may be used, to an existence divided between his drafting room at Taliesin, an office in Orchestra Hall and a small apartment at 25 East Cedar Street on the near North Side. Mrs. Cheney, or Mamah Borthwick, as she was now legally named, also settled down as the chatelaine of Taliesin. From time to time she had her young son and daughter at her side, but they also stayed, on occasion, with their father, who had remarried a year after his divorce. Since her days were not altogether taken up by the duties of motherhood, Mamah Borthwick was able to indulge in various intellectual pursuits. It was this side of Mamah's personality that made her so attractive to Wright. He was delighted to join his "loyal comrade" not only in strolling through the Taliesin gardens and driving along the back roads in the spring wagon behind the farm horses Darby and Joan, but in translating a work on free love by the Swedish feminist Ellen Key, and in making plans to buy the weekly *Spring Green Republican* and convert it into an organ of enlightenment, with Mamah as editor.

Wright also was pleased that his second son, John Lloyd, joined his office at this time to learn architecture. Always sympathetic with his father, John found nothing to complain of except a difficulty in collecting his pay. The trouble was that Wright's great allies had been women; now they began to look on him with caution as one who would put aside the conventions provided for the protection of their marriages and their children. As a result, commissions for houses fell almost to nothing, and while Wright's income dropped, his expenses rose. Financially speaking, Wright was in the predicament of a juggler who has to keep tossing Indian clubs into the air to avoid being hit on the head by those coming down.

Wright met these embarrassments with a bold face that never faltered. He was capable, for example, of inviting a group of colleagues to supper at a restaurant and passing the hat among them for the bill with perfect composure when he discovered he was short of money. Thus he gathered the thanks due a host while at the same time enjoying the practical advantages of a Dutch-treat party.

His fearlessness in the presence of bailiffs and creditors, like that of characters in the stories of P. G. Wodehouse, was exemplified on another occasion when a sheriff's man appeared at the Orchestra Hall atelier with an order to lock the place and seal its contents in judgment for a $1500 debt.

Wright coolly asked for thirty minutes' grace, saying to John, "Show him what we have here," as he hurried out. While the man marveled at the drawings John spread before him, Wright went to a friendly client and obtained a $10,000 advance. He came back just under the deadline, took the bailiff to the bank, cashed the check and handed him $1500 in cash.

The officer now withdrew most respectfully, with many apologies for "having disturbed Mr. Wright." But here was the pleasant sum of $8500 left, and Wright said, "Let's go shopping, John." On the ensuing excursion through the Loop, Wright bought a fur-lined overcoat, a dozen chairs for Taliesin, various objects of art and two grand pianos. Then he returned to his office, broke and happy again.

Toward the end of 1913 a large commission came along, apparently just in time to avert disaster. This was the contract to design the Midway Gardens, on the South Side, for young Edward Waller, whose father had once offered to finance Wright on a tour of European study. The son now proposed to erect on Cottage Grove Avenue opposite Washington Park "the most beautiful and complete concert garden in the world." And he succeeded in doing so, though the Gardens were destined to financial failure. But they were unforgettably delightful in the few years before prohibition tore them down.

When this conception was laid before Wright, he instantly understood what Waller had in mind. As his colored pencils flew over the paper, he showed the promoter where patrons would enjoy themselves in beautifully proportioned rooms or outdoors along lantern-lighted walks and flowering terraces. A stage took shape before Waller's eyes—that was where Max Bendix of the Chicago National Symphony would lead a concert orchestra, and the ballet dancers would perform, and the highest class of vaudevillians sing and caper. And over here, in a roomy pavilion, would be the "opera chairs" for those who wanted only to see the show and hear the music, and not be urged to order food or drink. But on the other side a "private clubhouse" would be placed for the limited but highly desirable class of customers to whom the expense of an evening's entertainment was no object.

As it turned out, no one got rich from Midway Gardens, but the buildings were begun in an atmosphere of great hope and high purpose. Although the architecture of the Gardens' walls and balconies was based on geometric forms, like all Wright's designs, and was in that sense a work of abstract art, the architect decided to adorn the composition with sculpture based on the human figure. He found perhaps the one man in the United States who could do this for him—Alfonso Ianelli, a sculptor who had gained a reputation by his contributions to the San Diego Exposition. Working in a shack that Wright and his colleagues called "the black-and-silver studio" because of the shiny nailheads against its tar paper, Ianelli produced the famous "sprites" of the Midway Gardens, figures that somehow combined plane surfaces into gracefully posed young women with hauntingly enigmatic smiles.

This brilliant solution of an aesthetic problem by a colleague was typical of the way things went at the Midway Gardens project. Everything turned out well: John Lloyd Wright distinguished himself with fine work on an abstract mural in the bar; Waller brought in one of the city's leading caterers, John S. Vogelsang, to take charge of the food and service; and even the union goons who blackmailed the project were somehow satisfied. It was indeed a period of serene and encouraging achievement; but it presaged an unimaginable storm, both in the world at large, on which the war in Europe was about to burst, and in Wright's own life.

The Fourth of July, 1914, found Wright working hard at the Gardens while most Chicagoans were relaxing in various ways. Some took in the matinee performance of Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr in *Potash and Perlmutter*, or viewed the sensational screen drama, *Traffic in Souls*, with its bold exposure of commercialized vice. Others, like Edward Cheney in Oak Park, passed a quiet day in preparation for taking the children to see the fireworks in the evening. At the end of the month, Cheney planned to send the girl, twelve-year-old Martha, and her ten-year-old brother John to their mother at Taliesin, and he wanted to enjoy their company while he could.

The children brought good reports from Spring Green, where there were horses to ride, streams to fish and many fascinating things to be seen in the drafting room or around the building projects that were continually going on. By all accounts, Cheney reflected, Wright must have made things comfortable up there, as he had a butler and a cook, in addition to farm help. And it was good for the children to be with their mother.

The Taliesin servants were Julian Carleton, a thin-lipped Barbadian Negro, and his wife Gertrude. Wright had engaged them on the recommendation of his catering associate, John Vogelsang, who certainly should know what he was talking about when it came to butlers and cooks. Carleton seemed unusually bright and well educated. His wife was a courteous and willing worker, and together they were an important part of the generally satisfactory setting in which Frank Lloyd Wright was now playing his role. In fact, Mamah and Wright agreed that the couple, in their third month of service, were "almost too good to be true."

Nothing could appear more normal than what the Cheney children found when they got back to Taliesin on the first of August. Mamah Borthwick, as always, was delighted to see them; their friends among the draftsmen and farm people were still there; and the Carletons functioned in their usual quiet and efficient manner. But in the kitchen, during the next two weeks, Gertrude sent frequent apprehensive glances at her husband. No one had made any remark, but Gertrude knew he had begun to act in a very strange way. More than once she heard him mutter that certain people were picking on him. And so Gertrude was pleased when Julian ordered her to tell "the Wrights" that life at Taliesin was too lonely for city servants and that after lunch on the fifteenth he and his wife were going back to town.

On that day, with Wright in Chicago, six employees gathered for lunch in the staff dining room at Taliesin. They were William Weston, skilled carpenter and trusted foreman of the farm; his son Ernest, a boy of thirteen who did chores and studied architectural drawing; Emil Brodelle and Herbert Fritz, draftsmen; and two handy men, Thomas Brunker and David Lindblom.

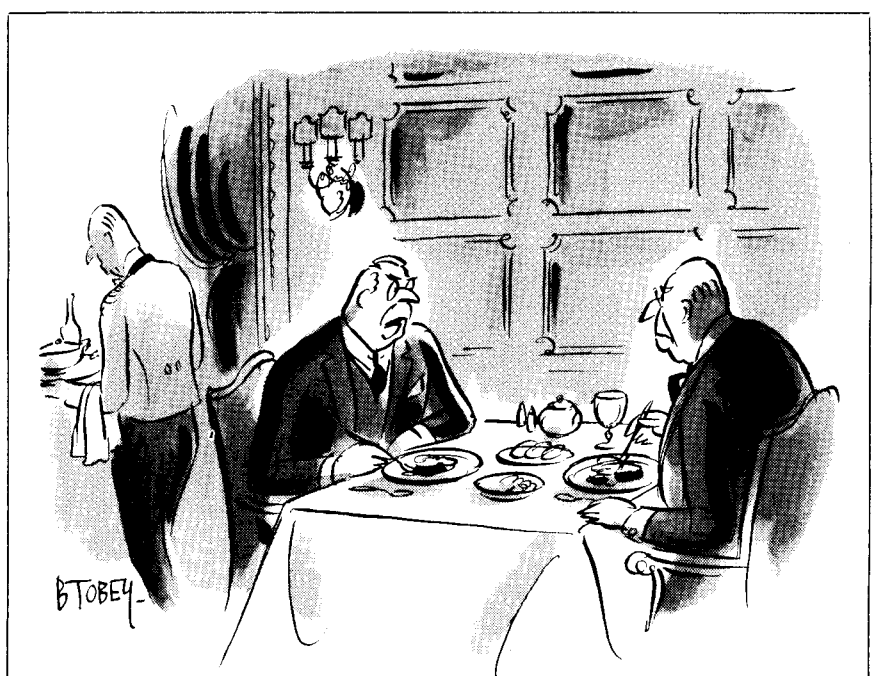
Carleton placed soup before the employees, then served Mamah Borthwick and the children at a table on a screened terrace overlooking the pond and returned to his kitchen. Herbert Fritz finished his soup and became aware of a slight delay. Glancing around the room, he noticed a film of grayish liquid, with clusters of bubbles on its surface, flowing from under the kitchen door. He assumed that Carleton had upset some liquid soap by accident—but the material was gasoline, which the butler was carefully pouring from buckets in the kitchen. Carleton had been at work with swift efficiency, locking the door from the dining room to the courtyard and arming himself with a hatchet. He now opened the kitchen door and tossed a lighted match into the dining room.

As the gasoline exploded, the five men and the boy rushed against the locked door. While they were trying to break it down, Carleton ran to the terrace, where he killed Mamah Borthwick and John Cheney with his hatchet before they could get up from their chairs. Martha ran out to the courtyard, where Carleton caught up with her. He left her dead on the flagstones.

Meanwhile, William Weston had broken down the dining-room door. He came staggering into the courtyard, helping his son Ernest along. Carleton sprang at them, knocked Weston down with a glancing blow and killed the boy and David Lindblom, whose clothes were on fire.

With their clothes also in flames, Brodelle, Brunker and Fritz had jumped through the dining-room window. Now Fritz looked up to see Carleton come around the corner of the house and kill Brodelle. Though his arm was broken, Fritz had the presence of mind to roll downhill and put out the fire in his clothes. Before running out of sight, Carleton knocked Brunker unconscious. He lay there with his clothes blazing; three days later he died of the burns. That night, Fritz sent his mother a telegram that was a model of brevity—"Our house burned. I am all right." But at the moment, he pluckily ran back up the hill toward the burning building, unable to believe the facts of the waking nightmare—in about two minutes, Carleton had killed or fatally injured seven people.

A column of smoke rose into the sky, and the bell in the Lloyd-Jones family chapel, at the foot of Taliesin's hill, began to sound the alarm. Neighboring farmers, many of them related to Wright,



"We are, needless to say, unloading our place in Hyannis Port."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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hurried to fight the fire; some ran home for weapons and started through the cornfields in search of Carleton after they heard what he had done and saw his work. The Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, Wright's Chicago uncle, who happened to be at Spring Green, rode out at the head of a posse, while Sheriff J. T. Williams summoned deputies to see that Gertrude was safely transferred to the Dodgeville jail. The murderer could not be found.

In Chicago, Wright had finished lunch with his son John in the uncompleted bar of the Midway Gardens. They were discussing their work, as usual, when a telephone call came in. "Mr. Wright?" he heard a voice say. "This is Frank Roth in Madison. Be prepared for a shock. Your wife—that is, Mrs. Cheney"—and after that it became incredible. Wright replaced the receiver and said to John, "Something is wrong at Taliesin. I must go to Spring Green at once."

While Wright's train rolled from flat to hilly country on the way to Madison, the volunteer firemen were controlling the flames at Spring Green. But only a third of the house remained, and what the fire had not destroyed was ruined by smoke. Meanwhile, the search for Carleton continued, and as the sheriff picked his way through the ruins, he heard a noise in the boiler of the central heating system. He opened the door and dragged Carleton out. The man's lips were burned, but not by the fire; he whispered one word—"Acid." After the massacre, Carleton had swallowed a muriatic-acid cleaning fluid from the household stores. They took him to the Dodgeville jail, where he died from the effects of the poison.

When Wright got to Spring Green that evening, deputies and armed countrymen brought him to the house he had designed for his brother-in-law, Andrew T. Porter, where the hacked and burned bodies lay. Sympathy for Wright was tempered by a strong though irrational feeling that the tragedy was somehow his fault. In the shock of horror, Wright said that a funeral service for Mamah Borthwick "could only be mockery" and he ordered a deep grave dug in the family-chapel grounds. At this point Edward Cheney appeared. Leaving the Porter house, he encountered Wright, who tried to express his grief and remorse.

"It's all right, Frank," said Cheney.

"Thank you, Ed."

"Good-by, Frank," said Cheney and continued on his way.

Wright told the Taliesin carpenters to make a plain box from newly cut white pine. When this was ready, he filled it with flowers from Mamah Borthwick's garden. Helped by his son, he lifted the body and, as he recorded the event, "let it down to rest among the flowers that had grown and bloomed for her." The faithful little sorrel horses, Darby and Joan, were waiting at the spring wagon, and to this conveyance the workmen carried the coffin.

Walking beside the wheels and followed by John and two young Lloyd-Jones cousins, Wright went slowly down the hill to the churchyard. The August sun was setting as they lowered the pine box. Wright asked them to leave him. He filled the grave, stood there until darkness fell, then walked back to Taliesin.

A studio workshop had escaped destruction, and Wright tried to sleep there on a cot. He remembered long afterward how despair paralyzed him and he could not close his eyes. He got up and walked around the ruins, where a sentry was posted because of rumors that Carleton had confederates nearby. But Wright felt no fear—only anguish and desolation. The gaping black hole left by the fire on the hillside, he later recorded, was a charred and ugly scar upon his life.

Next week the author tells about Wright's hopeless marriage to an unbalanced admirer.
—THE EDITORS

Alicia Marches on Washington (Continued from Page 25)

"Don't you want to call the others in before I start?"

"The others?"

"The rest of the brass." Alicia adjusted her hat and sighed. "I've gone through this so often I know the procedure."

"I can handle this myself, madam. Proceed. You live here in Washington, do you?"

"Oh, no. Brown Deer, Wisconsin. It's a Milwaukee suburb."

"And you came all the way to Washington to discuss your tax problem? Why didn't you go to the nearest district office?"

"I've been to the district office. I've been to the regional office. I've—but let's, as you say, start at the beginning. Eleven months ago I made out Form 1040 and sent it in with a check for twenty-three dollars and forty-two cents. That was what I figured we owed the Government in addition to the taxes withheld from Kermit's salary."

"Kermit is your husband, I take it. Did he help you make out Form 1040?"

"He kept looking over my shoulder and making suggestions, if you call that helping."

Krutsch stopped drumming with the fingers of his right hand and shifted to the fingers of his left without losing a beat. He told her to go on.

"Nothing happened for a few weeks; and then one day there was a letter from the Government in one of those brown envelopes with the window in front, and inside was my check, plus a refund check for eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents."

"I should think you'd have been delighted."

"Oh, I was at first. But then I went back and checked the figures on my copy of the tax form and rechecked them, and they still came out the same. We owed twenty-three dollars and forty-two cents, and there simply was no way in the world to make it come out so the Government owed us eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents. So I sat down and wrote a letter to the district office telling them they'd made a mistake."

"Did you return the refund check?"

"No. You know how it is in an agency as big as yours, Mr. Krutsch, things can go astray, and I didn't want to take any chances of having the Government come around later and claim I still owed the money, because it would take me months to save that much out of my grocery allotment."

Krutsch looked a little hurt about what she'd said about his agency. The system, he told her firmly, was virtually foolproof. Virtually wasn't good enough, Alicia said, not where her grocery allotment was concerned. Krutsch began drumming on the desk with the fingers of both hands.

"Go on, please, madam. What happened after you wrote and told the Government of the United States it was wrong and you were right?"

"Back came another of those brown envelopes with the window in front. Inside was a check for eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents."

Krutsch leaped to his feet. "You mean you got a second refund check?" Alicia nodded. "Let me call my superior. I want him in on this."

"I thought you would. They always do."

Krutsch gave W. A. Merriwether the swivel chair and drew up a straight-backed one for himself. He reviewed Alicia's testimony. Merriwether nodded his jowls thoughtfully and told her to go ahead.

"Well, when I got that second refund, I decided something must have gone wrong; so I hurried down to the district office and told them all about it. They wouldn't believe me until I showed them both refund checks, and then they got all excited and told me to go home and be sure not to say anything to anybody about it, especially the newspapers, and they would get it straightened out and let me know where to send the checks. Three weeks later I got another of those brown envelopes."

Merriwether's florid face paled. "Another refund?"

"Another refund."

"Same amount?"

"Same amount. I'll say that for them. They're consistent. The checks were always for eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents."

"What happened next?" Krutsch demanded. He had the air of a man who is determined to hear the worst.

"Well, I got worried about all that money in my pocketbook that didn't really belong to me. Kermit persisted in thinking it was a big joke and making cracks about how he would visit me regularly at Alcatraz and everything, but I didn't think it was funny."

"I don't regard it as a laughing matter, either," Merriwether assured her. "Why, if Drew Pearson or one of those boys'd get hold of this ——"

"Or one of those Senate committees," Krutsch suggested, shuddering.

"I thought about going back to the tax people, but then I decided I'd take it up with my congressman. When he was running for election, he kept making speeches about how we should all feel free to bring our problems to him; and if this wasn't a problem, I don't know one."

"You told a congressman about it!" Merriwether jumped to his feet. "Why didn't you say so before? This is a matter for the policy-making level then. Excuse me while I call my superior."

Warren R. Ding turned out to be a younger man with horn rims and a crew cut. He shook hands with Alicia, asked her about her family, inquired whether she was enjoying Washington, declared it was always a pleasure to meet a taxpayer and then settled back in the swivel chair and permitted Krutsch and Merriwether to brief him on the case. When they had finished, he urged Alicia not to get excited and to tell him all about it.

"I'm not excited at all. Mr. Rothrock was when I told him what had happened, though. He started waving his arms around and making speeches all over the office."

Merriwether groaned and put his head in his hands. "Don't tell me your congressman is Flinthead Rothrock?"

"That's the one. He kept saying how such things would never have happened when Andrew Mellon was running things, and I kept telling him I didn't want to make trouble for anybody, I just wanted to pay what I owed. I finally got him calmed down."

"You calmed old Flinthead down, Mrs. Sibbison?" Ding demanded. "You must have a remarkable way with men."

"I've learned from living with Kermit that if you just let a man keep talking long enough, after a while he'll realize he doesn't really have anything to say. Anyway, Mr. Rothrock said he'd take care of the matter. He kept patting me and telling me not to worry and calling me his little lady."

"And did he take care of things?" Ding asked. "But I suppose he didn't or you wouldn't be here."

"He sent me a carbon of a letter he wrote to the Internal Revenue Service. It ran for six and a half pages, single spaced, and it went into the philosophy of taxation as laid down by Alexander Hamilton and a lot of other things; but along toward the end he got around to my case, and he said it was a crying shame when an honest constituent had to beg and plead and cajole to pay her taxes and that unless instant action was forthcoming, he would see to it that heads rolled in the streets of Washington like bowling balls. It was a fine letter, except he had my name spelled wrong—only one '*b*' and 'sen' at the end instead of 'son.' But they figured out who he meant, all right."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I went out to my mailbox about a week later and ——"

"Let me guess," Krutsch said. "A brown envelope. Window in front. Eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents."

Alicia nodded. The three men were staring at her, the same dazed, almost desperate, expression on each face. She felt a little sorry for them. Men always took such (*Continued on Page 64*)

• •

The Extremes

By Barbara A. Jones

The dog chewed up her
shopping list,
The iron-cord came apart
and hissed,
The cat had kittens on the
spread,
The painters came; wrong
paint; wrong red;
The baby ate the crayon
up,
The bird got out. She
broke a cup.

But on the other hand, she
said,
She baked a loaf of
gingerbread,
The cactus bloomed, a
neighbor called,
The sun shone in. The
baby crawled.
She romped ten minutes
with the pup. . . .
She says the days all
average up.

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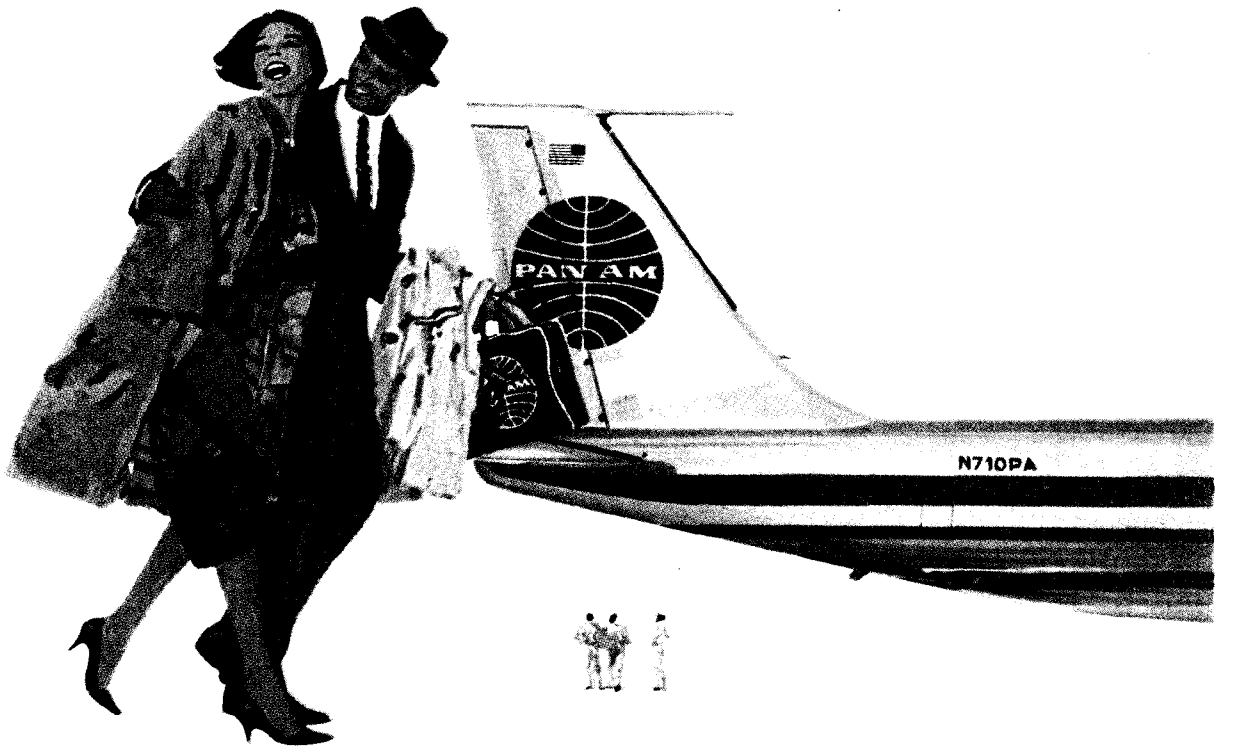

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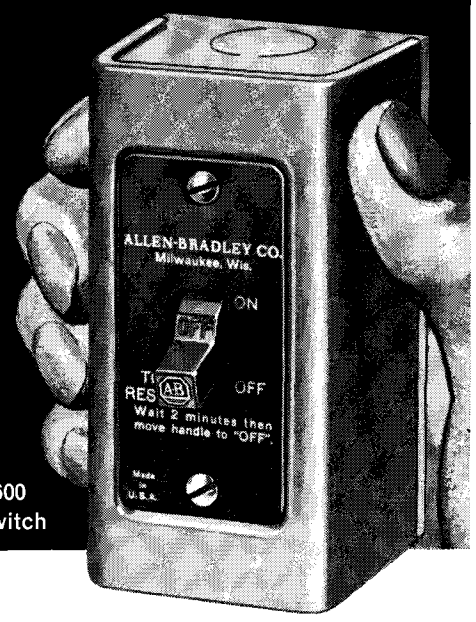

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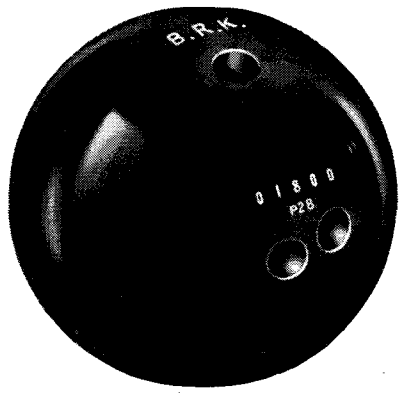

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MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE
GRAVY MASTER

(*Continued from Page 62*) things so hard. She asked Ding if he'd like to rest for a while. He hesitated, then shook his head. "We've got to get to the bottom of this."

"Do you mind if I ask the taxpayer a few questions, chief?" Merriwether inquired.

"Go ahead."

"Madam, did your gross income for the year in question consist entirely of wages reported on Form W-2?"

"All except for thirty-eight dollars and forty-five cents."

"Aha. And that thirty-eight dollars and forty-five cents did not represent wages, salaries, bonuses, commissions, fees, tips or gratuities, profits from sales or exchanges of real estate, securities or other properties, industrial, civil service or other pensions, annuities or endowments?"

"It came from interest on our savings account."

"I see. And how many exemptions did you take for persons who had their home or principal place of abode with you and was a member of your household?"

"Just the two children, besides Kermit and me."

"And each of these children you claim received more than half of his or her support from you and he or she was either a citizen or alien resident of the United States or a resident of Canada, Mexico, the Republic of Panama or the Canal Zone?"

"They live right in Brown Deer with us, although once or twice Nancy stayed with a girl friend at Menomonee Falls overnight."

"And your medical and dental expenses, if claimed, did not include the amount totaling less than three per cent of your adjusted gross income and were recorded correctly on line five, page two?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, W. A.," Ding interrupted. "The point is that this young lady kept getting refund checks every time she went to her mailbox. We'll get nowhere if you start talking about line five, page two."

"Chief," Merriwether said, a little stiffly, "that's one of the finest lines on Form 1040. It's confused a lot of taxpayers in its day, a lot of them, and I'm proud of that line. I won't hear it criticized, sir."

"I like line seven, page four," Krutsch suggested. "That's the tentative-credit line, twenty per cent of line six, for those figuring the limitation on retirement-income provision. 'Tentative credit.' The words have a certain swing to them. I wish more people got that far on the form."

Ding glared hard at his subordinates, who subsided, and turned to Alicia. He gave her a brisk nod, as prescribed in Rule IRS-841-A of the manual, and told her to go ahead.

"Now where were we?" Alicia asked. "Oh, yes. I'd seen Mr. Rothrock, and he'd promised to take care of it, and I'd opened another letter with a refund check. Well, I don't want to bore you gentlemen with all the details—in fact, they're a little hazy in my own mind sometimes—but I wrote two more letters to the district office and three to the regional office and quite a few to Washington. And each time I wrote, back came one of those brown envelopes with a check inside.

"Eighty-six sixteen?" Krutsch asked.

"Eighty-six sixteen."

"And those refunds came in each case in response to an inquiry or a communication on your part, either by mail or in person?"

"I guess they were *in response*. I couldn't say for sure. All I know is they kept coming."

"Did you see old Flinthead about it again?" Ding asked, leaning forward anxiously.

"Mr. Rothrock? No. But I did write to both my senators, the governor, the mayor and Charles A. Keach."

"Now you've lost me," Merriwether said. "Who is Charles A. Keach?"

"He's a friend of Kermit's who's always telling how many connections he has in Washington, and I thought—well, I was desperate by this time. But all he did was write a nice letter back saying he'd taken care of everything, and in the mailbox two days later was another refund check. It seemed like whenever I wrote a letter to anybody—it didn't matter who it was—back would come a refund check."

Ding stood up. He took a turn around the office, his hands behind his back. He removed the horn-rimmed glasses, wiped them on his handkerchief, put them on again and sank back into the swivel chair.

"I suppose you want to call for your superior?" Alicia said.

Ding shook his head. He leaned forward. He spoke softly. "Tell me, Mrs. Sibbison, how many of those refund checks have you received?"

"Twenty-eight."

"And each was for the same amount?"

"Eighty-six dollars."

"And sixteen cents," Merriwether interposed. "It may not seem like much to you, madam, but as a public servant, I must insist on accuracy to the penny."

"And sixteen cents," Alicia said.

"You seem to be a very levelheaded woman," Ding told her. "In fact, you're the only one of us who's taking this calmly."

"I'm numb."

"Tell me, how much do those twenty-eight checks total? In round numbers."

"I can tell you exactly. Two thousand, four hundred twelve dollars and forty-eight cents."

Ding leaned back and folded his arms. "Two thousand, four hundred twelve dollars and forty-eight cents. I see. And you originally tried to pay the Government twenty-three dollars you felt you owed over and above the amount withheld from your husband's salary?"

"Twenty-three forty-two, to be exact," Alicia said, with a glance at Merriwether.

"Which leaves a total amount in dispute of two thousand, four hundred thirty-five dollars and ninety cents."

"It's not in dispute as far as I'm concerned. All I want is to pay what I owe and get on a plane for Milwaukee. And to get rid of these checks before the FBI comes around and taps me on the shoulder."

She opened her handbag. She turned it upside down on the desk. The three men sat staring at the twenty-eight checks. No one made a move to touch them. Alicia stood up.

"And now I've returned them, gentlemen. If someone will give me a receipt, just in case there's ever any question. Kermit told me I ought to get a receipt, and for once I think he's right."

No one moved. Finally Ding quit staring at the checks and lifted his head. "Please sit down. Let me explain our position."

"Can't you just take them back?"

A girl's idea of the perfect perfume is one she wouldn't dare wear without knowing judo.

HAL CHADWICK

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"It is not as simple as that. Let me tell you how it is. The income tax is the basic support of the American form of government. Without it there would be no money to buy missiles or surplus wheat or, heaven forbid, to pay the salaries of three of the four persons in this room. It is not a matter to be trifled with."

"I'm not trying to trifle, Mr. Ding. I'm just trying to ——"

"I know. And I respect you for it. But you must realize that there are tens of millions of you taxpayers. Each of you is an individual—a living, breathing individual. But in this building each taxpayer is something else. He is a number. He is a digit. He is a set of perforations on a punch card."

"Sir," Merriwether said, "do you think it is wise? I mean, we have all come to admire Mrs. Sibbison during this crisis, but she is, after all, one of the public, one of the taxpayers; and the entire theory of the system demands ——"

"I am the chief here," Ding said quietly. "There comes a time when even a taxpayer must be given credit for having common sense. I will take the responsibility." He turned back to Alicia. "Imagine, madam, what would happen if everyone who got a refund check refused to accept it."

"Would that be bad?"

"It would be disastrous. The American way of life, not to mention the economy of our country, is based on the premise that anyone who is given any money from Washington hurries right out and spends it before the Treasury Department changes its mind. The economy of our country, did I say? I will go further. I will say the economy of the free world itself!"

Alicia, for the first time, seemed shaken. She looked from one of the men to the other and back again. Could it be possible that they were right? "Do you mean it's my patriotic duty to cash these checks?"

Ding laced his fingers behind his head and stared at the ceiling. A hush came over the room. Even Krutsch stopped drumming his fingers.

"Duty, madam? It is a big word. What is duty? What is patriotism? You may say it is the thing Paul Revere carried with him in his saddlebags, the commodity that remained after the oolong was dumped into Boston harbor. But is it not also the more unspectacular sort of day-to-day citizenship—the acceptance on the part of you little people, you taxpayers, that when a check arrives from Washington the nation expects you to put your signature on the back and spend that check?" He quit looking at the ceiling. He leaned across the desk toward her and took her hand. "Madam, you are intelligent. You are attractive. You are a wife and a mother. You have your whole life ahead of you. Will you listen to the advice of a man who knows where the deepest obligation of citizenship lies?"

"I guess so."

"Then my advice is this—don't foul up the system."

Alicia hesitated for a long moment, the three pairs of male eyes watching her anxiously. But then she shook her head. "All I want is to pay the twenty-three dollars and forty-two cents I owe."

Ding leaped to his feet. His calm was gone. His hands were trembling. He strode to the door. He opened it. He beckoned to Alicia to follow him.

"Where are we going?"

"You leave me no recourse," the director said grimly. "I have tried. Heaven knows I have tried. But I have failed. Now I must take you to my superior."

"But, chief," Merriwether cried, "I thought you were ——"

"You thought I was the final resort in such matters. You are wrong, W. A. I am only a cog. We are all only cogs in the system. The ultimate authority is elsewhere. Come, madam."

Alicia followed him briskly down one hall and up another, through locked doors, across crowded offices and through deserted ones. She was clutching the checks in one hand, her handbag in the other. Ding did not look back until he came to a final door. Then he paused, his hand on the knob.

"You will not change your mind, madam?"

She shook her head. He turned without a word and opened the door. He stood aside and then followed her inside. Alicia had expected another office—a fancier one, presumably, in line with the importance of its occupant. But this was no office, but a great barnlike room with rows of machines stretching off into the distance, each with its lights blinking on and off as the machine hummed thoughtfully to itself. She turned to Ding. "I thought you were taking me to your boss."

Except for the machines, they were alone. But he spoke in a whisper. "I have, madam."

She turned and looked at the machines again. The lights were still blinking. The hum seemed to have deepened a little. In spite of herself, she found herself speaking in hushed tones, as in a cathedral. "You mean they have the final word?"

"Of course. No human brain could grasp the complexities of the system. These machines are the only ones capable of understanding what it's all about."

"Well, then," Alicia said firmly, "they've made a mistake."

She spoke in her normal tone of voice, but in the sudden stillness as the machines stopped humming, it sounded like a shout. Ding took a quick step away from her.

"They do not make mistakes. If they did ——" He shook his head in horror at the thought. "But come. We will go to the very top. We will go to IRS-KCG himself."

She followed the director down the aisle past the rows of blinking machines. As she walked, she had the feeling that she was being watched from behind. But when she turned around, there was nothing there—nothing human, anyway. She clutched the checks tighter and stayed close to Ding.

They came at last to another door. This time it led into an office—or what looked like an office. But it was empty, except for IRS-KCG, who squatted in a corner, blinking his lights inquiringly.

"Don't speak unless spoken to," Ding warned her in a whisper. "He is so constructed that the human voice actuates his electronic connections."

Alicia nodded. Ding, who had brought along her records, glanced at them and then stepped up to the machine. "I introduce you to taxpayer Number 8438652-B," he said. "She is a—I mean, she has a problem."

IRS-KCG thrust out a card from a slot near his equator. Ding handed it to her. "Welcome to Washington, 8438652-B," it said. "How is your family? How do you like our city? I see you are from Wisconsin. How are the Braves doing?"

Alicia started to answer, but Ding stopped her. The questions were rhetorical ones, he explained in a whisper. IRS-KCG was merely following the manual. Actually he wasn't much interested in baseball. The lights blinked again. Another card came out.

"You have a problem, 8438652-B. Tell your problem. Speak distinctly, please."

Alicia felt like a fool standing there talking to this pile of wires and plumbing, but after a glance at Ding, she stepped forward and went through her story again, from the beginning. IRS-KCG whirred a few times, and once she was sure he grunted—it was when she got to the part about Congressman Rothrock—but mostly he just blinked thoughtfully without interrupting. Alicia began to feel, in spite of herself, that she had at last found somebody who understood her.

It took her quite a while to finish—she didn't want to leave anything out—but finally she was through. IRS-KCG thrust out a card saying, "One moment, please," and then began humming softly to himself. Once one of the lights on his panel turned from amber to red, and Ding paled; but it winked back to amber again, and the director's anxiety departed.

"You're a challenge to him, Mrs. Sibbison," he whispered. "I've never seen him hesitate so long before."

A card came out. Ding grabbed it. Alicia read it over his shoulder. "Solution: Taxpayer 8438652-B is at fault."

"Naturally," Ding said impatiently. "I didn't dream for a moment that it was our error. But be more specific, please."

"Solution, subhead A: 8438652-B's perforations wrong."

"Why, of course," Ding cried. "That explains it."

"It doesn't explain it to me," Alicia told him.

"But it's all so simple. Every time you wrote in or appeared in person, the matter was eventually referred to your index card. If something was wrong with the card ——" He glanced quickly at IRS-KCG. "Through human error, of course. But if the card was wrong, naturally the result would have been the same each time—a refund check when none was due. Why didn't I think of the solution myself?"

"Too few digital connections in computer head."

"I wasn't talking to you, IRS-KCG. You're so smart, what do you suggest we do about it?"

"Feed me checks."

Ding grabbed them from Alicia's hand and thrust them into a slot on the machine. They came out in a moment marked VOID. With them was a card pointing out politely but firmly that the taxpayer owed the Government twenty-three dollars and forty-two cents and that unless she paid up promptly, the full resources of the United States Government stood ready to crack down on her delinquency. Alicia handed Ding the check she had written so many months before. Ding thrust it into IRS-KCG, who accepted it without comment.

"And now everything's settled," Ding said, turning to go. "Once IRS-KCG tackles a problem, it's solved. It was a pleasure to have met you, madam. Give my regards to the taxpayers in Minnesota."

"I'm from Wisconsin," Alicia told him, but he was already through the door and didn't seem to hear. She started to follow, but then she remembered Kermit's advice. She turned back to the machine. "May I please have a receipt for the money?"

IRS-KCG blinked in surprise. He thrust out a card. "We do not give receipts."

"But I want something to show, in case there's another mistake."

The amber lights winked red. "We do not make mistakes. To err is human."

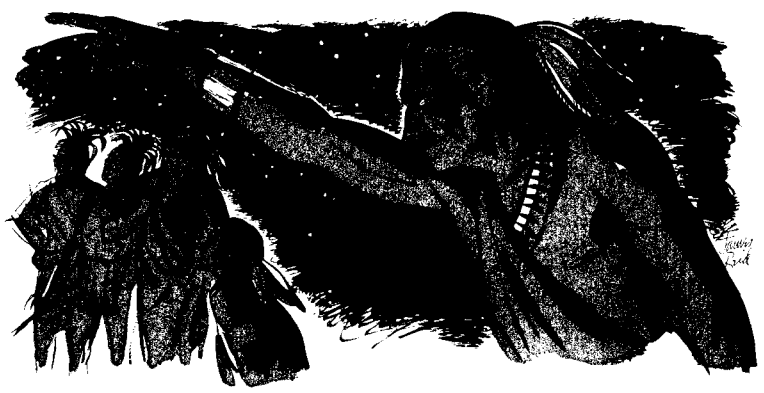
Alicia folded her arms. "I will not leave this room until I get a receipt."

IRS-KCG whirred and grunted and fumed. But finally, bowing to the inevitable, he thrust out an envelope. Alicia grabbed it. Now that she had won, she had a panicky feeling that she had to get out of here. She half-ran through the big room past the rows of watchful machines, and it was not until she was on the plane heading back to Kermit and the children that she was able to relax.

She took out the envelope, the symbol of her triumph. Why, she wondered, did Government communications all look the same? It was so familiar, this brown envelope with the window in front. But, of course, it was ridiculous to suppose ——

She tore it open with trembling hands. Then she sank back in the seat. There was no appeal. There was no place else to go. The check for eighty-six dollars and sixteen cents was signed by IRS-KCG himself.

THE END



What's Going On Here?

Tecumseh, shrewd and influential chieftain of the Shawnee Indians, travels from Ohio to Alabama to persuade the powerful Creek tribe there to support the Shawnees against the Americans. He urges an Indian confederacy, West and South, to halt white settlements. The Creeks refuse. So Tecumseh departs. First, however, he warns them that "the arm of Tecumseh" will appear in the night sky as a sign that they should co-operate. What night symbol appeared? How did it alter our national life?

Agnes A. Kelly

(*Answers on Page 67*)

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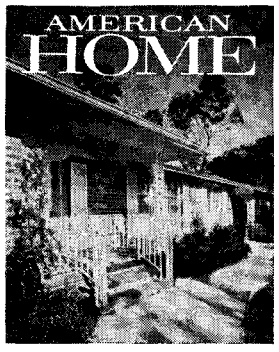

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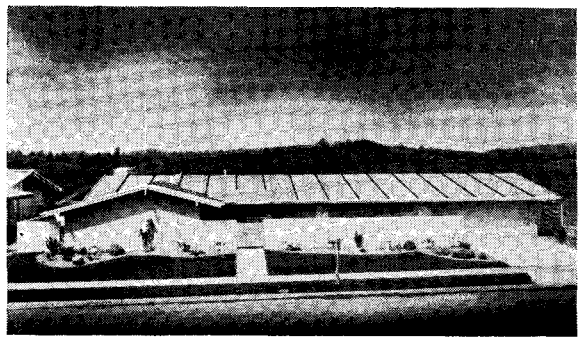

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The Making of a Poem

(Continued from Page 19)

His lines make us say, "Yes, that's what daffodils look like," or, "Yes, that's what it feels like to look at daffodils." The poet describes objects in the light of his own feeling about them. "But what's this to do with knowledge?" you may argue. I should reply, "Enlightenment about one's own feelings is as valuable as any other knowledge."

Though the poet differs from the scientist in the method and field of his work, both start from one basic assumption—that there is pattern, or law, in the cosmos. A poem is a microcosm in which the apparent chaos of life is made manageable, given order and pattern. Both scientist and poet, therefore, are deeply concerned with relationships—the scientist objectively and the poet in the light of his own feelings. The poet, like the scientist, must try to see things as they really are; but nothing "really is" in isolation, pure and self-sufficient: reality involves relationship; and as soon as you have relationship, you have—for human beings—feeling. The poet cannot see things as they really are, cannot be precise about them, *unless he is precise about the feelings which attach him to them.*

This precision he achieves through image, metaphor, analogy and his special way of using language. But scientists, too, unless they can employ the language of mathematics, must often work by analogy and do often use metaphorical language. The poet Burns says,

O, my Luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;

or Gerard Manley Hopkins says,

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed,

to describe accurately the feeling of love or the feeling of spiritual despair. "Let me compare my love to a June rose," Burns is in effect saying, "and see what follows." The natural philosopher Descartes did exactly the same. He proposed, "Let us compare the universe with a clock, and see where we go from there." And modern neurologists believe they may be able to learn from an automatic brain something about the workings of the human brain. This, too, is a method of analogy, an attempt to learn about the unknown through the known. We know what a June rose and a mountain precipice look like. So Burns and Hopkins use them to convey to us an exaltation of love, an abyss of despair, which we may have experienced but cannot ourselves express or even perhaps fully *know* till the "no-man-fathomed" experience has clothed itself in rose or precipice. So the word is made flesh.

The poet, then, like the experimental scientist, is an explorer. He needs to find things out for himself and record them. For him, as a poet, all human experience—however common, however trivial—is virgin soil; each poem is a fresh experiment in the chemistry of the human soul. How does he set about these experiments, these explorations which, like those of the land and sea discoverers, are so often gropings in the dark toward an unknown destination? I can only speak authoritatively for one poet—myself. But I believe many poets today would give a fairly similar account of what is involved in the making of a poem.

First, I do not sit down at my desk to put into verse something that is already clear in my mind. If it were clear in my mind, I should have no incentive or need to write about it, for I am an explorer, not a journalist, a propagandist or a statistician. For me a poem begins with a vague feeling, part excitement, part apprehension, which I can sometimes localize in my solar plexus. A feeling, it may be, comparable with that of a woman just before her confinement begins.

My poetry phases—I tend to write a good deal of verse for two years, and for the next year or so to write none and have little desire to write any—are often preceded by some emotional churning-up. But the poems I write during these periods are not necessarily related to the cause of the disturbance. For instance, though I did write some "war poems" in 1939–45, the main effect upon me of the emotional disturbance of war was that, for the first time in my life, I was able to use in poetry my memories of childhood and adolescence. It was as though a seismic upheaval had thrown up to the surface of my mind strata of experience previously inaccessible to me as a poet.

During these creative phases I see the raw material of poems everywhere; everything, around me or in my memory, assumes a sort of poetic potency, and I feel an intermittent but confident exhilaration. This mood of vague, undirected excitement will often throw up a line of poetry, which seems to come out of the blue. I brood upon this line, trying to discover in what direction it is pointing, to what experience it refers, and to what sort of poem it is a clue. During the war, for example, a line came into my head—"the flags, the roundabouts, the gala day"—which turned out to be the germ of a sequence of nine sonnets about childhood and youth. This line, at the start, had the fascination of a riddle for me. Only gradually, meditating upon its quality of childish gusto and eager anticipation, did I realize what it was trying to tell me. Even a single word, "gala," helped. I had never heard this word used as an adjective except by my Irish relatives; and the sonnet in which that line was finally used contains also two key memories of my childhood days in Ireland.

Sometimes, of course, these clue lines or *données* emerge not quite out of the blue, but from some area of experience I am already preoccupied with. Recently, for instance, I had been thinking a lot about possessions—the way, in youth, some of us tend to be high-minded and haughty about our elders' love for acquiring objects, whereas when we ourselves grow older, our attitude changes and our material possessions become not merely status symbols but extensions and supports of our own personalities. These vague and far from original ruminations suddenly produced the phrase "streamlined whales and hulls." The phrase fairly rapidly developed into:

Think of streamlined whales and hulls
Accumulating barnacles
By moving long enough immersed
In their own element . . .

That original phrase directed my rather abstract thoughts about possessions into a marine allegory, *Travelling Light.* It also hinted at the right meter for the poem, just as "the flags, the roundabouts, the gala day" had suggested the normal sonnet meter.

If I am lucky enough to be given such a clue line—this *donnée*, together with the initial excitement of conceiving a poem, are all that I personally understand by the word "inspiration"—I use it as a bait. That is to say, I drop it back into the unconscious, and in a state of "wise passivity" wait for what it may catch. Other phrases, images, ideas and associations attach themselves to the bait, and I carefully reel them in. Thus, gradually, the potential subject matter of a poem is accumulated. But much of it will have to be discarded and will not figure in the finished poem. The selection of material—the deciding what is and what is not finally relevant—will be done partly, as we shall see, by the form of the poem (Paul Valéry said that we use strict form in a poem so as to prevent ourselves "saying everything" in it), but chiefly by the theme.

The theme of a poem is the meaning of its subject matter for me. When I have discovered the meaning *to me* of the various fragments of experience which are constellating in my mind, I have begun to make sense of such experience and to realize a pattern in it; and often I have gone some way with a poem before I am able to grasp the theme which lies hidden in the material that has accumulated.

There is a parallel here with scientific discovery. The scientist has at his disposal a mass of verified data. Out of the mass may emerge, through an imaginative leap of his mind, a hypothesis which relates all these data and makes sense of them. The scientist's hypothesis, if satisfactory, becomes a scientific "law." It is the equivalent of the poet's theme. At a certain crucial stage both poet and scientist are groping in the dark, hardly knowing—it may be—in what direction their data are tending, till a flash of imagination lights up the pattern for them. We have evidence, in the lives of the great scientific discoverers, how often this flash comes when the mind is asleep or occupied with other matters. But it would not have come, any more than a theme comes to the poet, without a great deal of preliminary work in the sifting and assessing of data and experience.

I would like to illustrate with a poem of mine called *The Gate.* It is one of several written in a state of creative exhilaration stimulated by my first visit to the United States a few years ago. I have chosen it partly because its data—which are all given in the first six lines of the poem—were apparently simple and straightforward and were already contained within a frame; for the poem arose out of a picture, painted by a friend of mine—a picture to which I responded with pleasure and excitement, but also with a sense that it held for me a special and mysterious meaning I must try to explore through poetry.

THE GATE

In the foreground, clots of cream-white flowers (meadowsweet?
Guelder? Cow parsley?): a patch of green: then a gate
Dividing the green from a brown field; and beyond,
By steps of mustard and sainfoin-pink, the distance
Climbs right-handed away
Up to an olive hilltop and the sky.

The gate it is, dead-centre, ghost-amethyst-hued,
Fastens the whole together like a brooch.
It is all arranged, all there, for the gate's sake
Or for what may come through the gate. But those white flowers,
Craning their necks, putting their heads together,
Like a crowd that holds itself back from surging forward,
Have their own point of balance—poised, it seems,
On the airy brink of whatever it is they await.

And I, gazing over their heads from outside the picture,
Question what we are waiting for: not summer—
Summer is here in charlock, grass and sainfoin.
A human event? But there's no path to the gate,
Nor does it look as if it was meant to open.
The ghost of one who often came this way
When there was a path? I do not know. But I think,
If I could go deep into the heart of the picture

From the flowers' point of view, all I would ask is
Not that the gate should open, but that it should
Stay there, holding the coloured folds together.
We expect nothing (the flowers might add), we only
Await: this pure awaiting—
*It is the kind of worship we are taught.**

This poem was written more or less straight ahead. More often I compose a bit here, a bit there, like a painter. The first stanza objectively sets out the facts—the colour and detail of the pictured landscape. In the second stanza, the eye pans up to its dominant features—the flowers in the foreground and the gate in the center focusing the whole landscape together. At this point I still had no idea *why* the picture had such attractive mystery for me, or what it was trying to convey. However, in this second stanza I concentrated upon its main features subjectively—my sense that the whole picture was somehow there *for the sake of* the gate, the central mystery, and my sense that the foreground flowers stood in an attentive pose, waiting for something to happen.

But I still had not discovered the theme of the growing poem. So, in stanza three,

Note: Poems marked by asterisks on pages 67 & 68 are from the author's *Pegasus and Other Poems* (Harper) © 1957, 1958, by C. Day Lewis.

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 65)

Tecumseh learned from his British allies in Canada that a comet was soon to appear. When it did, the Creeks accepted it as a sign that they should go on the warpath. Their uprising, a phase of the War of 1812, ended in catastrophe for them. Gen. Andrew Jackson's forces trapped and killed more than 800 Creek warriors at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, Alabama, March 27, 1814. Only twenty-six American soldiers and twenty-three of their Indian allies, mostly Cherokees, were killed. Jackson reported tersely: "The power of the Creeks is, I think, forever broken." Their defeat opened the way to further white settlements in much of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and all of Missouri. The Horseshoe Bend battlefield is now a national military park.

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I tried putting a number of questions to the picture. Just *what* are the flowers, and myself, the outside observer, waiting for? Several possible answers were given, and each of them in turn rejected; but the first seven lines of this stanza are constructed out of the several rejections, in such a way that their logical negatives create something emotionally positive. And then, at last, I saw what the landscape—and the poem—was saying to me. I saw it by moving from outside the picture and looking at the gate "from the flowers' point of view." In my tiny way I had done what Copernicus did when, with a superb imaginative leap, leaving the earth and placing himself in the sun, he found that the orbits of the planets looked simpler from that point of view.

What the picture was saying to me, I discovered, is first that the flowers expect nothing, their task being one of "pure awaiting," a kind of worship; and second, that they, and I, are not concerned with a divine revelation (the gate opening), but only that the gate should stay there—in other words, that we should retain the sense of some power at the center of things, holding them together. This idea had been foreshadowed (line eight) in purely visual or aesthetic terms. It was not till I reached the final stanza that I became aware of its deeper significance and realized that the poem was a religious poem. It is also obviously the poem of an agnostic—one who is, in a sense, "outside the picture"—but an agnostic whose upbringing was Christian. The "olive hilltop," with its echo of Mount Olivet, may conceivably have started the poem in the religious direction which, unforeseen by me, it was to take; and the "ghost-amethyst" colour of the gate certainly led me along to "The ghost of one who often came this way"—that is, the once-felt presence of deity in the human scene.

A few technical points: The poem has no end rhymes, but the two most important words in it rhyme and are repeated—"gate" six times and "wait" ("await," "awaiting") four times. The stanzas are carefully organized, the first corresponding metrically with the last, the second with the third. The pause between third and fourth stanza, which should be observed in reading the poem aloud, throws the greatest possible emphasis on "From the flowers' point of view," highlighting the change of position which is to reveal the theme. Finally, the rhythms are as flexible as I could make them, within a regular meter, so as to reflect the inquiring and tentative nature of the poem's thought process.

Talking about the poem in this detached way, I have given the impression perhaps that a poem "writes itself." Nothing could be further from the truth—in my case, at any rate. Certainly, in the first phase of composition, the "fishing" phase, the intellect is relatively inactive; one accepts, in a trancelike state, everything that comes up. But there follows a phase of the most arduous intellectual activity, when the gathered material has to be criticized in the light of the growing poem and of whatever inkling I may have about its theme. Since the two phases constantly overlap, it is almost impossible to give a blow-by-blow commentary on the making of a poem. All I can say is that my mind moves gradually over from passive to active, as it tries to perform the two functions of making and of exploring.

They are inseparable functions, because the technical patternmaking of the poem must go hand in hand and step by step with the search for a theme, the exploration of reality. What we aim at in pattern is a perfect consonance of image, rhythm and phrasing which will present the theme *whole*, with nothing irrelevant or superfluous, nothing diluted or scamped. A poem must indeed grow organically. I cannot tell *in advance* what shape it should take. But, once I have an idea of its shape, I must take great care in the shaping.

For this reason I find it particularly important to go slowly and tentatively in the early stages of composition, so as to avoid imposing the wrong shape on a poem—or, putting it another way, so as to keep open a number of avenues until I am fairly sure which is the right one for the poem to move along. Impatience, haste and glibness are great dangers to the poet who has acquired some technical facility, for they tempt him to let his poem take the easiest way—and this often turns out to be a blind alley. Just as an obstetrician may deliberately slow down a birth in the interests of the child, or a cook will keep a dish constantly stirred to prevent it "setting" too quickly, so I try to keep a poem in solution during the early stages. I have several expedients for this: composing the first draft in very small, faint pencil writing, for instance, and putting down a great number of alternative words, so that the whole thing looks tentative and provisional.

The dangers of haste, of letting a poem "set" too soon in a certain form, can be illustrated by *The New-Born*, which I wrote at the same period as *The Gate*. Excited by the birth of my son, I jotted down some notes, as follows:

baby—blank sheet (heat) but invisible writing
see here/original sin, eternal hope
naked as a nut/castaway
nine-month nonentity/this manikin.

Rashly and overconfidently I dashed on. The following lines, with a great many variations which I will not print, were produced:

This manikin who just now
Found his rough path into the world
And as a perfect miniature lies unshelled
From foot to brow

Was but an hour ago
A wish, a dread, a shape that we
Had felt through its nine-month nonentity
Quicken, and grow.

Heaved hither on mounting waves
Of agony, tossed up today
On earth, he lies limp as a castaway
And nothing craves

*But the long sleep birth ended . . .**

But there the poem stalled. It had been misfiring badly from the start—those stanzas are atrociously feeble—so there was nothing to do but get out, lift the hood and look for the cause of the trouble. I decided, eventually, that I had chosen the wrong form. I needed one which, because it was more elaborate, would help me to distance myself from my still raw paternal emotions. Perhaps if I replaced the four-line stanza with one of ten lines, in strict metrical form, would it do the trick? The first two stanzas now went much better:

This manikin who just now
Broke prison and stepped free
Into his own identity—
Hand, foot and brow
A finished work, a breathing miniature—
Was still, one night ago,
A hope, a dread, a mere shape we
Had lived with, only sure
Something would grow
Out of its coiled, nine-month nonentity.

Heaved hither on quickening throes,
Tossed up on earth today,
He sprawls limp as a castaway
And nothing knows
Beside the warm sleep of his origin.
Soon lips and hands shall grope
To try the world, this speck of clay
And spirit shall begin
To feed on hope,
*To learn how truth blows cold and loves betray.**

By using a form technically much more difficult than the original one, I had made it easier for myself to discover exactly what I wanted to say and to get deeper into the experience I was writing about. For example, the last two lines of the first draft are evidently much inferior to "And nothing knows / Beside the warm sleep of his origin," which concentrates two ideas in one phrase—that the baby knows nothing *except* his sleep in the womb, and that he knows nothing as he lies there *at the side of* his sleeping mother.

A third stanza, in which I extended the metaphor of the baby as a blank sheet written over with invisible ink "Which the day's heat / Will show," also ran well. But then, to my consternation, the poem stalled again. It took me a long time to find out what was wrong. But at last I perceived that, half-consciously, I had been edging the poem in the direction of that preliminary note, "original sin, eternal hope." And I do not believe in original sin—or not positively enough to make it a theme of a poem. In trying to do so, I had been insincere, and properly punished for it. So I restarted at the point where I had broken down, and two more stanzas were added, beginning:

This morsel of man I've held—
What potency it has,
Though strengthless still and naked as
A nut unshelled!

I have been discussing the kind of poems in which, as a maker, one is at full stretch. After finishing such a poem I feel exhausted, as if I had solved a diabolically difficult puzzle—usually, looking back at the poem later, I see that I failed to solve it. But there are other levels of poetry, more superficial, yet not valueless, at which the poet can work; and again, working upon a relatively "light" poem, I have occasionally found myself breaking through to a level of deeper significance. What is essential is to develop the sort of tact or flair which enables one to know how much weight of meaning and how dense a verbal texture each incipient poem will bear, so that one neither overloads it nor underplays it. Each poet must learn to recognize his limitations, yet be able to seize the rare chance of being possessed by a spirit that transcends them and makes him write better than he knows how.

Each new poem I begin is an attempt at making and exploring. Each finished one is, in effect, a way of praising life, a sacrifice in life's honor. I need devotion, discipline, sincerity, skill, and above all, patience, if the poem is to come to anything; but I also need something I cannot cultivate—call it luck. And when I see how rarely my own sacrifices are acceptable, I must say as I did in my poem, *Final Instructions:*

You are called only to make *the sacrifice:*
Whether or no he enters into it
Is the god's affair; and whatever the handbooks say,
You can neither command his presence nor explain it—
All you can do is to make it possible.
If the sacrifice catches fire of its own accord
On the altar, well and good. But do not
Flatter yourself that discipline and devotion
*Have wrought the miracle: they have only allowed it.**

"Took about ten minutes to put out the fire, and a couple of hours to put out the firemen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Lewis, C. Day
Enjoying Poetry
University of Cambridge Press
$.50

Lewis, C. Day
Poet's Task
Oxford University Press
$.35

Lewis, C. Day
Pegasus and Other Poems
Harper
$3.00

Hopkins, Gerard Manley
Selected Poems and Prose
Penguin Books
$.85

Burns, Robert
Complete Poems
Nelson
$1.25

Wordsworth, William
Selected Poetry
Modern Library
$1.65

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The Counterfeiter's Knife

(Continued from Page 30)

girl who came this morning to ask if Miss Annis had been there and that the T-man asked about. Miss Annis won't call the police, so I have to. I am keeping my voice low because this phone is in the hall, and there are people in the kitchen with the door open. I have my eye on it. I need instructions. You told Miss Annis you would return her property to her, and you like to do what you say you'll do. So when I start answering questions, what do I save?"

"Why the deuce should you save anything? Save for what?"

"In one minute, possibly two, it would occur to you as it has to me that it would be a nuisance to have to explain why we postponed reporting that counterfeit money. I could omit the detail that I inspected it and found it was counterfeit. If and when the question is put I could deny it."

"Pfui. That woman."

"It would be two against one, if it came to that; but I don't think it will. She says she's not going to see any cops and has gone to her room. Of course, she'll see them, or they'll see her, but I doubt if they'll hear much. Her attitude toward cops is drastic. One will get you ten that she won't even tell them where she went this morning. But if you would prefer to open the bag ——"

"I would prefer to obliterate the entire episode. Very well. Omit that detail."

Advice to worms: Sleep late.

MORRIS L. SHILLER

"Right. I'll be home when I get there."

I cradled the phone and stood and frowned at it. A citizen finding a dead body is supposed to report it at once; and in addition to being a citizen I was a licensed private detective, but another five minutes wouldn't hang me. Raymond Dell's boom was still coming from the kitchen. Hattie had said her room was the second-floor front. I went to the stairs, mounted a flight, turned right in the upper hall and tapped on a door. Her voice came, "Who is it?"

"Goodwin. Buster to you."

"What do you want? Are you alone?"

"I'm alone and I want to ask you something."

There was the sound of footsteps, then of a sliding bolt that needed oiling, and the door opened. I entered, and she closed the door and bolted it. "They haven't come yet," I said. "I phoned Mr. Wolfe to suggest that it would simplify matters if we leave out one item—that we knew the bills were counterfeit. Including you. That hadn't occurred to us. If you admit you knew or suspected they were phony, it will be a lot more unpleasant. So I thought I'd ——"

"Who would I admit it to?"

"The cops, naturally."

"I'm not going to admit anything to the cops. I'm not going to see any cops."

"Good for you." There was no point in telling her how wrong she was. I went out, shutting the door, and as I headed for the stairs I heard the bolt slide home. In the lower hall, voices still came from the kitchen. I went to the phone, dialed Watkins nine, eight two four one, got it, gave my name, asked for Sergeant Stebbins and, after a short wait, had him.

"Goodwin? I'm busy."

"You're going to be busier. I thought it would save time to bypass headquarters. I'm calling from the house of Miss Hattie Annis, Six-twenty-eight West Forty-seventh Street. There's a dead body here in the parlor—a woman with a knife in her chest. D.O.A.—that is, my arrival. I'm leaving to get a bite of lunch."

"You are like hell. You again! I needed this. This was all I needed." He pronounced a word which it is a misdemeanor to use on the telephone. "You're staying there and you're keeping your hands off. Of course, you discovered it."

"Not 'of course.' Just 'I discovered it.'"

He pronounced another contraband word. "Repeat that address."

I repeated it. The connection broke. As I hung up, a notion struck me. Hattie wasn't there to call me a bootlicker and flunky and toady, and it wouldn't hurt to be polite; and besides, it would be interesting and instructive to see how Stebbins would react to outside authority sticking a finger in his pie. So I got the phonebook from the stand, found the number and dialed it.

A man's voice answered, "Rector two, nine one hundred."

He was being discreet. But liking it plain, I asked, "Secret Service Division?"

"Yes."

"I would like to speak to Mr. Albert Leach."

"Mr. Leach isn't in at the moment. Who is this, please?"

My reply was delayed because my attention was diverted. The front door had opened, and a man had entered; and, hearing my voice, he had approached for a look. I looked back. He was young and handsome—Broadway handsome. The phone repeated, "Who is this, please?"

"My name is Archie Goodwin. I have a message for Mr. Leach. He asked me this morning about a woman named Tammy Baxter. Tell him that Miss Baxter is dead—murdered. Her body was discovered in the parlor of the house where she lived on Forty-seventh Street. I have just notified the police. I thought Mr. Leach ——"

I turned quickly and called, "Hey, you! Hold it!"

The handsome young man, halfway to the parlor door, stopped and wheeled. And at the rear of the hall there were steps and Martha Kirk's voice, and she came trotting, the trot of a dancer, with Raymond Dell striding at her heels. As I crossed the hall a buzzer sounded in the kitchen, and I went and opened the door. It was two harness bulls. They stepped in, and the one in front spoke, "Are you Archie Goodwin?"

"I am." I pointed to the parlor door. "In there."

Two hours later, at twenty minutes to four, as I sat at the big table in the kitchen eating crackers and cheese and raspberry preserves and drinking coffee, Inspector Cramer of Homicide West sent for me to ask me a favor. Very few people or situations had ever got Cramer to the point of asking a favor of me, but Hattie Annis had managed it.

With me at the table were two of the roomers, Noel Ferris and Paul Hannah. Ferris was the handsome young man who had appeared as I was phoning. Hannah was even younger, but not as handsome. He had chubby pink cheeks and not enough nose, and his ears stuck out. A dick had gone for him at the Mushroom Theater, where he had been rehearsing. At the moment Cramer sent for me, Hannah and Ferris were discussing the question of when they had last been in the parlor. Ferris said one evening about a month ago, when he had gone in to see if

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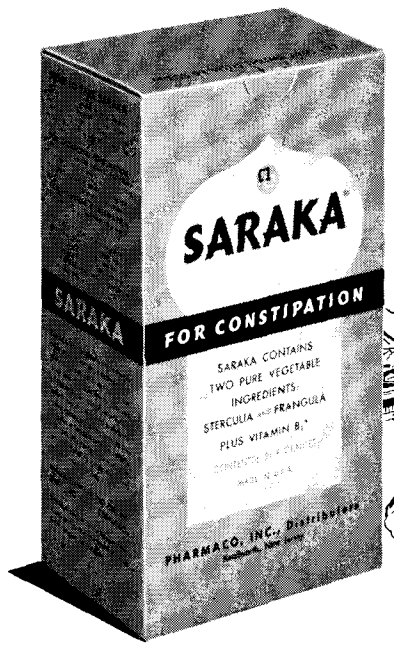
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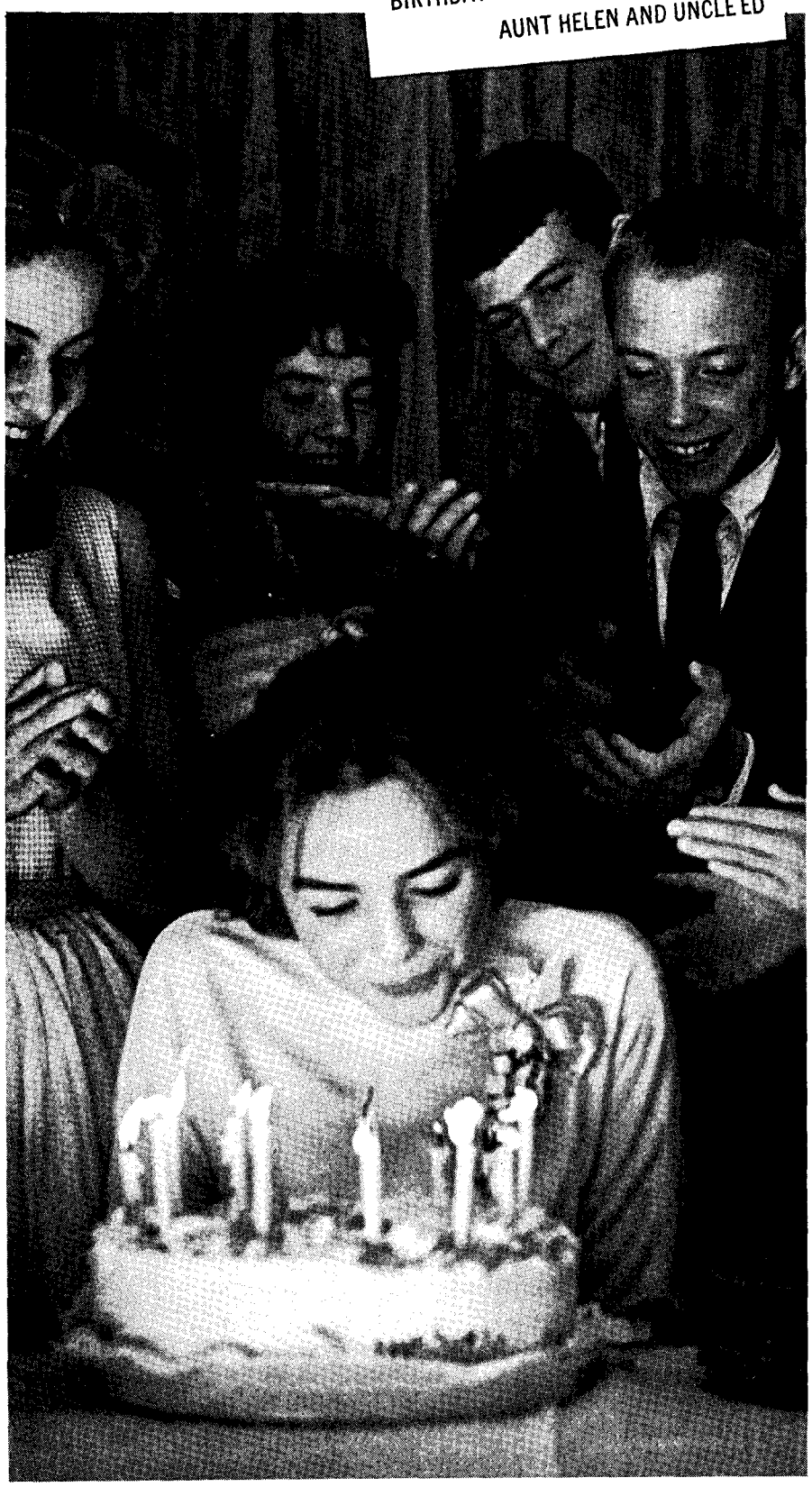
BIRTHDAY GIRL COULD WANT. LOVE,
AUNT HELEN AND UNCLE ED



Idea: *the Telegraphic Money Order is the one fast, safe way to send cash—as a gift or for any purpose.*

the piano was as bad as Martha said it was and had found it was worse. Hannah said two weeks ago yesterday, when he had come downstairs to make a phone call and Martha was at the phone, talking, and he had stepped into the parlor because he didn't want to stand there and listen. Before they had got onto that, they had argued about the knife. Hannah said he had identified it as one from a kitchen drawer, which he had often used; and Ferris said he shouldn't have identified it, that he should have merely said it was similar. They had got fairly heated, paying no attention to a city employee who was on a chair by the door, listening to all of it.

I hadn't been allowed in the parlor, but I had seen the experts come and go, and some of them were still there. My first interview had been with Purley Stebbins, who had arrived in person only ten minutes behind the pair from the prowl car. That had taken place in the kitchen. My second interview had been in the room above the kitchen—Raymond Dell's room, as I learned later—with Inspector Cramer and the T-man, Albert Leach. That was an honor; but I felt that I rated it because if it hadn't been for me, they wouldn't have been there. My phone call to the Secret Service had brought Leach on the jump, and Leach's appearance had brought the inspector. No doubt about it. So it was Cramer, not Stebbins, that I got to see reacting to outside authority; and it wasn't very instructive, because he was mostly reacting to me as usual.

His reaction had been, "You say Wolfe told her he would expect no fee and he wasn't interested in a reward, but he sent you here with her, and you paid the cab fare. Nuts. I know Wolfe and I know you."

And, "You try to tell me that you don't know exactly how long it was after you found the body until you called Stebbins because you didn't look at your watch when you found the body. That's a lie. Raymond Dell and Martha Kirk say it was just a few minutes after one when you and Hattie Annis left the kitchen. You called Stebbins at one-thirty-four—half an hour. What were you doing?"

Of course he was at a disadvantage, since at the beginning he expected to be riled because he knew I knew how to do so; and when he's riled, his mind skips. So I got no bruises, and the one ticklish point was never mentioned. I gave him all the facts about the package from the time Hattie left it with me until I put it in the safe, excepting one detail; and he didn't even hint at the possibility that it might be queer, and neither did Leach. Leach horned in only once, when he got riled too.

"I warned you," he said, "not to try any fancy tricks with the Secret Service. And at that moment, when I was asking you if Hattie Annis had been there, she was in with Wolfe. You have just admitted it. You withheld information required by an agent of the Federal Government in the performance of his duty and you will answer for it"

"I'll answer now," I told him. "Why should I tell you anything about anybody? If you had any proper ground for asking me about Hattie Annis you didn't mention it. Inspector Cramer doesn't have to mention it. She and I found a dead body in her house, and it's his job to catch murderers, and it's possible that there is a connection between the murder and the package that Miss Annis found and brought to Mr. Wolfe. So I answer his questions. I can't think offhand of any question whatever that I owe you an answer to. Do you want to try?"

That was deliberate. Sooner or later someone was going to ask me if I knew that money was counterfeit, and I might as well get it over with and have it on the record. But he merely looked at Cramer, and Cramer resumed.

And so at twenty minutes to four, when a dick named Callahan entered the kitchen and said the inspector wanted me, I supposed it had been decided that it was time to try me on the ten-thousand-dollar question. But when I saw Cramer's face I knew that wasn't it. Instead of being set to blurt a tough one at me, he was chewing on a cigar, and he only does that when he doesn't like the prospect. Lieutenant Rowcliff and another dick were with him in Dell's room. Leach wasn't there. It didn't come easy for Cramer. He took the cigar from his mouth, and rasped, "We need your help, Goodwin."

"I'd love to help," I said.

"Yeah." It was not at all the right tone for asking a favor. "Did you tell that Annis woman to bolt herself in?"

"No. I have reported it as it happened."

"Yeah." He removed the cigar. "She won't open the door. She won't open her trap. We don't want to smash the door unless we have to. She's your client, and if you tell her to slide that bolt she will."

"She is not my client. Nor Mr. Wolfe's."

"So you say. Wouldn't she open the door if you asked her to?"

"Probably."

"O.K., ask her."

I allowed a grin to show. "Not the way you mean. Not with you at my elbow. I'm willing to try if I'm alone in the hall and the door of this room is shut; and I'll explain the situation to her. She has a personal attitude to cops. A cop shot her father."

"Yeah, fifteen years ago. Hasn't she got any sense?"

"No."

"She might know we'll bust the door if we have to. Will you tell her that?"

"Sure. With conditions as specified—you and yours stay here with the door shut. Rowcliff is slow in the skull, but his feet are fast."

"Save the gags," Cramer growled and stuck the cigar in his mouth. I left, closed the door behind me, walked down the hall, rapped on Hattie's door and called, "It's me, Buster Goodwin. I'm alone. Let me in. I want to ask you something."

There were footsteps and then her voice, "Where are they?"

"Still in the house, but at a safe distance. I am not a flunky."

The bolt grated, and the door opened. I entered, shut the door and slid the bolt. The blinds were down, and the lights were

... ...

A Doll That Is Loved

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

A doll that is barely
  Loved at all
Is perfect and prissy
  And vacant and tall.

While one that is loved
  Is loved by these—
A bruise on her cheek,
  A scuff on her knees,

A little more scalp,
  In some places, than
  hair,
And that careless look
  Of too much care.

... ...

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on. She had a magazine in her hand. "You might have brought me something to eat," she said. "I haven't had any lunch. You're no good."

I faced her. "That's the second time you've told me I'm no good," I said. "Let's get that settled. If you really mean it, why did you let me in?"

"I thought you had something to eat. When I say you're no good, that's just for then, when I say it. I'm hungry."

"O.K. Actually I'm extremely good. If I weren't, why would I bother to come and tell you to stay away from the door because they're going to bust it in?"

"No, they won't."

"Why won't they?"

"Because they know if they do I'll shoot."

I glanced around—a massive old walnut bed, a big old roll-top desk, dresser, chest of drawers, chairs, pictures of men and women all over the walls, actors from a mile off. "What will you shoot with?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. "I haven't got a gun, but they don't know it."

I eyed her. "May I have permission to call you Hattie?"

"No. Not until I see what happens."

"Very well, Miss Annis. A cop named Cramer, an inspector, asked me to come and tell you they're going to break in. They can do that without getting in the line of fire and they will. That's all he asked me to tell you; but I add this on my own, that if they have to smash the door to get to you, it's an absolute certainty that they'll take you downtown and they'll probably hold you as a material witness. They're investigating a murder that occurred in your house, and you're a suspect. Whereas if you let them in and answer the questions they have a right to ask, they probably won't take you downtown, and you sleep in your own bed."

She was staring at me. "You say I'm a suspect?"

"Certainly. When you came home to sew on the button, it could have been then."

"You suspect me?"

"Of course not. Even if I'm no good, I'm not a half-wit."

Her lips tightened. "They'll have to carry me."

"They can. There's enough of them, and they have handcuffs."

"They'll need them." She cocked her head. A strand of gray hair fell across her eye, and she didn't bother to brush it back. "All right, Buster. I've never hired a detective. Do you want me to sign something?"

"Whom are you hiring, Miss Annis?"

"I'm hiring you. Call me Hattie."

"You can't hire me. I work for Nero Wolfe on salary."

"Then I'm hiring Nero Wolfe."

"To do what?"

"To show the cops. To make them wish they had never set foot in my house. To make them eat dirt."

"He wouldn't take the job. You might hire him to investigate the murder, and he might fill your order as a by-product. But he has exaggerated ideas about fees, and I doubt if you could afford it."

"Would you help him?"

"Of course. That's my job."

She shut her eyes tight. In a moment she opened them. "I could pay him one tenth of all I've got besides the house. I could pay him forty-two thousand dollars. That ought to be enough."

It took a little effort not to gawk. "I should think so," I conceded. "If you want me to put it to him, I have to ask a question that he'll ask. He's very realistic about money. What you've got besides the house, is it in something convenient? Would you have to sell something—for instance, a race horse or a yacht?"

"Don't try to be funny, Buster. I'm realistic about money too. It's in tax-exempt bonds in a vault in a bank. Do you want me to sign something?"

"That's not necessary, now that I call you Hattie." I controlled an impulse to reach and brush the strand of hair away from her eye. "You may not be very available the rest of the day, so we'll leave it this way—you have hired Mr. Wolfe to investigate the murder; and if he doesn't take the job, I'll notify you as soon as I can get in touch with you. And you'll leave ——"

"Why wouldn't he take the job?"

"Because he's a genius and he's eccentric. Geniuses don't have to have reasons. But leave that to me. And if you're going to pay us, I might as well start earning it. Have you got a stamp pad?"

She said yes, in the desk, and I went and found it in a pigeonhole. She said she had no glossy paper, and I took her magazine and found a page ad in color with wide margins in white and I tore it out. "I'll want all ten fingers," I told her. "First your right hand, the thumb. . . . Like this."

She didn't ask why. She didn't ask anything. Either she knew why or she merely wanted to humor me, and your guess is as good as mine. When I had the set, the right hand on the right margin and the left on the left, I folded the sheet with care and put it between the pages of my notebook.

"O.K.," I said. "You'll leave the door unbolted, and I'll tell Cramer ——"

"No, I won't. If they break in that door, they'll pay for it."

I explained again. I told her that anyone as realistic about money as she was ought to be able to be realistic about murder, but she wouldn't budge. I told her she didn't have to invite them in or let them in, just leave the door unbolted, and she said I was no good. So I left, and the second I was across the sill the door clicked shut, and I heard the bolt go in. I walked to the rear and opened the door of Dell's room.

"Well?" Cramer demanded.

"No soap." I stood in the doorway. "If she has a brain, I can't imagine what she uses it for. She wants to hire Nero Wolfe to make you eat dirt. I told her if you had to break in you would probably take her downtown and hold her, and she said you'd have to carry her. When I left she pushed the bolt."

"All right," Cramer said, "if that's the way she wants it." He turned to speak to Rowcliff, but I didn't stay to listen because I had an urgent errand. Callahan, the dick who had brought me from the kitchen, wasn't in sight, and so I backed off, made the landing, descended, asked the dick in the lower hall if it was still snowing, as I got my hat and coat, took my time putting my coat on, opened the front door and walked out.

The snow was coming down thicker and was an inch deep on the sidewalk. Outside were two harness bulls, four police cars double-parked and a small group of unofficial criminologists. I headed east, found a phone booth in a bar-and-grill around the corner on Eighth Avenue and dialed. It was after four, and Wolfe would be up in the plant rooms for his afternoon session with the orchids, which is from four to six; so it was Fritz who answered, and I told him to switch it.

"Yes?" Wolfe is always gruff on the phone, but when it interrupts him up there he is even gruffer.

"Me again. From a booth on Eighth Avenue. I left the scene informally because I have something to report. We won't be contradicted about the money. Miss Annis, whom I now call Hattie, has buttoned her lip and will keep it buttoned. She is in her room with the door bolted and Cramer and Rowcliff are going to batter their way in. Stebbins isn't around. I was re——"

"He was here."

"Who? Stebbins?"

"Yes. I spoke with him at the door. He wanted the package of money. I told him it was not mine to surrender, since it had been left in your safekeeping. He said nothing about its being bogus. I didn't admit him. He was not pleased."

"I'll bet. I was requested by Cramer to persuade Hattie to let them in and I tried—not through the door, she let me in. When I told her that if they had to break the door down to get to her they would take her downtown and hold her, she said she wanted to hire you to make them eat dirt. I said the only job you might take would be to investigate the murder, and dirt-eating, if any, would be a by-product, and your fee would be high. She said she could pay you twenty-one thousand dollars, one tenth of the tax-exempt bonds she has in a bank vault. I said we would assume that you are hired, but if you should refuse to take it on because you're eccentric, I would notify her. The trouble is, how can I notify her if she's not accessible? Shall I ask Cramer to tell her you're too busy?"

"Yes."

"Naturally," I said sympathetically, "you would rather starve than work, if only you had no appetite. The fact is, she wanted to hire me, and I told her to get me she had to hire you. I'll hold the wire while you count ten."

"Confound you." It was a growl from the depths. "She may have no bonds. She is probably indigent."

"Not a chance. She's my favorite screwball, but she's not a liar. I'm under her spell and I'm in her debt. She made Cramer ask me a favor."

There was silence, then more growl, "Come home and report. We'll see."

One of the rules in Wolfe's house is no business talk at meals, ever; and another is no business in the plant rooms except in emergencies. That winter day the emergency was not that some sudden development demanded immediate action or that an important case had reached a crisis. It was that Wolfe had to decide to work or not to work, and he could get no pleasure fiddling with orchids with that hanging over him. He took my report not in one of the three plant rooms, with their dazzle of color, but in the potting room, perched on his made-to-order stool at the big bench. Theodore was washing pots at the sink, and I used his stool.

Wolfe keeps his eyes closed when I am reporting and rarely interrupts with questions. When I finished, he took in air clear down to his middle, let it out, opened his eyes and grunted. "Any comments or suggestions?"

"Yes, sir, plenty. First, Hattie Annis is out. She couldn't possibly have been faking it when we went in and found the body. I wouldn't try to predict what she's going to do, but I know what she didn't do. She didn't kill Tammy Baxter. Second, their not asking if I knew the money is counterfeit is an insult to my intelligence and yours too. Leach had told Cramer not to mention it because what he wants is to find the source. He'd rather catch a counterfeiter than a murderer any day; and if counterfeiting were mentioned to me, I might mention it to a reporter. Evidently he thinks we can't add two and two. A T-man comes to ask me about a woman who had left a package of bills with me, and the idea that they might be counterfeit wouldn't occur to me?"

"He didn't know she had been here and left a package."

"He did when I was being questioned. He heard me tell Cramer. Cramer must have been biting nails. He'd love to get us for being in possession of a stack of the queer. Ten to one Leach didn't know he sent Stebbins here to get it. Third, Tammy Baxter was a T-woman."

"That means something?" Wolfe said.

"It does now. If there are T-men there can be a T-woman, though I've never heard of one. This morning Leach asked if she was here; and when I told him she had been and gone he asked if she had been back or phoned; then he switched to Hattie Annis. Why didn't he ask what Tammy Baxter had said? Because he knew; she had reported to him. Also he knew the phone number of that house. Also Cramer; why wasn't he more interested in my talk with Tammy Baxter only an hour or so before she was murdered? Because he already knew about it from Leach."

"You stay for your limit if you like—I just reached mine!"

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"Then she had been posted in that house by the Secret Service?"

"Sure. A good guess is that they knew someone who lived there had passed bad money. I doubt if they knew which one; because if so, they know who killed Tammy Baxter, and I don't think they would dare not to tell Cramer—but it's possible. Their big play isn't for the passers, it's for the plant.

"Fourth, one of the four roomers is it, on account of the knife. It came from that kitchen. Raymond Dell, Noel Ferris, Paul Hannah, Martha Kirk—if one or more of them have been crossed off by alibis, that would narrow it.

"Fifth, if Hattie Annis is your client you probably want to speak to Parker, since you are against leaving a client in the coop. I'll ring him."

"I haven't told you to."

"Do you tell me not to?"

He tightened his lips. He took a deep breath. "Confound you. Call him."

"Right. But first, one more. Sixth, I see no reason why I shouldn't try the package for prints, since it hasn't occurred to us that the bills may be phony. I'm assuming that you don't intend to let loose of your client's property unless a court orders you to."

"Certainly not. But there will be other prints than yours—hers."

"I've got hers."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. In case."

"So." He got off the stool. "So you make the decisions. Let me know if you wish to confer. Go."

I went. It isn't easy to pass down the aisles of those three rooms without stopping, even in an emergency; but that time I stopped only once, where a group of *Miltonia Roezlii* was sporting more than fifty racemes on four feet of bench. It was the best crop of Miltonias that Wolfe—and Theodore—had ever had. The display is always harder to believe when snow is dancing on the sloping glass overhead.

Since it was after office hours I dialed the home number of Nathaniel Parker, the lawyer, got him, put him through to Wolfe and listened in, as I am supposed to when not told to get off. He was a little doubtful about springing our client before morning, since they had had to smash a door to get to her and she wasn't talking, but he said he would get on it immediately and do his best. That done, I went to the safe and got the wrapping paper and bills.

It was a two-hour job, and I took an hour out for dinner, so it was after nine o'clock when I finished. It took so long because (a) wrapping paper is a mean surface to lift prints from, (b) I had to check and double-check every print with Hattie's and mine and (c) I had to be darned careful to leave the evidence intact if there was any there. During the last hour, after dinner, Wolfe was there at his desk in the only chair he really likes, reading his current book. Now and then he shot me a glance, of course hoping that I would announce that we had him; and then his job would be simple. But at a quarter past nine I swiveled and spoke, "No. Positively. Seven good prints, twelve fair ones and fourteen smudges. The only ones that can be identified are Hattie's and mine. Either he didn't handle it without gloves or he wiped it."

I'll say this for Wolfe, he never asks silly questions like, "Are you sure?" or "Have you tried the bills too?" He merely growled, "It was too much to expect." He picked up his bookmark, a thin strip of gold that had been given him by a client in spite of the size of his bill, inserted it and put the book down.

I took the bills and wrapping paper, still handling them with care, and went to the safe and put them in. "Now," I said, returning, "it will take a brain, and you know where one is. I only run errands. I know you never leave the house on business, but if you ——"

The doorbell rang. I offered myself three to one that it was Cramer, probably with Leach for company. I stepped in to the hall and flipped the switch for the stoop light. It had been a bad bet. I stepped back in and told Wolfe, "All four of them—Dell, Ferris, Hannah and Martha Kirk."

He glared at me. "You invited them?"

"No, sir. It's a surprise party. People have no consideration. They might at least have phoned."

"It's impossible! I'm not ready. I haven't prepared my mind." He ran his fingers through his hair. "It's impossible. Bring them in."

I went to the front and opened the door and invited them to enter. Martha Kirk, first in, did not curtsy, and Raymond Dell didn't bow. When I turned after shutting the door, she was sitting on the bench, pulling off her galoshes, and the men were removing their coats. "Have you written your piece?" Dell demanded.

That had been so long ago, eight whole hours, that for a second I didn't get him. "Oh," I said. "I had forgotten I was doing one. I got interrupted."

"We want to see Nero Wolfe," Martha Kirk said. "And you."

"Then you might as well have us together. This way." I went to the office door and stood aside, and they filed in. Wolfe arose, inclined his head an eighth of an inch as I pronounced each name, and then sat. He never shakes hands with strangers. I was going to put Martha Kirk in the red leather chair, but Dell beat us to it, so I moved up a yellow one for her, next to me; and Ferris and Hannah moved their own, beyond her. Wolfe's eyes went from left to right and back again.

"Go ahead, Martha," Paul Hannah said. "This was your idea."

"No," Martha said, "it was Hattie's idea." She was still ornamental, but she didn't look up to making an omelet of larks' eggs. She turned her face to me and then to Wolfe. "It's crazy," she said. "The idea that Hattie—it's just crazy."

"She doesn't mean," Noel Ferris explained, "that Hattie's idea is crazy. She means the idea that Hattie killed Tammy Baxter. Hattie's idea was that we should come and see you."

"According to Martha," Paul Hannah said.

"Idiot children," Raymond Dell rumbled. His hat had pressed his white mane down, but it was starting to unfurl. "Snapping and yapping in the face of tragedy."

"Death isn't tragedy," Ferris said. "Life is tragedy."

"Was it Miss Annis' idea," Wolfe inquired, "that you should come and expound philosophy to me? . . . Miss Kirk, I gather that she spoke with you?"

Martha nodded. "She spoke *to* me. She said she had hired you and Mr. Goodwin to make the cops eat dirt, and we must come and tell you everything we had told the cops."

"When did she hire you?" Hannah demanded. His chubby pink cheeks were a little saggy.

Wolfe ignored him and kept his eyes at Martha. "What else did she say?"

"Nothing. She couldn't. I was coming downstairs, and they were carrying her out. She saw me and said that, and I said we would. Of course, I couldn't tell the others then; they were still questioning us; but I did as soon as they left."

"They were carrying her literally? Bodily?"

"Yes. Two men."

"Had they forced the door of her room?"

"Yes."

Wolfe grunted. "Possibly actionable. For the record, Miss Annis is my client, but my job is not as she defined it. I have been engaged to investigate the murder that was committed in her house."

"It wasn't committed by her," Martha declared. "But they've arrested her. It's crazy!"

"It was committed by a sex maniac," Paul Hannah said. "Twice last week a man followed her right to the door. When she told me about it I offered to ambush him; but she said no, if he did it again and came close she would handle him. She would too."

Noel Ferris twisted his lip. "Lochinvar Hannah," he drawled. "These sex maniacs are damned clever. Of course, getting in wasn't much—he could have a bag of assorted keys—but getting the knife from the kitchen was a real stroke. We know that he did because you identified it."

"You keep harping on that." Hannah's cheeks were pinker. "Certainly I identified it, with that nick in it. I supposed you all would. I knew Hattie would."

"I did," Martha said.

Ferris turned a hand over. "Then I should have too. I was too sentimental. I always am. I had a vague notion that it would be better to leave it plausible that the knife was a stranger. Also I am too sensitive. I couldn't bear the thought that the knife I had sliced ham with had been ——" He finished it with a gesture, an actor's gesture.

Raymond Dell snorted. "Adolescent imbeciles! All three of you! We came here to serve a friend in whose debt we are, not to prattle. Tammy Baxter was new in that house, not yet one of us. For all we know, Hattie may have had reason to fear her beyond endurance. In a frenzy of fear, in the panic of desperation, she killed her. That is quite possible. We know that Hattie was not herself. We thought her incapable of guile, but she brought this man Goodwin, a professional detective, she brought him there and presented him to Martha and me in false colors."

Ferris' brows were up. "But you came here to serve her?"

"I did." Dell's boom would have carried to the gallery if there had been one. "Whether she killed or not, whether she was wise to trust her fate to this man Wolfe and this man Goodwin, we are not to judge. We can only ask, what can we do or say to help her?" His deep-set blue-gray eyes focused on Wolfe. "And we can only ask you."

Martha Kirk put in, "Hattie said we should tell him everything we told the cops."

Wolfe shook his head. "That may not be necessary. I hope not." He cleared his throat. "It has already been of some slight help to sit and listen to you; that is inherent in the situation. When four people are conversing in my presence and I know that one of them committed murder less than twelve hours ago, I would be a dolt to get no inkling at all. Look at you now—your reaction to what I just said. You are all staring at me. One of you opened his mouth to interrupt, but closed it. None of you glances at the others, or at any other. But I know that one of you is feeling the pinch. He is asking himself, are my eyes all right, how about my mouth, should I say something? He is aware, of course, that it will take more than an inkling to undo him, but an inkling can give me a start."

It wasn't giving me one. They all kept their stares at him. Martha's lips were parted, and Ferris' were twisted. Paul Hannah's jaw was working. Dell's chin was up, and he was frowning. Ferris demanded, "You know it was one of us? How?"

"Not by an inkling, Mr. Ferris. There is the knife, and there is my conviction, on grounds that satisfy me, that Miss Annis didn't use it; but that isn't all. I prefer not to disclose why she took Mr. Goodwin to her house in masquerade—though one of you has certainly guessed why I'll leave it a guess." He flattened his palms on the chair arms. "And now we may proceed. Three of you came here to help a friend, and one of you came because he didn't dare to refuse. Nor will he dare to refuse to answer my questions and I expect him to expose himself. If he has already exposed himself to the police, we are wasting our time. But I'll proceed on the assumption that he hasn't. If I fail, it will be because I haven't asked the right questions—and I don't intend to fail."

His head turned. "Mr. Dell. Have you paid your room rent for the past three months?"

TO BE CONCLUDED

"For your trouble."

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The Battling Bulstrodes

(Continued from Page 17)

Slapdash's nose, even their parents could not tell them apart. Mentally, it was harder to detect a resemblance, largely because they had no minds worth mentioning.

On only one subject did these three reach an almost perfect unanimity and that subject was horses. In their cradle days their little noses wrinkled at the approach of their parents, whose clothes smelled of horse sweat and worse. The conversation of their parents—if it could be called conversation—was redolent of the stables, the stud farm and fox hunting. All social occasions had some equine significance. As a result, the boys never went near the stables voluntarily and so great was their detestation of anything remotely connected with horses that they even conceived a dislike of the avenue of horse chestnuts, which were the pride of Bulstrode Castle. When at the age of nine the earl bought them a Shetland pony apiece, they went down stealthily to the paddock, opened the gate and turned them loose. Only once did they depart from this steadfast aversion and that was when their mother, demonstrating the paces of a new hunter she had acquired, was thrown over its head and landed in the middle of a manure heap. Then, as their mother's head surfaced, they were heard to utter a horselaugh.

It was a great sorrow to Percy and Laetitia. Meals at the castle were eaten in gloomy silence when the children were at table, for the latter refused to talk horses, while their parents knew nothing else to talk about.

When Slapdash—the quadruped Slapdash—was retired from racing to the stud, it was the custom, in such veneration was he held at Bulstrode Castle, that whenever his internal economy required a bran mash, bran mash was also served for the household breakfast. On these occasions the triplets rose as one from the table, bowed politely to their parents and left the room.

Slapdash—the biped Slapdash—was the first of the triplets to cause their parents real anxiety. At about the age of sixteen he began to wash voluntarily. A bottle of some evil-smelling goo appeared on his dressing table. He used it to slick down his hair. He began disappearing on unexplained errands. After dark too. One evening, shortly before the seventeenth birthday celebrations, Slapdash returned home limping. An examination of his injuries revealed birdshot in his fleshy nether extremity. Slapdash was placed face down on a bed with Candlemaker sitting on his head and Brussels Sprouts on his feet, while Laetitia, with the instrument she used for removing stones from the hoofs of her mounts—being careful to sterilize it under the hot tap and give it a final wipe on her riding habit for luck—delved for the shot. Slapdash, aside from his anguished bellowings, preserved a discreet silence about the causes which led to him being used as a target.

But the story soon emerged when, three evenings later, a tenant farmer named Mumbles brought a weeping daughter to see the earl. Raised voices were heard from the library. The next week work was begun on a new barn for the Mumbleses' farm, while the girl went to stay with an aunt in Yorkshire.

The earl took a very poor view of this, for he disliked buying new barns. But Laetitia was more tolerant. "Colts will be colts!" she said in defense of her firstborn.

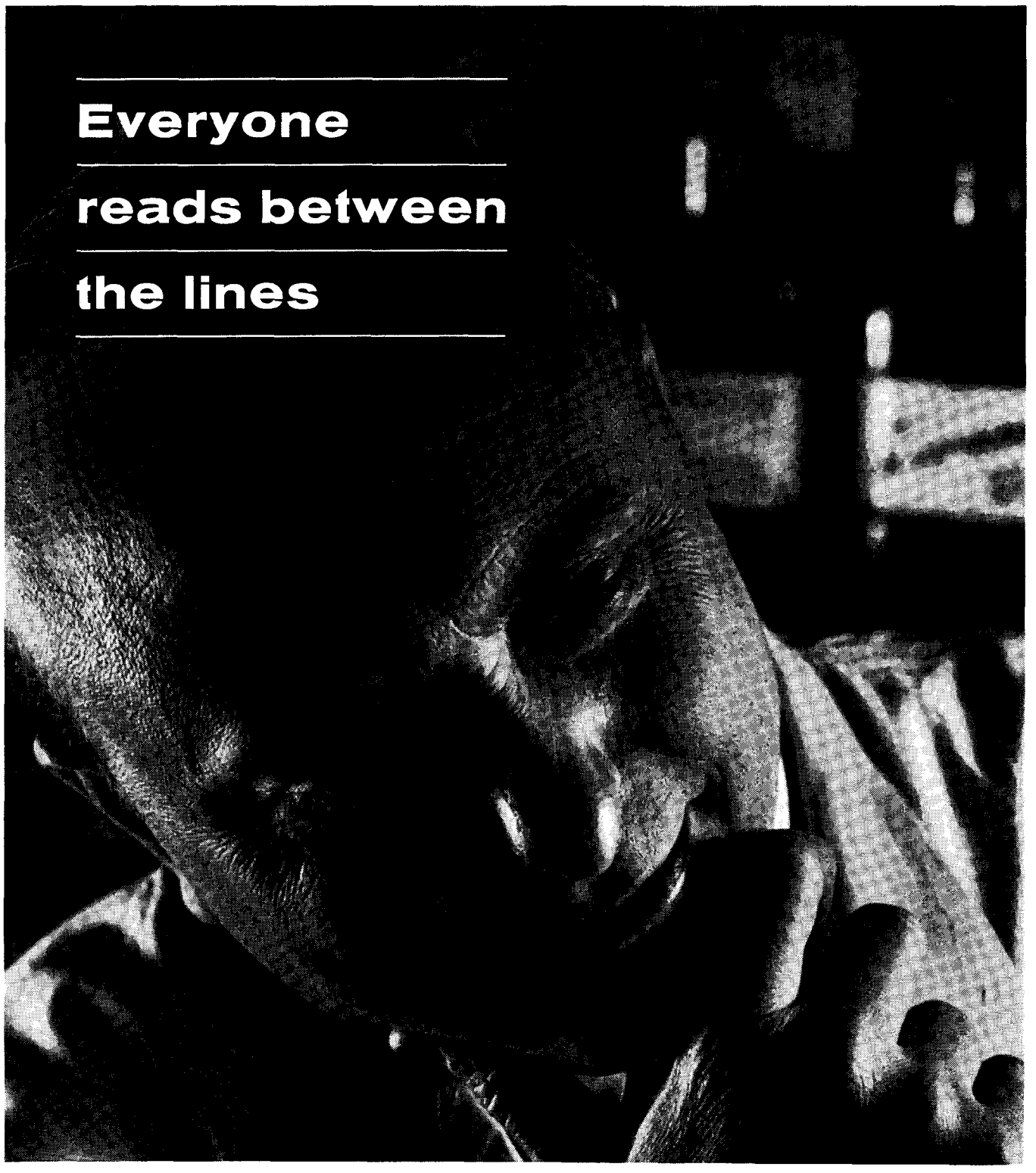
But there were other episodes of a like nature, all involving unpleasant interviews with indignant parents. The earl took drastic action. He bought Slapdash a motorcycle. "This machine," he explained to his son, "is guaranteed by the makers to do sixty miles an hour. In thirty minutes, therefore, with the throttle full open, you can be thirty miles from Bulstrode Castle—where nobody knows you. For the future, my boy, kindly scatter your affections farther from home. If I have any more indignant parents calling on me from anywhere within a thirty-mile radius, I shall be seriously displeased."

The earl and countess were highly gratified by the success of the experiment, even to the extent of relenting somewhat in their hostility to internal-combustion engines. Fathers of comely daughters either lacked the capacity for indignation shown by those who lived near Bulstrode or, helpless in the face of Slapdash's superior mobility, learned to be philosophical.

Then Slapdash bought a pillion seat for his motorcycle!

The first passenger was Phoebe Tompsitt, the splendidly curvaceous daughter of Joe Tompsitt, licensee of the Blue Boar in Bulstrode village. Joe was no docile tenant farmer who could be bought off with a new barn. He owned the freehold of the Blue Boar and doffed his hat to no man—not even to the Earl of Bulstrode, who was chairman of the local licensing board and a very awkward man for a publican to be on the wrong side of.

When Joe Tompsitt called at the castle demanding to see the earl, the butler referred him to the tradesmen's entrance, but changed his mind at sight of the shotgun Joe carried. The interview took place in the library, a room reserved for



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unpleasant interviews and occasional reference to works of equine or veterinary matters.

Efforts to bring Slapdash into the discussion were fruitless, for Slapdash, observing the approach of Joe Tompsitt from afar, had taken refuge in a priest hole.

Dinner was a gloomy meal that evening. The Tompsitt interview had delayed it forty minutes, completely ruining the soufflé.

"Slapdash, my boy," said the earl in measured tones when the coffee had been served and the family was alone, "I have with some reluctance decided that you require larger horizons. The little world of Bulstrode Castle and its vicinity is too cramped and confining for a free spirit like yours. You must travel—see the world, broaden your ideas ——"

"Have you any suggestions as to where I should go, father?"

"No, my boy, except that it should be somewhere a long way from home—say about ten thousand miles. Australia, I am told, has a most agreeable climate."

"But it's stiff with horses," remarked Brussels Sprouts. "Don't forget that, Slapdash."

"Brussels Sprouts," said the earl sternly, "if you interrupt me again, you will go with him. On the whole, I think Australia is just about the right distance. In the central part, which is largely desert, they use camels. Tomorrow I shall buy you a third-class ticket to Australia. When you arrive at your destination you will find a bank credit of one thousand pounds. But, Slapdash ——"

"Yes, father."

"Make it last a long time."

"About how long, father?"

"Let's see—you're twenty now. Make it last about forty years, shall we say. By then I shall be an old man, ready to hand the earldom on to you, and you, I hope, will by then be behaving less like a tomcat. But don't cut yourself entirely adrift from us, my boy. Your mother and I would like to have news of you from time to time. Your brothers also, I dare say. So send us a postcard occasionally to let us know how you are getting along."

After dinner sounds of strife came from the upper floors of the castle. The Battling Bulstrodes were having a final free-for-all. "The dear boys!" said their mother fondly. "So high-spirited!"

In the morning, when the earl and Slapdash left for the station, the police disarmed Joe Tompsitt while father and son drove through the village. "I shall be waiting for you when you come back," cried Phoebe Tompsitt as the Bulstrode victoria passed the Blue Boar.

"So will her father," remarked the earl.

Slapdash did not feel entirely comfortable until the train had pulled out of Bulstrode station.

In Ascot week 1914, when the triplets' twenty-first birthday celebrations were held, there came a postcard from Slapdash who, as warned by Brussels Sprouts, had found the equine population of Australia excessive. He was going to Papua.

In late September there arrived a postcard from Port Moresby, the capital town of Papua, written in pencil and signed by one James O'Brien. It said with commendable brevity:

Sorry to tell you the bad news that Slapdash was et by cannibals last week.

It arrived at breakfast time on bran-mash day. The earl pushed his bowl away untasted. "Bad news, my dear?" queried Laetitia anxiously.

"'Fraid so," replied the earl. "Buying that damned motorcycle was a mistake. I blame myself for it. Ought to have known that no good could come from things like that." He paused, using a napkin to conceal a faint quiver of the upper lip. "Slapdash has been eaten by cannibals."

Laetitia, sobbing quietly, left the table.

It was not in the Bulstrode tradition to make a parade of grief, so no further mention of the matter was made until dinner, to which Candlemaker came dabbing a cut lip, while Brussels Sprouts had a black eye. "You boys have been fighting again," said the earl severely. "What about?"

"To decide which of us is going to be the heir."

"'Pon my soul!" exclaimed the earl. "I never thought of that," he added with a worried frown. "I shall have to go into the matter."

"Percy, my dear," came the reproving voice of Laetitia from the other end of the table, "wouldn't it be more seemly if, instead of fighting about who will be the heir, we communicated with this Mr. O'Brien with a view to learning—the details?"

"By all means, my dear," replied the earl, "if that is your wish. But what details? Indeed, what details can there be—unless you want to know how the poor chap was cooked?"

There was, as the Bulstrodes were beginning to realize, a dismal finality about the whole matter of being the principal dish at a cannibal feast.

"Don't you think, Percy," persisted Laetitia, "that we should at least make some kind of announcement?"

The announcement which finally appeared in *The Times* brought many letters of condolence. It also brought the triplets' great-aunt Matilda, who, for reasons not apparent to others, had liked Slapdash.

Locally there was little stir. Joe Tompsitt was heard to say that the cannibals couldn't have been very fussy feeders, while Phoebe brooded darkly and said nothing.

Great-aunt Matilda, much to the annoyance of the two surviving triplets, announced her intention of leaving her small fortune to finance a suitable memorial to Slapdash. Enjoying a large circle of artistic friends, she called for ideas.

In the meanwhile, the Earl of Bulstrode paid an official call on Mr. Summerscales, the family lawyer, with regard to the matter of the succession to the title. "Assuming the information received from this Mr. O'Brien to be correct," said the lawyer, "and I am inclined to think that you require more than his uncorroborated statement before making any such assumption, the older of the two surviving triplets is unquestionably the heir. But which *is* the older?"

"Candlemaker, of course."

"But why, Lord Bulstrode, why?"

"It's plain as a pikestaff. Candlemaker ran second to Slapdash by half a length, with five lengths between him and Brussels Sprouts. It's in the official record of the race. It can't be disputed now. The time for objection is past."

"My dear Lord Bulstrode," said Mr. Summerscales reprovingly, "I have no doubt that if we were dealing with the stewards of the Jockey Club, your view would prevail, but I question whether the House of Lords Committee of Privileges will be quite so easy to convince."

"Then what's going to happen?" asked the earl bleakly.

"Unless there is clear evidence, such as that of a doctor, midwife or other eyewitness, that one of your two surviving sons is the older—by even so short a time as a minute—the law will presume that they are of the same age. In that event, at your death the earldom will fall into abeyance between them until such time as a clear heir emerges. If one of them were to die, for example, the other would be the heir."

"It seems rather hard," grumbled the earl, "if, in order to pass on the title I have to shoot one of my sons. Besides, frankly I wouldn't know which one to shoot. Neither of them can ride a horse."

"If they both marry and have children," continued the lawyer, "there will be no heir to the earldom until the line descending from one of them is extinct. The oldest male descendant of the other will then succeed to the earldom."

"But we might have to wait centuries," protested the earl.

"Some families have waited as long as four centuries, Lord Bulstrode," replied Mr. Summerscales, ending the interview.

Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts, resisting all their father's pressure to make them join the cavalry, enlisted as privates in an infantry regiment. World War I had begun. Their joint survival left the matter of the succession undecided.

Great-aunt Matilda did not survive the war, and when an official report from Papua made it appear extremely likely that Slapdash had suffered the fate mentioned in the original postcard, the earl agreed to the erection of the memorial just outside the Bulstrode Castle chapel.

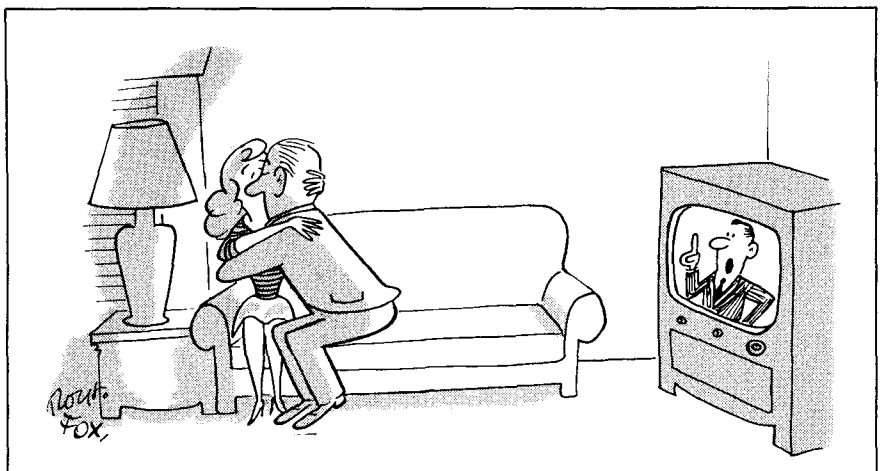
Since neither of his sons would succeed him, the earl lost all interest in both of them. They knew nothing about horses and the sight of them loafing about the castle offended him. "Don't you think," he asked them in 1923, when they were thirty years of age, "that it's about time you two boys did something? Haven't you any ambition?"

It seemed not.

"You may as well face it now as later," he told them, "because when I kick the bucket there won't be any money. My advice to you is to learn how to earn a living. Travel—see the world."

"And get ourselves eaten by cannibals, I suppose," said Brussels Sprouts bitterly.

"Not necessarily—at least, not both of you. One would be enough. The other would be the heir."



"And now a word about that run-down, lethargic feeling . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The earl had not exaggerated his financial position. High taxation, rising costs and the low return from land had made him a poor man.

In 1924, the year Sansovino won the Derby, great-aunt Matilda's memorial to Slapdash was completed. A young sculptor protégé produced a huge tableau in bronze depicting in life size a number of assorted cannibals dancing round an immense caldron from which protruded the head and shoulders, clearly recognizable, of Slapdash.

In an alcove of the castle chapel was a stained-glass window with the same motif. The artist, in the mistaken if understandable belief that Slapdash was a missionary, had equipped him with a halo. A white marble tablet recorded the fact that Slapdash was the only known heir to an English earldom to be eaten by cannibals.

After the ceremony, observing Phoebe Tompsitt patrolling the outer ramparts of the castle with a shotgun, searching the empty horizon from time to time for a sight of Slapdash, his surviving brothers, actuated by nothing but kindness, tried to persuade her that she was wasting her time. "Cannibals or no cannibals," she muttered darkly, "Slapdash will return to me."

"Well, supposing he does," said Brussels Sprouts, "what then?"

"What do you think?" asked Phoebe with a cryptic look, patting her trusty shotgun.

Soon afterward the twins—strictly speaking, the two surviving triplets—were booted out into a cold hard world by their father, who gave them five hundred pounds apiece and his blessing.

In New York the brothers parted—Candlemaker to marry Sadie, the widow of a bootlegger who forgot to wind up the bulletproof windows on his limousine one hot evening, and Brussels Sprouts to join a carnival on an extended tour of the United States and Mexico as the barker for a bearded lady. He had quite a talent for carnival work and might have been with the show still if it had not gone to Texas, where there were too many horses. In a frenzy of equiphobia, he jumped a train going east, where he learned that Candlemaker and Sadie were living in great style at Palm Beach.

Sadie, whose first intimation it was that Candlemaker had a brother, and finding them so amazingly alike that she could not tell them apart, refused to allow Brussels Sprouts to live with them until a gold bracelet had been welded onto his wrist. But the arrangement did not last long: two battling Bulstrodes about the place were excessive. Sadie introduced Brussels Sprouts—with the American genius for abbreviation, he was now known as "Sprouts"—to Señora Isabella Sagramente Granitos y Pescadoro, the relict of a Cuban sugar tycoon, who fell in love with him at first sight. She was in the prime of life, only four years older than Laetitia, and full of sparkle. They were married in Sadie's house.

The next years were uneventful. Candlemaker and Sadie continued to live in Palm Beach until 1946, when Sadie died, leaving all her money to a son by one of three previous marriages.

"I can't allow poor Candlemaker to starve," Sprouts told Isabella.

"Why?" she asked with the direct simplicity which had endeared her to him.

The upshot was that Sprouts and Isabella gave Candlemaker a home at Acapulco in the summers, which they spent on Long Island, and on Long Island in the winters, which they spent at Acapulco. When Isabella died in 1949, the two brothers, now aged fifty-six, returned to England, where, having heard nothing since 1924, they were amazed to find their parents still hale and hearty, despite

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financial stringencies occasioned by the intervention of yet another war, and living in what had once been the gatekeeper's cottage at Bulstrode.

"Hullo, what do you two loafers want?" asked the earl, dismounting outside the cottage.

"Nothing in particular, father," they replied in unison.

"Well, there's no shortage of that, so come in and see your mother. I dare say she'll be pleased to see you. Women are funny that way."

Laetitia, a well-preserved seventy-nine, was nursing two broken ribs, sustained when her mount misgauged the height of a stone wall after a long run with the hounds. "Hello! You two have turned up again, I see," she greeted them. "I thought you were the vet. Been away some time, eh?"

"Twenty-five years, mother."

"It doesn't seem as long as that to me," said Laetitia.

Whereupon the conversation died of sheer inanition.

Necessity, it is said, is the mother of invention. It was so in the case of Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts, who were compelled by the necessity of eating to stir themselves from their habitual torpor. Any hopes they may have entertained of eating at the expense of their parents were dispelled when the earl, observing them dribbling like spaniels at the savory smells coming from the cottage kitchen, remarked unfeelingly, "There's no fatted calf on the menu today; we're eating roast duck and there's only enough for two."

The brothers, thereupon, went to live in the castle, which had not been lived in or cleaned since the outbreak of war ten years previously. The grounds and the deer park swarmed with rabbits. Lacking the skill and energy to catch their own, they evolved a system of hijacking small boys as they were climbing over the spiked wall with sacks of poached rabbits and other small game. Nevertheless, they soon found that there is a strict limit to the amount of rabbit meat which the human stomach will accept without gagging.

At the ebbtide of their fortunes, so hungry that bran mash would have seemed like a luxury, Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts were in the castle chapel discussing the high price of scrap metal, their thought being to convert the bronze cannibal memorial to Slapdash into cash in order to solve the immediate problems of living. It was at this moment that the spark of genius which lies latent in such improbable places burst into a clear white light.

Brussels Sprouts rummaged among Candlemaker's possessions until he found a massive gold cigarette case, the diamond-and-emerald cuff links and platinum wrist watch—once the property of Sadie's bootlegger husband and given to Candlemaker as a wedding gift. With these in his pocket he went to London on an unexplained errand. When, to Candlemaker's great surprise, Brussels Sprouts returned, the former was negotiating with a picture dealer for the sale of the family portraits.

"We're in business!" announced Brussels Sprouts in triumph, having pawned the baubles in London.

"What business?" asked his brother.

"The stately-homes-of-England business, of course. Don't you read the newspapers?"

Bulstrode Castle was not stately, but it was large and very old, which was almost as good. Brussels Sprouts, whose years with the carnival had taught him a lot about human gullibility, knew that there was far more money in the Slapdash memorial, if exploited properly, than could be obtained from a scrap-metal dealer. The proceeds of Candlemaker's baubles had been invested in advertising.

At first there was only a trickle of visitors at half a crown apiece. As the season advanced and the weather grew warmer, the trickle became a steady stream. By the middle of June as many as fifty cars daily were arriving. At an average of three persons per car, this worked out at a daily take of a little more than fifty dollars. Half of this was plowed back into advertising, while the rest went for day-to-day expenses and improving the general amenities.

"You fellows seem to be having a dashed lot of visitors," remarked the earl suspiciously. "What are you up to?"

"Just a few friends from Palm Beach!" remarked Candlemaker airily.

The brothers saved enough to carry them through the winter, and when the next season opened, operations were on a larger scale, arrangements having been made with the owner of a fleet of motor coaches.

During the first warm days of late spring, when five or six coaches daily were seen entering the castle drive, the earl remarked sourly, "You loafers must have had a dashed lot of friends in Palm Beach. Pity you didn't stay there."

One Saturday in June, having learned from an encyclopedia owned by the vicar that the resident population of Palm Beach was 3747 souls, the earl remarked to Laetitia, "Do you realize, my dear, that since last Monday the entire damned

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Sometimes the reason a marriage doesn't work is that the wife has to.

F. G. KERNAN

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population of Palm Beach has called on those loafers and two thousand odd of them twice? There's something fishy going on. I'm going to investigate."

Later that day, pushing past a long line of people waiting to see the cannibal memorial, the earl spluttered with indignation on being hauled back by the coattails and hearing a man with a bookmaker's satchel say, "Hey there, grandpa, you'll pay 'arf a crown like all the rest!"

"Pay *you* good money to go into *my* chapel grounds!" snarled the earl. "Get the hell out of here and take the rest of this Palm Beach riffraff with you!"

In the showdown which followed, the earl demanded and got a 50 per cent cut. Furthermore, he employed Phoebe Tompsitt, who still patrolled the outer ramparts with her shotgun, to check the number of visitors who paid their half crowns. Phoebe quickly became one of the added attractions. Indeed, a picture postcard of Phoebe standing beside the cannibal memorial, with an inset of Slapdash on his motorcycle, and a somewhat sentimentalized story of their unhappy romance, soon became a best-seller.

The earl's assertion of authority and proprietorship turned out to be a blessing in disguise, because it was later possible to saddle him with the entire responsibility for income tax, a not inconsiderable item because for the remainder of the summer money was rolling in at the rate of approximately one thousand pounds weekly.

With their new-found affluence, the Earl and Countess of Bulstrode moved back into the castle, bought a few hunters and resumed the pleasant, leisurely life they had always known. Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts were permitted to retain their respective suites.

Then we come to a balmy evening in June during the fourth cannibal season, as time was now reckoned by the Bulstrodes. It was the Sunday before Ascot and the triplets' sixtieth birthday. Conscious of the many blessings of his later life, the earl announced: "We will go to church this evening. We pay an enormous rent for our pew, so we may as well use it occasionally."

Candlemaker and Brussels Sprouts, who had planned to play billiards, followed their parents to church tamely.

The vicar, as the subject of his sermon, chose the inscrutable ways of Providence, propounding a somewhat involved theory that atomic bombs were probably blessings in disguise.

The earl, as was his custom on the rare occasions when he heard a sermon, held a post mortem on it over the Sunday evening cold beef and salad. "There's a great deal to be said for the vicar's ideas," he began. "Who would have thought, for example, that a loafer like Slapdash, by the mere accident of becoming the principal dish at a cannibal feast, would have been the indirect means of providing us with this excellent beef? . . . By the way, my dear, don't forget to compliment the butcher on it. . . . For that matter," he continued, "who would have believed that you two loafers"—he turned to his sons—"had the gumption or intelligence to recognize the possibilities latent in that costly absurdity on which your great-aunt Matilda chucked away so much money? The lesson in it, my boys . . . pass me that claret, Brussels Sprouts; it's far too good a wine to be wasted on palates rasped by cocktails . . . the lesson in it is plain. It should teach us—indeed, it *has* taught me—that no creature is too unworthy, too insignificant to be of some use in the universal scheme."

The earl would doubtless have elaborated this theme if at that moment, from the basement region, there had not come the sonorous clangor of the front door bell. The servants being off duty on Sunday evenings, Candlemaker was sent to investigate.

A moment later a large man with cauliflower ears and a broken nose burst into the room wearing an obviously false black beard. When this was whipped off, he stood revealed as Slapdash.

"You're looking well, my boy," said the earl amiably. "Funny you should turn up just now, because I was talking about you only a few minutes ago. Pull up a chair and have some of this excellent cold beef. I'm sure that wherever you have been for the past forty years, you haven't tasted better ——"

"I didn't come here for cold beef," retorted Slapdash darkly.

"Then what did you come for? . . . Carve me another slice, Brussels Sprouts, will you? It would be a pity to let the servants eat it. . . . Yes, what did you come back for?"

"Well, you said I could come back in about forty years and here I am."

"Spent that thousand pounds I gave you, I suppose? I think the least you could have done was to have spared your mother and myself the needless grief of believing that you'd been eaten by cannibals. However, I don't want to spoil your home-coming by useless recriminations. It was good of you to drop in to see us. Come and see us again some time—but don't wait forty years, because your mother and I aren't getting any younger."

"I've come to stay, father."

"Nonsense, my dear boy, nonsense! It's taken us the entire forty years to live down the reputation you made for yourself in these parts and it's far too late now to contradict that cannibal story."

"I'm staying, father," said Slapdash firmly. "What's more, I want my cut of that heartless swindle you're working on the public. That memorial is mine. Great-aunt Matilda would have left that money to me if I hadn't been eaten by cannibals."

"Precisely, my dear fellow! And how many people, do you suppose, will pay half a crown apiece to see your memorial when they learn that instead of being eaten by cannibals, you're loafing about here chasing women? Don't you think you've caused us enough embarrassment and expense? Only last week Mumbles complained that the roof of his new barn was leaking. It's entirely your fault because, but for you, he wouldn't have had

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a new barn. And now, just as we're getting on our feet again, you have to turn up and want to spoil everything. Let me know your address and I'll make you a small allowance, but ——"

"I'm staying!" said Slapdash firmly.

"Then if that's your last word, my boy, would you mind taking a short stroll on the outer ramparts—there's a beautiful moon—while I discuss the situation with your mother and brothers. Come back in, say, half an hour—if you feel able to."

There was silence in the room while Slapdash, with a last defiant look, went out onto the ramparts.

"Brussels Sprouts," said the earl briskly, "there's no time to lose. Go up to your room and pack. You, Candlemaker, get the car out of the garage and be prepared to drive your brother to London."

When, fifteen minutes later, Brussels Sprouts came down with a suitcase in either hand and Candlemaker had returned from the garage to say that the car was ready, their parents were still at the table, eating cold apple pie and clotted cream.

Nobody spoke. The tense silence endured until from the outer ramparts came the sound of a shot. The earl winced. A second shot followed. "Both barrels, poor chap!"

"Good-by, Brussels Sprouts," said Laetitia sadly. "Take great care of yourself."

"Why? Am I going away?"

"Well, you can't very well put in an appearance at your own funeral, can you?" snapped the earl.

"I don't understand," said Brussels Sprouts with an air of utter bewilderment.

"Then I'll draw a diagram for you," said his father impatiently. "Originally there were three of you loafers, weren't there? Then Slapdash got himself eaten by cannibals, didn't he? That left only you two loafers. Are you with me still? Well, quite obviously we can't afford to let it be known that Slapdash wasn't eaten by cannibals, that he came back here this evening, went for a stroll on the ramparts and that Phoebe Tompsitt let him have both barrels. Can we? Dash it all, we've got three thousand-odd cash customers coming tomorrow to see his memorial. Can't let a good thing like that slip through our fingers, can we? So, our story is that Slapdash didn't come back this evening. It was you, Brussels Sprouts, who went for a stroll on the ramparts and Phoebe, mistaking you for Slapdash, let you have both barrels, as she's been threatening to do for forty years. So, my dear fellow, you must vanish. Let me know where to find you and I will see that you continue to draw your share of the profits from the cannibal memorial.

"Then, don't you see, Candlemaker being the only one of you loafers to survive, becomes the heir and in due course—there's no great hurry—succeeds to the title when I've finished with it. Have you any fault to find with that?"

"Yes, father, I have. Why can't I be the heir and Candlemaker the one who was shot by Phoebe?"

"Don't make yourself out to be an even bigger nincompoop than you are, my dear fellow. You know perfectly well that Candlemaker ran second to Slapdash and that you were trailing five lengths behind them. Now, be off with you! The police will be here soon and you know what nasty suspicious minds they have. Seeing both of you loafers here when there's only supposed to be one left might make them wonder ——"

The Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin (Continued from Page 21)

England because the Anglo-Saxons originally came from Germany, and he excelled in the typically American humor of exaggeration. For instance, he warns passengers sailing down Delaware Bay in August not to be alarmed at hearing "a confus'd rattling noise, like a shower of hail on a cake of ice." It is the season of fevers and agues in the "lower counties"—the present State of Delaware—and the noise is the chattering of the inhabitants' teeth!

Born in Boston in 1706, missing the Puritan century by only six years, Ben Franklin was three years older than Dr. Samuel Johnson and ten years older than Thomas Gray. Every other leader of the American Revolution belonged to a generation later than his; Washington was twenty-six years younger; Jefferson, thirty-seven years younger; Hamilton might have been Ben's grandson and was, in fact, only five years older than his grandson William Temple Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was old enough to have called on the Rev. Cotton Mather, who when approaching a low-hanging beam in his parsonage, between the living room and the library, gave young Ben a piece of advice he always remembered and acted upon: "You are young and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard bumps." Expediency; or, accept the second best if you cannot get the best, might have been Franklin's motto. He was always advising it in his almanacs, as, "Write with the learned, pronounce with the vulgar," and "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards."

Ben Franklin set the pattern of the American success story. Withdrawn from Boston Latin School within a year because, as tenth son and fifteenth child in a tallow-chandler's family, his father could not afford the small tuition fee, he became, by his own efforts, one of the most learned men of his age. He would have enjoyed enduring fame as a scientist and philosopher had he never dabbled in politics. "Doctor Franklin" he was called, because of honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, St. Andrews and Oxford; he could put "F.R.S." after his name as a fellow of the Royal Society of London and was elected corresponding member of most of the learned societies of Europe. At home he was the only American leader except Washington who commanded respect and confidence throughout the Thirteen Colonies, four of which, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Georgia, appointed him their agent, or official lobbyist, in England. And his popularity went deep; he had the confidence of all classes. Robert Morris, Philip Livingston and Cadwallader Colden were proud to have him to dinner; yet the frontiersmen of North Carolina proposed that he "represent the unhappy state of this Province to His Majesty."

Ben was as American as clam chowder and johnnycake, but equally at home in England, where he spent almost twenty years prior to 1776; and in France, where he had popular renown and great influence. A pioneer in experimental physics, especially in the new branch of electricity, he was in touch with everything else that went on in the scientific world; yet he could also make practical inventions such as the lightning rod and the Franklin stove. (Incidentally, the so-called Franklin stoves now found in antique shops are much less effective than the original "Pennsylvanian Fire-Places" which Franklin invented in 1740. This metal fireplace included an air box over which the hot combustion gases passed on their way to the chimney. Outside air was drawn in through a duct, circulated through the air box around baffles and passed out into the room.)

When he crossed the Atlantic he studied winds and currents to such good purpose that he could instruct Yankee skippers how to work the Gulf Stream to best advantage. A conservative until the very eve of the Revolution and an advocate of compromise with Britain, Franklin became in 1775 one of the strongest exponents of American independence; and, although seventy years old when American independence was declared, he was one of the more radical Revolutionary leaders.

Franklin never made much money, but was generous with what he had, and a public benefactor. He refused to have his inventions patented; everyone could profit from them. One of his legacies, operated under sagacious principles that he laid down, still provides the Franklin Medals for top scholars in the Boston schools; another still contributes income to the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. His many private charities were unobtrusive; most touching were his efforts to preserve the self-respect of his sister, Jane Mecom, by setting her up in business with the old family recipe for crown soap. And he was a most accomplished man. He could fix anything around the house and tell others how to fix things in his annual almanac. He could play the violin, guitar and harp, and he invented a new musical instrument which he called the armonica, on the principle of the musical glasses. Mozart and Beethoven composed music for the armonica, and Queen Marie Antoinette, among others, learned to play it.

A great man by any standard, Franklin was a universal genius, great in a variety of ways—as printer, philanthropist, statesman, man of science; as naturalist and humanist, and writer whose *Autobiography* and *Poor Richard's Almanack* had an international vogue. Nor was Franklin content to write literature; he organized it, as he did everything else. He organized the Philadelphia Library, the first important semipublic library in the Colonies; the College of Philadelphia, which became the University of Pennsylvania, and a "Junto" or discussion club, which eventually became the American Philosophical Society, our senior learned society.

Franklin's secret, the thing that "made him tick" and pulled every aspect of his mind together, was his love of people. Not people in the abstract, like Karl Marx, Henry George and other dreary prophets of progress, but people in particular, and of all kinds. He liked intellectuals, businessmen, workingmen, children and Negroes; not only Americans but also Englishmen, Frenchmen and Europeans of a dozen other nations. Not that he had any illusions about people. He knew them at their worst as well as their best, but he accepted them. Note this remarkable prophecy written in 1780:

> The rapid progress *true* science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried, in a thousand years, the power of man over matter. We may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity. . . . Agriculture may diminish its labor and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured . . . O that *moral science* were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be *wolves* to one another and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!

He talked with English and French statesmen as an equal; yet he was as homely and comfortable as an old shoe. If you had been a young man in 1776 calling on the great ones of the day, you would have been overawed by George Washington, and Sam Adams you would have found rather grim; Alexander Hamilton would have made you feel very small and stupid, Patrick Henry would have made you a speech, and John Adams would have talked your head off. But old Ben would have made you at home. He would have asked after your parents, and probably would have known them, or at least about them; he would then have asked you about yourself, drawn you out and sent you away with some good advice, a warm handclasp and a smile you would have remembered all your life. The same would be true if the visitor were a young girl, especially a pretty girl. "Caty" Ray, a lively lass of twenty-three who happened to meet Franklin at his brother's house in Boston when he was forty-eight, became his friend for life. For more than thirty years they maintained an intimate correspondence, charming on both sides though rather illiterate on hers; and Ben's last letter, written shortly before his death, ended: "Among the felicities of my life I reckon your friendship, which I shall remember with pleasure as long as that life lasts."

It was because he loved people so much, that he hated war profoundly. After peace had been concluded in 1783, largely owing to his efforts, he wrote: "At length we are in peace, God be praised, and long, very long, may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?" Yet Franklin hated cruelty and injustice even more than he hated war. Outrages on humanity, such as those perpetrated by the Pennsylvania frontiersmen on the Moravian Indians, evoked savage indignation from his usually serene and tolerant mind. His last public paper, in 1790, was written in favor of the abolition of Negro slavery; and for it he was bitterly attacked in the United States Senate. No doctrinaire pacifist, he supported the three principal wars of his time. He used the wisdom of the serpent to get around the pacifism of Pennsylvania Quakers and persuade them

Husband's Homework

She hasn't said a word for
quite some time.
She's trying not to mar my
concentration.
I'd thank her for her
helpfulness, but I'm
Afraid I'd only start a
conversation.

Tom Congdon

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to co-operate in the French and Indian War.

Hopeless of abolishing war in his day, Franklin made every effort, through treaties and international agreements, to render war less horrible by safeguarding the rights of neutrals and of noncombatants; by obtaining agreements that farmers, fishermen and other civilians would not be molested by armies and fleets. He hoped to confine war to professional forces and to make it less frequent by recourse to arbitration. The United States followed this policy until the present century; but between the Hague Convention of 1907 and the London Naval Conference of 1909 there came a turning point, and we joined other nations on the road to total war and, possibly, total destruction.

Franklin's life passed through many phases—the poor boy of a large family, the Boston journeyman printer, the young man making his way in Philadelphia. Following one of his favorite quotations from the Bible, "It is better to marry than to burn," Ben married his landlady's daughter Deborah. "Debby," almost illiterate, already married to a sailor who had simply disappeared, shared few of Franklin's interests and prevented his being accepted by the polite society of his adopted city. "How the scum rises!" remarked a Philadelphia matron when Franklin's grandson moved uptown. But that sort of thing didn't bother Ben. He was no status seeker; he accepted every social contact that came his way, and in all his vast correspondence that has been preserved there is not one complaint of being slighted or snubbed. No man ever born had less class consciousness. He never attempted to conceal his working-class origin; in his last will and testament he described himself as "Benjamin Franklin, printer." He was not ashamed of his poor relations, who were both numerous and importunate. Many people, when he rose to fame, became his enemies and did their best to pull him down; but he never retaliated, and in his thousands of letters I have found no unkind word about anyone.

Poor Richard's Almanack, from 1733 on, is full of epigrams and mottoes that we still use in common speech, often forgetting whence they came, such as:

Time is money.
Snug as a bug in a rug.
Keep one's nose to the grindstone.
Necessity never made a good bargain.
Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.
Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

And these, now forgotten, deserve a revival:

Fish and visitors smell in three days.
There are no fools so troublesome as those that have wit.
There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.
None but the well-bred man knows how to confess a fault, or acknowledge himself in error.

Ten or twelve years after the almanac started, Franklin began his electrical and scientific work. In 1748 he retired from active printing and bookselling, which gave him leisure for writing and science. His *Experiments and Observations on Electricity*, printed at London in 1751, was translated into French, Italian and German. The book earned its author several honorary degrees, and the Copley medal of the Royal Society of London, and made him a leading figure in the world of science. These experiments, of which the famous one with kite and key was the best known but not the most important, were a notable contribution to knowledge. Franklin was responsible for the concept of positive and negative electricity; he made the first electric battery and armature; he explained how the Leyden jar, the first electrical condenser, worked. He would have liked to devote his entire life to science, but was too public-spirited to confine himself to that. He served as deputy postmaster-general for the English Colonies for twenty-one years, and very efficiently. He entered Pennsylvania politics early, and became a member of the Assembly. He organized logistic support for British armies in the interior during the Old French and Indian War, and he represented Pennsylvania at the Albany Congress of 1754. Three years later the Assembly sent him to England to try to persuade the Penn family to allow their millions of acres of wild land to pay a small tax to the province.

In England Franklin remained for seventeen years, most of the time as agent for the assemblies of several colonies. He made a host of friends among scientists, men of letters, economists and politicians; he promoted the scheme for a new Vandalia colony on the Ohio; he met Doctor Johnson as member of a charitable society, The Associates of Doctor Bray, which set up schools for Negro children in colonial towns. He frequently contributed to the London newspapers articles, letters and squibs supporting the rights of the colonists, the most humorous called "Rules by which a Great Empire may be Reduced to a Small One," which he dedicated to one of the leading British ministers. At the same time he wrote to his American friends begging them to moderate their demands, to respect law and order, since time was working for them.

This policy got him in wrong with the colonial radicals. He spoke different languages to his English and his American friends, precisely because he was trying to moderate the extreme demands of each side and to find a formula by which American liberty could be preserved within the British Empire. That, of course, exposed him to the charge of hypocrisy. His position as colonial agent became very shaky in 1773. Sam Adams attacked him, partly because of his moderation, but mostly because he regarded Franklin as a wicked old man. Debby refused to cross the ocean, and so never came to London with Ben, who was reported to be leading the life of young Boswell; and in his writings he took an earthy, practical view of sex that outraged Puritanical sentiment. Curiously enough, it was Franklin's realistic attitude toward sex that inspired the vicious attack on his reputation, in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923), by D. H. Lawrence, who, though far from a Puritan in sexual matters, seems to have expected everyone else to be one.

Franklin worked hard to prevent a breach with the mother country, but when it became clear that Parliament would not repeal the Coercive Acts, he realized that his mission had failed. In March, 1775, he sailed from England for the last time as a subject of King George. The very day after his arrival in Philadelphia he was chosen by the Pennsylvania Assembly a delegate to the Continental Congress.

In Congress or out, Franklin was no great or original political thinker. In politics he was an opportunist, or pragmatist, to give opportunism its modern philosophical term. His one test of a constitution, or of a political arrangement, was, "Will it work?" The British Empire before 1763 worked very well, so he wished to continue it, or restore it as it had been, rather than break off. Similar was his attitude toward religion. As a young man he had been a typical eighteenth-century

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deist, but he abandoned deism because "this doctrine might be true, but was not very useful." He observed that public morality was essential to good government and that organized Christianity was the best promoter of public morality; so he supported churches and even occasionally attended them.

Franklin placed a high value on conciliation and compromise in politics. He did not like the result of the Federal Convention of 1787, of which he was the oldest and most experienced member, because he disliked checks and balances, and wanted no United States Senate. Yet such was his common sense and his respect for the opinions of others, that he accepted and supported the Federal Constitution instead of standing out against it as did George Mason, Elbridge Gerry and other members whose vanity had been wounded because their pet ideas had not been adopted. The famous speech he delivered near the end of the convention expresses his attitude perfectly:

> I confess that there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve, but I am not sure I shall never approve them; for having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions . . . which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. . . .
>
> Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good; I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad; within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us in returning to our constituents were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received. . . .

Franklin may therefore be considered one of the founding fathers of American democracy, since no democratic government can last long without conciliation and compromise. And the mere knowledge that he was in favor of the Constitution did more to win acceptance from the common people of America than all the learned, close-reasoned articles in *The Federalist*, admirable as they are.

In diplomacy, too, Franklin was a genius. The sending of him to France to represent the Continental Congress was a master stroke; for in France he already had a great reputation as a man of science, and as "Bonhomme Richard." The French Government, of course, favored him because he represented American resistance to their hereditary enemy; and all who were dreaming of liberty for France revered him as a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His book on electrical experiments, which had been translated, paraphrased and published more than once, gave him high prestige among scientists and philosophers. An edition of *Oeuvres de M. Franclin* had appeared in 1773; and an enterprising Paris bookseller had translated his *The Way to Wealth* and a selection of his proverbs and witty sayings in the almanacs as *La Science de Bonhomme Richard*. This turned out to be even more important than his work on electricity in enhancing Franklin's reputation.

The simple yet witty moral teachings in these maxims made a tremendous appeal. Edition followed edition off the French press; it was even referred to as the "Bible of the Eighteenth Century," and a royal official advised the use of it in connection with the catechism. *Bonhomme Richard* proved that a scientist could be religious and creative, not merely a destructive critic of religion and a puller-down of ancient institutions, as most of the French men of science had been. The maxims were acceptable to the Church, and made Franklin a favorite figure among the people at large. The ancient warfare between science and religion seemed to be ended. It was Franklin, more than any other person, who convinced the average Catholic bourgeois that natural science was not to be feared as impious and anti-Christian, but a good thing which would react in a beneficial way on human life.

Hitherto, little effort had been made to define the limits between science and religion. It was generally supposed to be immoral to assert a scientific cause for phenomena such as earthquakes, shooting stars, thunder and lightning. Thus Franklin's proof of electricity's causing lightning became very significant. It had an impact comparable to that in our time of Einstein's theory of relativity. It took out of the field of religion something earlier classified as a mere act of God and included it in natural science. Yet nobody could deny that Franklin was a religious man, that he believed in God and called himself a Christian.

"Congratulations."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Franklin behaved in France with great sagacity. He did not mix with the people or drive through the streets waving his hat and soliciting cheers; he lived aloof in the Hôtel Valentinois at Passy, and appeared seldom in public. The rumor that he was a Quaker seemed to be confirmed because he allowed himself to be presented to the king without a wig or elaborate court dress. That was just an accident—the wig did not come in time—but it was all to the good because Quakers were the only Christian sect favored by the philosophers. Franklin also used his membership in the Masonic fraternity to good effect; the Masonic Lodge of the Nine Sisters, which he joined in Paris, and of which he became Grand Master, helped to mobilize public opinion in favor of French intervention in the War of Independence.

One of the warmest tributes to Franklin's influence and standing in France came from the pen of John Paul Jones, whose naval efforts he consistently supported, despite countless difficulties. Jones wrote to Robert Morris, "I know the great and good in this kingdom better, perhaps, than any other American who has appeared in Europe since the treaty of alliance, and if my testimony could add anything to Franklin's reputation I would witness the universal veneration and esteem with which his name inspires all ranks, not only at Versailles and all over this kingdom, but also in Spain and Holland. And I can add from the testimony of the first characters of other nations that with them envy is dumb when the name of Franklin is but mentioned."

John Adams, Franklin's colleague at Paris, has left an amusing account of the doctor's working day as a diplomat. Hard-working, conscientious John tried to get the doctor to do business, or at least to sign papers, before breakfast, but seldom with success. He breakfasted late; and as soon as it was over, carriages began arriving at the Hôtel Valentinois with all sorts of people, "some philosophers, academicians and economists," some literary men; "but by far the greater part were women and children, come to have the pleasure of telling stories among their acquaintances about his simplicity, his bald head and scattering straight hairs." These visitors occupied all his time until the hour to dress for dinner, between one and two o'clock. He was invited to dine out almost every day and seldom declined. After dinner he sometimes attended the play, sometimes a session of the academy or a lodge meeting, but more often to visit one of his lady friends and take tea.

"Some of these ladies," says Adams, "I knew, as Madame Helvétius, Madame Brillon, Madame Chaumont, Madame Le Ray and others whom I never knew and never enquired for. After tea the evening was spent in hearing the ladies sing and play upon their pianofortes and other instrument of musick, and in various games as cards, chess, backgammon." Franklin, however, never played anything but chess or checkers. "In these agreeable and important occupations and amusements," says Adams, "the afternoon and evening was spent, and he came home at all hours from nine to twelve o'clock at night. This course of life contributed to his pleasure and I believe to his health and longevity."

To one of these ladies, Madame Helvétius, wealthy widow of a noted philosopher, Franklin proposed marriage when he was more than seventy and she was but a few years younger. The young, beautiful and amiable Madame Brillon de Jouy was willing to sit on Franklin's lap and to let him play chess with her when she was soaking in one of those enormous covered bathtubs of the period, but no other favors beyond that would she allow. Madame Le Ray de Chaumont—she was one person and not two, as John Adams seemed to remember—was the wife of the owner of the Hôtel Valentinois, in a wing of which Franklin lived. Her husband was a practical shipowner who handled much of the unneutral aid given by France to America before the treaty was signed in 1778. She became the first of a succession of French mistresses to John Paul Jones, when that gallant captain arrived in France as commanding officer of U.S.S. *Ranger*.

For all that John Adams said, Franklin managed to write a surprising number of letters, by dictating them to his secretaries at breakfast or between social engagements. And he did the main work of the American mission, through personal contacts. Far more effective than formal notes were a whispered conversation at the play, a hint to a cabinet minister's mistress, a confidential chat at the Masonic Lodge.

Franklin was also keenly interested in aeronautics. He was a friend of the Montgolfier brothers, who made the first balloon ascensions. "We think of nothing here at present but of flying," he wrote from Paris in 1783. "The balloons engross all attention." John Jeffries, who made the first balloon crossing of the English Channel, brought Franklin from London the world's first airmail letter.

Thus Benjamin Franklin was a universal genius, more so than any other man of his day, American or European; one from whose writings the student of almost any subject from orchids to oceanography, or from politics to population growth, can learn something. He was the embodiment of what we like to call the American spirit—idealistic but practical, principled but expedient, optimistic for human betterment and the world's future.

One of his last letters, of March 9, 1790, was written in answer to President Ezra Stiles of Yale. "You desire to know something of my religion," he says. "It is the first time I have been questioned upon it." (Who but a president of Yale would have dared?) "But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour in a few words to gratify it." He affirms his belief in God as the Creator of the Universe, and in immortality. He expresses some doubt of the divinity of Jesus; but with characteristic humor adds that he will not dogmatize on the subject, "having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity to know the truth with less trouble."

He had less than six weeks to wait.

As "Poor Richard" he had remarked in one of his almanacs:

> If you would not be forgotten
> As soon as you are dead and rotten,
> Either write things worth reading
> Or do things worth the writing.

Benjamin Franklin did both. Everything he wrote is worth reading, and everything he did has become part of the fabric of American history and of western civilization. THE END

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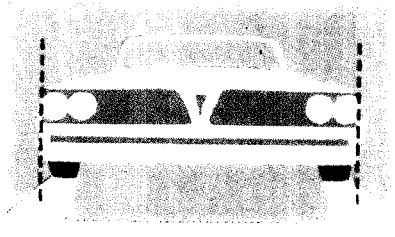

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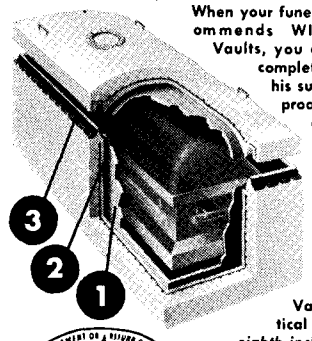

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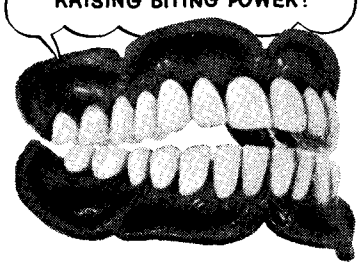

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Keeping Posted

It Takes All Kinds of Writers

New England storytellers can't be accused of being parsimonious with words about other people, but it isn't always easy to get them to talk at length about themselves. Take **William M. Clark**. Lives in Kennebunkport, Maine. "Married Dorothy in 1936," he says, "after graduating from Colby College. Spent next twenty-three years in teaching school, serving in the Navy, in the resort business, running a sawmill, operating a box factory, logging, building houses, driving a bulldozer. Also a licensed electrician. Been writing a column for the Portland *Press-Herald* the last few years. My first book, *Tales of Cedar River* (David McKay), published recently. Have two boys. Build antique furniture for a hobby. Live in our fourteenth house, an old beater on a cove of the Kennebunk River. We repair it and keep busy with this and that." Also writes *Post* stories. STAY AWAY FROM HER is his second. It's on page 20.

From the other side of the world we have **Norman Sklarewitz**, who is thirty-six and a native of the windy city of Chicago, "where I once chased fire trucks and squad cars for the City News Bureau." He tells us, in some detail, that he has labored as magazine editor and advertising writer. He went to Tokyo as a civilian staff member of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* in 1956 and became a full-time free-lancer two years ago. His wife, Esther, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, runs a private nursery school in Tokyo, attended by children of many nationalities. Toward the end of Sklarewitz's letter he says, "That long-winded treatise should do it unless you need some ancient history like I was graduated from Indiana University with a degree in political science.... Was with the Army in Europe during World War II for two years. . . ." Etc., etc.

TERROR ON A PACIFIC NIGHT (page 13) is his first *Post* contribution.

Bill and Dottie Clark of Maine.

Norman and Esther Sklarewitz of Tokyo.

The French Have a Word for it—*Catastrophe!*

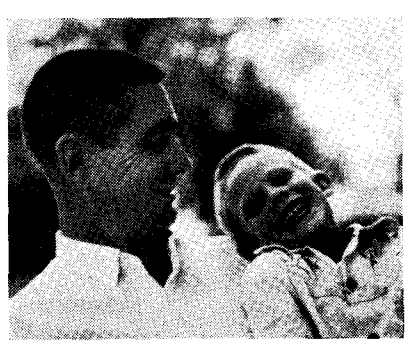
When we assigned photographer **Gene Kammerman** to illustrate John Kobler's article on Raymond Oliver of Paris (MASTER OF COOKERY, page 28), we suggested that he include in his coverage a photograph of a chic woman and her escort entering M. Oliver's restaurant, Le Grand Véfour. How could we have imagined that in order to produce such a picture, Kammerman would feel obliged to employ two assistants, two models, an electrician, three transformers, 100 yards of cable, ten 500-watt floodlamps and a hired limousine?

Kammerman's production was ready to roll at five o'clock one drizzly afternoon. He had only to connect his lamps. Unfortunately he hadn't reckoned on Véfour's temperamental chef, who decreed that no floodlamps could share the power line which feeds *his* electric ovens. *Catastrophe!* But the enterprising M. Kammerman was not so easily defeated. He engaged an electrician and located a merchant who was willing to make his source of power available. To use the merchant's power, cables had to be laid across the street. By the time this could be accomplished, the "chic woman" had departed to keep another modeling appointment. When she returned, the male model, an actor, was hurrying to catch a curtain, and one of Kammerman's assistants was donning a tuxedo to pose as the escort.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Kammerman got his picture. And where is the fruit of his efforts? In our files. *Alors*—we decided to illustrate the article with a single photograph, taken indoors.

Photographer Kammerman, at work under a light that failed.

He Laughs at Taxes



Bob and Bobby Wells.

Robert W. Wells wrote his impish story, ALICIA MARCHES ON WASHINGTON, after musing on how the income-tax system has complicated our lives. He convinced himself that something more fiendish than a mere human (see page 25) was in charge of the system, and from then on, writing the story was easy—a lot easier than wrestling with Form 1040, for instance.

Wells is a resident of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, and a reporter for the Milwaukee *Journal*. The youngest of the boys in our picture is son Bobby Wells, "who is at an age (seven) when he thinks a great many things are ridiculous." Bob and Bobby were photographed by son John D. Wells, who will be fifteen next week and is in no way related to editorial assistant John R. Wells, of our photography department.

ROCKWELLS FOR SALE

When we published Norman Rockwell's cover portraits of Eisenhower, Kennedy and Nixon, thousands of readers requested reprints. Now we're offering canvas reproductions of these portraits, handsomely framed, for a few cents less than ten dollars. See page 77 for details.

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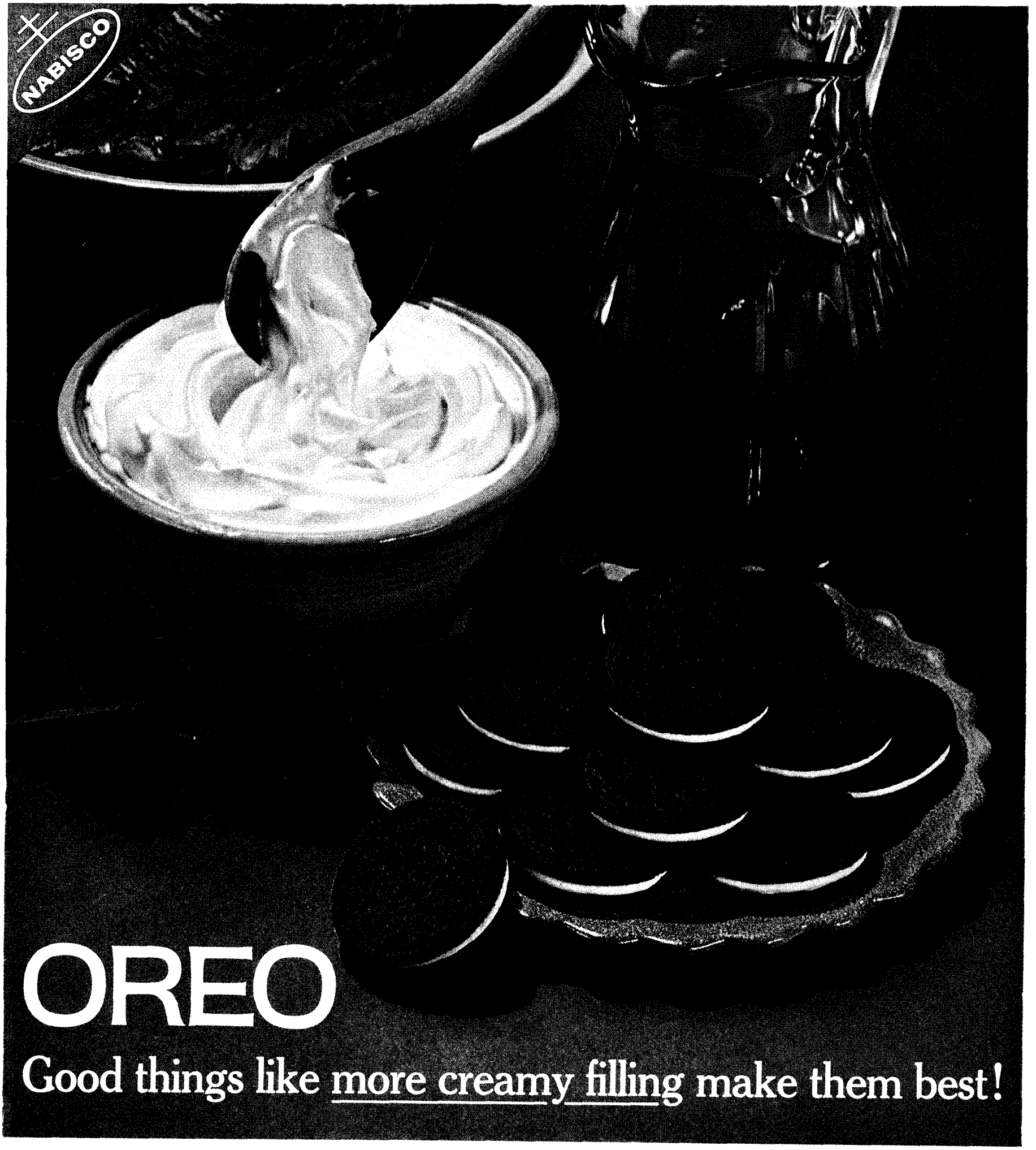

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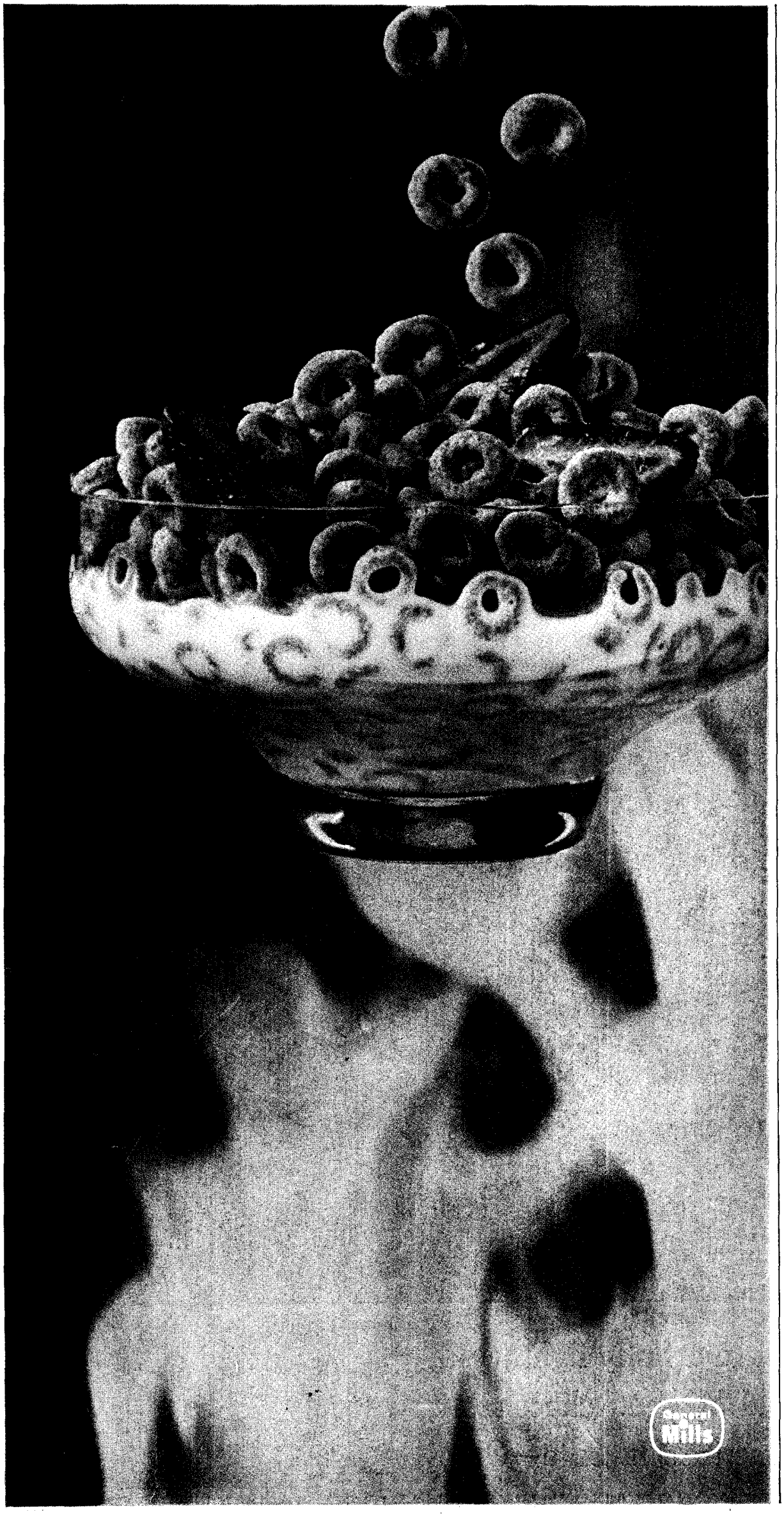

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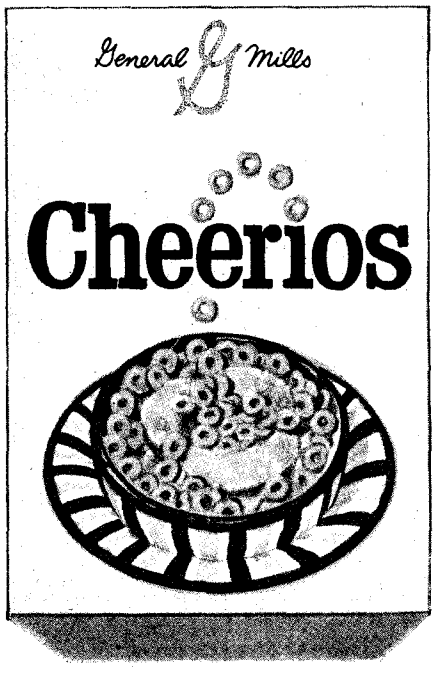

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